PAUL JONES;

A ROMANCE.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

AUTHOR OF

"SIR MARMADUKE MAXWELL," "TRADITIONAL TALES," &C.

Success, the mark no mortal wit,
Or surest hand, can always hit:
For whatsoe'er we perpetrate,
We do but row, we're steer'd by Fate,
Which in success oft disinherits,
For spurious causes, noblest merits.
BUTLER.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA:

H. C. CAREY & I. LEA—CHESNUT STREET,

SOLD BY G. & C. CARVILL, NEW YORK; AND

HILLIARD, GRAY, & CO. BOSTON.

1827.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES LONG, LORD FARNBOROUGH,

THIS ROMANCE

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

PAUL JONES.

[illegible] Royal : 1830

CHAPTER I.

> Streets and walls,
> The painted chamber, and the desert sea,
> And upper ends of tables, had they tongues,
> Could tell what blood has followed and what feud
> About your ranks.

The caprice of a young and beautiful lady is pure constancy, compared with the caprice of dame Fortune; she showers her favours on strange places, and scatters her gifts at random. From the heir of some noble name, fed on the dainties of the earth, clothed in scarlet and in purple, and endowed with the gathered wisdom of many tongues, she withholds all farther increase of renown; while over some clod of the valley; some lump of rude and undistinguished clay, she causes her luckiest star to shine, endows him with wit at will, covers him with her glory as with a mantle, consecrates the place of his birth as a spot from whence new blessings had sprung to man, leads him by the hand among her high places; while her half-sister, Fame, flies before, crying with a loud voice, "Behold the man whom we delight to honour." All this is sufficiently perverse.

But half the wild work which he makes among men is not imputed to dame Fortune. When a ducal star glitters on a cold and insensible heart,—when a coronet encloses a dull and an obtuse intellect,—when one of the hereditary gods of the earth acts below the mark of a mere man, and appears among the rational spirits of the land, like a saint of wood among the saints of heaven, then men cry out with the royal satirist when the arrow

missed its aim,—"Such was the will of God trow I;" and impute to providence the frolics of Fortune.

In like manner as Fortune deals with men, so deals she with districts. Look on that land spread out in summer sun-light before you. It is fertile, well-wooded and well-watered, the green hills hem it in, and with their crowning woods enclose it as with a garland. Yon smoke ascends from a fair and populous city,—the sun is slanting its increasing light on the sails of many busy ships, and the whole country seems laid purposely out, by the kindness of nature, to obtain fame in history and glory in romance. It has otherwise fortuned—it is unsung in song and unemblazoned in story.

But look on yon little shaggy and barren rock, with hillocks of granite and hollows of thorn, through which a small brook sullenly brawls,—where yon square tower of grey stone, with a single raven on its summit, overlooks the narrow valley,—where some six or seven trees, bald with age, and bearing token of many a storm, are scattered about; while a stranded vessel, half-buried in sand, presents to the ruins on shore a twin image of maritime desolation; over that rugged spot the genius of romance has long hovered,—history owes it some of its happiest hours, and song some of its best inspirations.

With that wild and desolate place must my story abide: nor shall I seek to hang over rock and tower the splendid tapestry of idle fiction. I could, it is true, as the ancient poet expanded the narrow Hellespont into "a wide-resounding flood," deepen the sea of Solway, strew its bottom with pearls, and put some six leagues more of sea between Siddick and Saint Bees. Criffel might arise with an increase of height and overlook her sister Skiddaw: over the rocks I might strew roses,—the stream, on good pastoral authority, might meander on sands of silver and gravel of pure gold; and the brown wilderness of blossomed heath might become a garden filled with flowers,—its trees covered with fruit, and its walks pressed by the footsteps of beauty. But this I dare not do,—I dread the severe and awful aspect of truth. That shadowy and

unembodied spirit appears before me whenever I deviate from her path, and leads me back into her way with a dignity which awes me long into humility and submission.

There is, however, a grosser reason for my love of sincerity. I can invent nothing which looks half so natural, or seizes upon the heart with the alacrity of truth. I cannot believe in what I imagine—the wings of fiction cannot bear me from the earth; or, if I succeed in a short excursion, I feel like the bird which so singed its wings as it flew by torch-light, that it was unable to fly by day. Let me dip my pen only in the honest and steadfast colours of truth. Could I present a picture of my native shore with the poetic skill and glowing fidelity of Turner,—the portraits of its peasantry with the easy grace and intellectual shrewdness of Wilkie, and images of some of the stirring spirits of old Scotland with the native vigour and happy elegance of Chantrey, my book would endure.

The flight of fifty years has wrought a change upon the hill and dales of Caledonia. The plough has invaded the sheep-pastures, and corn waves now where the black-cocks crowed. The rivulet, which meandered at will over the haughs and holms, and raced about like a young colt, forming many curious turns and leaps between its banks of broom and brier, is now, by human force, confined within walls of stone, and runs its career in a straight and undeviating line. Trees, instead of being sown by the winds, and scattered about in the careless and happy haste of nature, are now dibbled out by the line and the measure; while the abodes of men are no longer sheltered on the sunny side of the hill, and clustered together according to the caprice of a shepherd or a ploughman, but are perched up on some picturesque point of view, where they are visited by all the storms of heaven.

The rich and the noble have left their moated castles, their halls strewn with rushes, and their vaulted chambers hung with old tapestry and old banners,—the places consecrated by the memory of five hundred years, and all that can link men's hearts to inanimate

nature, and are gone to reside in cities or in palaces. The farmer has forsaken his low and thatched spence, with its carved oak furniture, its hearth-fire, and its floor of stone or clay; the magic wand of opulence has raised to him a loftier house, with a slated roof, floors of deal, carpets of many colours, and furniture of polished mahogany. A similar enchantment is performed on the peasant, both in person and in house. His Sunday's coat is no longer of home-spun yarn, his linen comes from Coleraine instead of his native rivulet bank; his wife has aspired to a silk gown, and her vanity has been rewarded; while from his house the homely hereditary furniture of the family has been displaced by plenishing of a more fashionable form. There is nothing over which man has control that has not undergone a change. The trident of Neptune, which the ancient bard employed in obliterating the Grecian entrenchments before Troy, did not accomplish its task more surely than the hand of improvement: it has levelled old towers, smoothed down old manners, and pruned and trimmed into lip-courtesy and external politeness, the rough, blunt, generous spirit of old Scotland.

One fine summer evening, some fifty years ago, two young men were observed seated side by side on the ground, in a small woody bay on the Scottish side of the sea of Solway—a place of great natural beauty, and called, from a wild legend which mariners connected with it, the Mermaid-bay. The old square tower, already mentioned, was half hid in trees behind them; while the moon, accompanied by many stars, had arisen above the tops of the pasture-hills, and was scattering her light along the swelling surface of the sea, while cliff, and tree, and hill, and tower, were honoured by a fuller and a broader beam. The tide had nearly reached its height, and was still moving onwards, not with a gradual and almost imperceptible increase of waters, but with one rank of waves succeeding another, rolling in a continued and foaming line, three feet deep abreast, from side to side of the frith.

The young men looked upon the increasing wa-

ters—upon the passing ships, they heard the tide singing in the waving line of polished shells which separates the grass of the land from the sand of the sea, and they saw it at times leaping upon the green sward, and almost touching their feet. But they had not sought out that lonely spot for the enjoyment of its loveliness, nor to gaze upon the march of the majestic element. They sat with fixed and moody looks—their dresses were disordered—their brows flushed—the ground whereon they sat was trampled down and dinted with footsteps, while two drawn swords glittered on the grass within reach of their right hands.

If they had sought out that secluded place for the purpose of working each other harm, they seemed well matched by nature in strength, spirit, and activity. They appeared both of an age—were both handsome, and, though of different ranks in life, were distinguished alike by a bold and commanding look, more accustomed to give law than yield submission. Yet nature, in creating them, had not followed in each the same principles of manly grace and elegant proportion,—neither had she bestowed on the one the same firm inflexibility of purpose, the same steady glance of eye and unwavering resolution of heart, with which she had endowed the other; while, to complete the dissimilitude, education and circumstances had combined to animate their minds and hearts by different impulses, which gave to each a marked and decided character.

With the taller, and, it must be owned, the handsomer, as well as the better born, the world and its ways had been at work, and fits of dissipation and sensual indulgence—a pride which owned no restraint, and a temper which endured none, had somewhat blighted a face naturally beautiful and noble, and imparted a wayward and unsettled glance to large, round, dark, and deep-sunk eyes, with lashes as black as the back of the raven. Something of foreign travel was visible about him; and this was strengthened by his dress—graceful, because it became him,—but fantastic, inasmuch it was partly at war with the current fashion of the country. His handsome limbs and feet were seen to advantage, in stock-

ings of flesh-coloured silk, and shoes of Spanish leather, secured at the latchets by embossed buckles,—a black velvet waistcoat, embroidered with gold, and fastened with small strawberry buttons of the same metal, came close to his chin, partly concealing a neckcloth richly flowered, and fastened by a clasp of diamonds. A mantle or short military cloak, of a sea-green colour, and a slouched hat, with a feather of the sea-eagle stuck carelessly in it, were thrown beside him on the ground. A scornful smile dawned upon his lip, and in his eye there was a light that boded no peaceable termination to the meeting.

The person of his opponent may be dismissed with a more brief description. He was above rather than below the middle size, firmly and elegantly built, compact, and sinewy and elastic as the tempered steel. His face, oval and regular, was embrowned by exposure to wind and rain and the influence of tropical suns,—his hair, bushy and dark, descended to his shoulders, and partly gathered into a small lock behind, was tied carelessly with a riband, while his bright black eye had a gaze calm, resolute, and unchanging,—a shrewd mind-measuring glance, which dived into human purposes, and sounded the depths of men with the accuracy of a plummet. His dress had something of a military look about it—was plain rather than course; while a gold watch, and silver buckles in his shoes, might either express the opulence of the man or the vanity of the mariner.

Silence had continued between them for five minute's space or more; but the impatience of their natures made silence more irksome than intemperate speech. The taller rose—resumed his mantle—fastened it so as to fall negligently down on the left side,—threw his hat carelessly on his head,—wiped his brow and hands with an embroidered handkerchief, which perfumed for a moment the air around, and then glanced at his shadow in the moon, like a deer gazing upon its limbs and branching horns mirrored in the clear lake out of which it drinks.

"Paul," he said, addressing his companion in a

careless and familiar tone, "you handle a small sword well—you have a foot as firm, a hand as active, and an eye as skilful and quick, as any man I have encountered. If you could control for a time the fiery vehemence of your nature,—for there's an impatience about you which I advise you to check, lest it do you a mischief,—you might browbeat a Frenchman, strike an Italian, and out-stare a Spaniard, without fear of exposing your bosom to a blade skilful enough to pierce it. How say you?—shall we return to the dance?—shall we count the successive lines of the Solway tide?—I have numbered seven—shall we keep an hour's note of the porpoises, one by one, as they roll lazily on in the swelling frith?—shall we make an estimate of the probable wealth of the good town of Dumfries from the number of vessels passing and repassing during the tide?—or, as you still look lordly upon it, let us even pick up these little glittering instruments which are rusting in the dew, and give the fish a feast,—let us do something—it is miserable to be idle." As he spoke, he resumed his sword, put it beneath his left arm, and stept two paces back, seemingly to await the decision of his opponent.

"Lord Dalveen," said Paul, rising as he spoke with his weapon in his hand, "decide for yourself—the point of the sword or the hand of forgiveness—choose between them,—and that before the turn of the tide,—see it is near the height."—"Nay, but my good friend," answered Lord Dalveen, "I cannot dictate to you, even though you desire me; for, blessed be my humility of nature, I am willing to forget that you are the son of my father's servant, and ready to believe, with yourself, in the natural equality of man." "This belief is quite new to your lordship," said Paul,—"abide by it—change it not as you have changed all else about you that was dear to me—such belief is honourable:—you smile, my lord,—but the day is at hand when princes of the earth as well as lords shall hear men's equality preached, not in the sacred church, but in the open field—not with human tongues, but with bullet and bayonet. The tide is nigh the full,

my lord, with nations as well as with you and me."—"Now, my prophetic friend," replied the young nobleman, "you have excited my curiosity so strongly, that I wist to live to see those stirring times when princes and peers are to be admonished by powder and ball. There will be empty coronets, and as an earl's bauble was taken from my grandfather's brow at one of those same field-preachings, may not his descendant pick up some such glitterring toy?—I thank you for the hint."

The dark eyes of Paul appeared to lighten, and wrath circulated like liquid fire through his veins. His hat in a moment was thrown on the grass, and his sword was gleaming in his hand. "Am I only born to endure," he exclaimed in a stern voice, "thy cool insults and ironical scorn?—may that sea swallow me up if its tide turn before I have taught thee to mix some meekness with thy insolence." And he advanced his sword within half-blade's length of his adversary's bosom.

Lord Dalveen stood calm and unmoved; he dropt his mantle, drew his sword, and said, "A boon, a boon, thou courteous knight! the Mermaid-crag is some three-score paces off—the tide at his foot is some three fathoms deep,—now, should such a chance happen as my sword's failing to guard my bosom, you will fold me up in my cloak, and give me to the custody of the Solway. It is a virtuous water, and will be silent;—be you silent too, my friend, even for the sake of an ancient lady who lives in yon old tower." He said this with that tone of wayward and careless gayety which was peculiar to his nature in the most serious and eventful moments, and then added gravely, "Can I do aught for thee, thou son of Cassandra, heir of Peter Lilly, and rival of Francis Moore, physician?—art thou curious in the economy of sepulture, my prophetic friend?" "Leave me lying," said Paul, "with my back to the ground and my face to the sky;"—and they fronted each other, and crossed their swords, resolved not to part without blood.

They had contended some minutes, with eye fixed

on eye, and hand opposed to hand, when they were interrupted by the approach of a woman, whose sudden appearance and disordered looks justified the belief, which for the moment possessed them both, that they beheld an apparition. She was young, and still eminently beautiful, though disappointed hope, and sorrow, and shame, had robbed her look of much of its healthy brightness. Her neck was round and bare, and her ringlets, brown and abundant, were woven together, and wreathed down her back with wild flowers; while over her whole person she had thrown a veil of the finest silk, which concealed her person naught, but showed the unsettled glances of her large wild dark eyes, in which infirmity of mind was more visible than grief. At every step she selected a shell or a flower, and placed them with many an incoherent word in a small basket which she carried in her left hand.

She came almost within touch of Lord Dalveen and Paul without observing them; while each stood with his foot advanced, and his sword-point held up, and gazed on the fair and unhappy creature who had thus stayed their strife. She stooped, and took up a little wreathed shell which the tide was beginning to move, and holding it to her ear, and glancing her eye over the dimpling and glimmering waters, laughed, and said,—"Oh ye little curlie conceited thing, ye tell me a fine story—a full sea and a fair wind. But can ye tell me when my true love's ship will come hame?—I trow ye cannot tell me that. But I can tell you, for I dreamed a sweet dream yestreen. I was sitting on the top of Colvend cliff, watching for his returning sails, and the dew fell sweet, and by brow grew cool, and sleep came on me though my een were wide open, and I thought I saw my true love. Bonnie, and tall, and handsome was he; he was going to Siddick kirk with his bride at his side, and I heard the old folk say, 'That's young Lord Dalveen, and that's his young bride.' 'His young bride,' I said; 'that cannot be me; but I'll lift that long white veil, and see who dare take my place;' and the kirk-bell was ringing, and the kirk-yard graves were gaping, and I heard a voice crying, 'Room for

Grace Joysan!' and I said, 'Weel, this maun be me after all;' and I pulled the bride-veil off, and wha d'ye think I saw?—nae braw bonnie blooming bride like me, but a sheeted corse, with the een picked out of its head, and in their place twa elf-candles. I gied such a shriek, and if I hadna—as luck's aye mine—fallen into the sea o'er the cliff, I wad hae surely lost my senses. But the bit dook cooled me, and I came to myself. Now, is nae that a bonnie story?—ye see I am to be a bride yet for all that has happened."

The poor bewildered maiden looked earnestly on the sea,—passed her hand repeatedly over her eyes, and, observing a vessel with its white sails glancing in the moonlight, standing over for the Scottish coast, she leaped from the ground, and shouting with joy, exclaimed, "Yonder he comes,—I can ken his fair ship among ten thousand." She continued to wave her hands and to gaze earnestly; at last she let her hands drop by her side like lead, sighed, turned away her eyes, and said, "Alas, Grace lass, it's no him,—it's wild Hob Wilkes of Whitehaven, sailing seven year for the gude of his soul, in a ship of moonshine,—his body has been amusing the eels at the bottom of Caerlaverock-pow these six weeks come the new moon. Weel, I think I'm demented; have I not shells of all sorts, and all manner of wild flowers, that open their wee red heads wet wi' dew to the morning sun, to gather that I may deck my little chamber, for my love to take his pleasure in?" And she began to pick the wild flowers, which covered, as with a carpet of various colours, that secluded nook.

But one flower was trodden down, and another was crushed, and as she raised them up she muttered, "And a wild beast came by and trode down the thistle of Lebanon, broke the rose of Sharon, and crushed the lily of the valley,—if that's no Scripture, it's nearly as gude. Haud up yere heads, ye blooming fools,—are ye to be sorrowfu' because a gowk's foot has crushed ye where ye stand? I like ye a' the better that ye hae had the shod-foot of sorrow on yere tops,—ye maun be gecking, and spreading yere blossoms to the

sun, as if ye said in yere hearts, Wha are sae bonnie as we, and forgetting that the blast may break ye,—the sun scorch ye,—some wanton hand pluck ye and cast ye away,—or, waur than a', the random step of some dour ne'er-do-well may dint ye into the earth before ye have disclosed the half o' your beauty." And she plucked a flower or two, placed them in her basket, and, rising up, stood face to face with Paul, who gazed with moistened eyes on the wreck of a creature so fair and so young. Lord Dalveen had stept back a pace or two, till the thick boughs of a tree threw a dark shadow over him;—he was moved as he looked on the faded and poisoned flower before him, and days of dalliance and nights of guilty joy, and,—let me be just, hours of remorse and repentance, passed hurriedly over heart and brain.

Grace Joysan—for the voice which she heard in her dream called her by her name,—Grace Joysan looked on Paul, and on Lord Dalveen; and throwing her long veil back from her face, and choosing a few flowers from her basket, strewed them on their swords, which were then laid on the grass, and, giving a wild laugh, said, "Fools baith—fools baith,—put up yere swords, like bidable bairns, and gang quietly hame, for were ye to spill yere hearts' blood at my feet, it wadnae make me love ye. I never loved a man but ane, and he's dead or drowned, else he would hae warmed me in his bosom this blessed night.—Daft Jenny—the skipper's Jenny,—ye ken her weel enough, she tauld me that my love was come hame;—I trow I pulled her bonnie blue ribbons for her,—served her weel for leasing-making. Aweel, though I be bonnily dressed—weel arrayed, as the daft sang sings,—and though this veil covers me finely,—and it was my ain love's gift, on a night I mind o'er weel, I am no sure that my bosom will ever grow warm again till him I love returns till't. But my brow's hot enough, and that's a blessing,—else I wad perish sitting waiting in the moonlight for the coming of my ain love's ship."

"Grace, my bonnie lass," said Paul, while each eyelash glistened with tears, "there are fine flowers on

Arbigland-lea, and beautiful shells in Arbigland-bay,—they look lovelier by moonlight than by morning-light.—Now go like a pretty maiden, and bring me some, and I will watch for your lover till you return. Go—and I will give ye a dozen of Solway pearls to hang round your neck; I fished them up in Siddick-pow, and clear they are, and sparkling like drops of morning dew." The poor maiden threw her veil over her face, and said, "May I never see my love's face, if this is no my ain auld school-fere, proud Johnie Paul, who never learned me to master a hard lesson, unless I looked down behind the desk and gae him a kiss. Where have ye been, lad, these lang seven years, as the carlin wife said to her son's ghaist?—And how did ye escape, man?—tell me a' about it,—yere ship sank,—down ye gaed to the bottom, and was drowned,—tell me a' about it,—it maun be a marvel to hear. Haith, lad, but I kenn'd yere word weel,—nae man ever said a saft word to me that I didnae ken his tongue again. I cannot say that my e'e is sae gleg, though they tell me it's brighter. But ye were drowned, ye say?—now, sit down and tell me how ye liked to sojourn aneath the salt sea. I have whiles a thought of trying sic-like habitation myself,—for I dinna find the earth half so pleasant for me as it was,—though there are pretty spots in't too,—Siddick kirk-yard for ane, and the Mermaid-bay for another."

"Speak to her," said Paul to Lord Dalveen; "one word from you will send her seven miles,—we have that on our minds which blood only can remove—speak to her." The young nobleman answered him with a look of haughty reproof, stept backwards till he stood against the trunk of the tree, folded his arms over his bosom, and remained silent. Grace had already seated herself on the ground, and as she smoothed down the grass to form a seat for Paul, her thoughts slaunted suddenly off into a wilder path,—but all the influences which held power over her were coloured with her own feelings, and had a reference to her own unhappy story.

"Paul, lad, come here," said Grace; "I ken ye are a sailor good,—and though ye were aye wilful

and something dour, ye were never sae to me. I want to consult ye, lad, on a kittle point o' navigation. Sae, sit down aside me, and we'll lay cheek to cheek, and when the tane nods, the other will nod, and we'll decide the matter as weel as twa port-admirals." Paul sat down beside her; she took his hand in her's, and continued, "Now, ye see my question is this,—a man takes an axe, cuts down an oak, hews off its boughs, lays a line along it, and, in process of time, upstarts a bonnie ship, obedient to the fashioner's hand; then she spreads all her sails, calls her mariners aboard, and wishes for the winds, and the winds obey, and away goes the fair ship, moving over the water like a living thing. All this ye ken,—but ye dinna ken, lad, that I have found out the art of making far fairer ships than men can make of oak trees. It's an art, Johnie, Paul, it's an art,—and weel may I say it's my ain, for I in a manner howked it out of the grave." Paul could not choose but listen to her wild and singular speech. She paused, and thus she went on:

"It was on a moonlight night, that very week my Jo sailed for Italy. I wandered out I wist na weel where, but at last I found myself by the Solway-side, and, as my thoughts were all of him, I sat down on a small grassy ridge on the side of the merse, and looked at the sea over which he had sailed. The seafowl flew by me wi' many a scream; and the hares, poor things, came near me, for they saw that my heart was full, and kent that a full heart can harm naething. As I sat there, an eeriness came o'er me; I thought that the sea came roaring on me, and rose up like a wall, and at every swell the wild waves gave, I thought I saw the body of my lover,—his long raven locks were floating far behind him, and a cormorant was trying to pick out his twa bright een, but it durst na weel touch them, for they shone bright and awesome. But a' that's naught—I found the sod moving under me. I looked on my right hand, and there arose a thin streak of silver mist out of the ground; and I looked on my left hand, and wha sat there but auld Nickie Mathers, wha drowned herself for a witch. I kenn'd her by the

black-silk hood,—the mole in the corner o' her mouth, and her grue-some laugh. Aweel, lad, there she sat hand and elbow wi' me,—and good right had she, for we sat on her ain grave. There I sat—for rise I couldna,—and there sat she. The dour auld limmer, though come that moment from a land I kenn'd naught about, wadna open her lips,—but I took speech in hand. 'Nickie,' I said, 'I wonder, woman, what makes ye rise out of yere cozie green grave, to frighten a young thing that's mourning for her lover?' She held up her finger; rose, and motioned me to follow her. A strange courage, and a strange power, were given me, and she led me to this very spot, set me down where we now sit, and then she spoke. 'Grace Joysan, your lover has wronged you—deceived you,'—witch though she was, she was wrang there,—'he has left you as he has left many, and is now running his wild career of folly and guilt in a foreign land. Woman's wit, woman's beauty, and woman's courage, can alone save him from perdition. Arise, Grace Joysan!—I can make you rich,—clothe you as the sun clothes the trees with beauty, and give you power and means to seek your lover,—I can make you such a ship as the queen of Sheba never sailed in.' And, kenn'd ye ever the like?—she took up a wee curlie sea-shell, said a word o'er't that I remember weel, and giving it a push into the tide, away it sailed,—and as it sailed, it grew into a boat—then into a barge, and lo and behold, it became a fair ship, with silken sails and painted streamers, with many mariners on board,—ye never saw so fair a vision on the sea. 'Now, Grace Joysan,' said Nickie Mathers, 'jump on board,—think on aught that's good, but say naething, and ye shall see your fause love in a stricken hour.'

"Now," continued Grace, "can ye make a ship of sic materials, Johnie Paul? Is it not baith a bonnie and an honest art? But this is the question. Think ye that the cement of glamour-sleight will haud thegither, should aught that's no altogether holy and pure, ye ken, come on board? For, ye see, I have some doubts that my lad, though leal as light in love, is, after

all, a doubter in the good place and the evil-pit, and fain would he hae persuaded me that there was nae punishment for folly. Now, setting the case, that I had him fairly on board, and me to try a bit prayer for his soul's sake and mine, would the ship no melt away frae aneath my knees when I called on God? O, fain, fain would I see his face again, and weel would I like to hear him speak, for I'am aye vexed when folk call him bad,—he was aye kind to me—o'er kind,—and gave me this bonnie veil, and vowed he would make me his lady."

She had proceeded thus far, when a sea-cormorant, roused, perhaps, from its roost by some intruder, came flying lowly and lazily past, touching the water almost with its wings as it sailed along. Grace rose hastily, and said,—"Yon's her, auld Nickie Mathers; bonnilie she scuds along in her cockle-boat;—she has been up the water, I'll warrant, and over the sea, nae doubt. Mony a braw carouse I have had wi' her, but her boat never durst swim by Saint Bees. I maun rin now and lay her in her grave again, else she'll come to me when I dream, and drag me out of my bed; mony a time she has done it. Away to your wark, Johnie Paul, away to your wark—the strong hand and the sharp steel, and dinna be fleyed for blood—the gowans will grow the better on't,—and hae na dreadour o' death: there's braw fun i' the grave, else dead folk lie to me." And away she went, skipping and dancing, down the Solway-side, and waving her hands, with many a shout and hail to her imaginary acquaintance.

Lord Dalveen now coming forward, replaced his hat and mantle, returned his sword to its sheath, and held out his hand to Paul, saying,—"For hasty and hot words let there be forgiveness—there's my hand." Paul also sheathing his sword, said,—"It will be the wisest way for us to part and meet no more—we are both too fiery to be friends—and far too proud to be obedient to the numerous calls which friendship makes on patience. Besides, my lord, you have been accustomed to lead and command—you are of old and high descent, which you always remember when you speak

to me,—if I was born at your footstool it was not to be spurned. Your lordship still holds out your hand. Look down that moon-light-shore—yon poor bewildered girl is part of the wreck you have wrought—she knows not that her deluder is returned—she prays at your very knees for your safety—the prayers of a heart most barbarously crushed. This was no sacrifice which low vanity made to rank—she was fair—was virtuous, and she loved you,—how you practised against her, and how you succeeded, is betwixt God and you; but this I say, that Grace Joysan, stained as she is, and touched in mind because of your cruelty, is worth you and your rank to boot,—and that hand of mine shall not touch, save for harm, the man who wronged her."

The hat and cloak flew from Lord Dalveen, and his sword was bared in a moment; nor was Paul less slow in preparation. With earnest hands and gleaming eyes they recommenced their interrupted combat. I have said that they were well matched for strength, activity, and skill; they seemed so no longer. The passion which possessed young Dalveen animated and inspired him, and a demon's power appeared to be added to his vigour, agility, and knowledge. His science grew more active, more subtle, and more dangerous; his sword moved with the quickness of lightning, and it required all the skill and presence of mind of Paul to elude the attempts that were repeatedly made to destroy him. Nor did he altogether escape; his right arm was slightly touched, and his left side razed; and drop of blood followed drop, till the grass around was sprinkled as with dew. His temperate valour and steady resolution gave him a fair chance of escaping with life, and he conceived that the storm which assailed him would soon subside.

After a combat of ten minutes' continuance, during which the hot sweat dropt from their locks and brows as if a thunder-storm had fallen on them—one thirsting for life and the other defending it, the contest changed its character. Evil feelings began to subside in the bosom of Lord Dalveen—the dark demoniac hue which

clouded his looks departed—a more benevolent light glanced in his eye; and though his strength was not worn, nor his skill and activity impaired, he seemed now only anxious to disarm his opponent. This seemed to be no easy task. Paul made a sure and a skilful defence, and disappointed every attempt to master his weapon, with such good science and good fortune as excited the wonder of his antagonist.

While this was passing in the Mermaid-bay, mirth and music, and song and dancing, abounded in the castle of Dalveen. The young owner's return from a foreign land was celebrated with all the pomp and circumstance of earlier times. Two huge oxen were roasted entire on immense wooden spits, and sheep and poultry were presented to the multitude of guests in all the varied charms of culinary knowledge. Wine gushed from many a pipe, and several hogsheads of fine ale stood with tops staved in and cups swimming. There was meat to allay the most ravenous hunger, and drink capable of pacifying the most clamorous thirst. When the day was done, and night had arrived, the large hall was lighted up with a multitude of torches; while from the castle top and the narrow windows the festal lights gleamed far and wide—sparkling on the neighbouring rocks—glancing amid the green boughs of the groves—flashing upon the broad and swelling frith, and increasing the cold splendour of the moon with a grosser and more fitful light. The din of the dancer's heel, the sound of many instruments of music, the shout, the laugh, and the clapping of hands, told that among the multitude care was forgotten, toil despised, and that one hour of present enjoyment was reckoned well worth all that hope could bring.

Among his servants, dependants, and companions, no one had been more joyous than Lord Dalveen. His absence from the dance was not remarked for some time; the ceaseless motion of the brandy-cup, and the whirling agitation of the dancers, kept speculation silent; and the whispers among a few of the menials, of hasty words with John Paul about the choice of a tune, or a lady's hand, or some such trivial matter, had n

floated to the ears of the Lady Emeline, the grandmother of the young lord. Indeed, it would have been a marvel if it had; for that aged and stately dame, a daughter of the noble house of Dalzell, had seated, or rather throned, herself apart from all inferior spirits, where, glittering in the court-costume of the last of the Stuarts, she seemed a breathing image of supreme dominion, which disdained communion with aught below the mark of demi-gods.

To a livelier and younger spirit the absence of Lord Dalveen and Paul gave pain amounting to agony. The Lady Phemie Dalzell, the cousin of the young lord, was in her twentieth year,—a dark-eyed beauty, the glance of whose eye would haunt one's thoughts for a life-time. She had a quick wit, and a witching grace of manner, which won the hearts of old and young. The aged men blessed her as she passed them on the way to the kirk; and, at the close of the psalm and the sermon, many a youthful eye was glanced towards her seat, to catch a look of so much loveliness. A little community of worthy and austere Cameronians, as they passed her on their way to the mountains, on the Sabbath morn, lifted their hands to their grey heads, and said,—"The daughter of our old enemy's house is beautiful exceedingly." Even the venerable pastor of her native parish, Seth Mackie, was heard to declare, that if the lady Phemie continued to invade his pulpit with her large, lustrous, and loving eyes, she would charm away all his gift in extemporaneous preaching, and oblige him to save souls through the medium of read sermons.

She was engaged in a dance, when the dispute between her cousin and Paul caught her notice; she saw their angry eyes and their darkening looks, and with a throbbing heart beheld their departure from the hall. She thought the dance would never be done; the young men leaned round her in a ring, and admired every motion of her foot: all that beauty does is graceful and becoming. When the dance ceased she shot through the porch like a beam of light, threaded the woodland, and stood breathless on the sea-shore. All was still;

she laid her ear to the ground, and heard only the murmur of the tide. The road to the Mermaid-bay was rough and difficult; but to that place she resolved to go, and as she wound her way through the thickets, her dress of satin, starred round the neck with diamonds, and studded with pearls and gold from the knee to the lowest hem, suffered sorely in her progress.

She had climbed to the summit of a little knoll, which stood like a wart on a tongue of land that protected the Mermaid-bay from the violence of the returning tide. She saw the whole line of coast for a mile on either hand,—she saw the cormorants roosting in pairs among the cliffs,—the wood-doves seated on the pine-tree tops,—and, as her eye sought the bosom of the bay, she heard words of anger, and then clashing of swords,—the combatants were concealed from her by the luxuriant wood which lined the shore down to the water's edge. With locks disordered, snd partly escaped from the virgin fillet which enclosed them,—and a dress which betokened the rudeness of the roads,—and looks which witnessed the anxiety of her bosom,—Lady Phemie started in between them, pushed them asunder with her hands, while her heart heaved as if it would have leaped through its silken bondage. She had not come a moment too soon,—they had renewed their combat with a fury and a spite which was blinding their judgments and undoing their tempers, and one or both must have fallen.

They started back when she descended like a winged creature between them; they both bowed, dropt their sword-points, and stood silent. She snatched their swords from their hands, dashed them into the tide, and, looking on them in sorrow and in scorn, said.—"You are both mad, and wholesome words are thrown away upon you; to counsel two such fiery fools is to sow corn on that sea with the hopes of harvest. From you, my cousin, the last of an old and noble line, with your natural pride embittered by the fallen fortunes of your family, an unfulfilled curse hanging over your name, and with many a folly of your own to answer

for,—from you I looked for wiser and better things. And you too, John Paul, are you become a brawler and a challenger? I know your nature is open and generous,—see what the world is making of you. Fierce, vain, and uncompromising, you scorn all control, you hate rank and station, and despise all dignity of birth and precedence of blood. You have drank of the world's poisoned cup. Religion will die within you, love of country will pass from among your virtues, and, born to be your nation's glory, you will become her shame and her scourge." As she uttered this, her lips quivered,—the light trembled in her eyes,—her looks changed from the hue of the rose to that of the lily, and she burst into tears.

"A prophecy! a prophecy!" exclaimed Lord Dalveen,—"why, my pretty Phemie, I never knew that you had a gift of preaching before. You have got indeed a capital text; for poor Paul is, as you say, of a vain and generous nature; but, alas! undevoutly inclined, and, as you hint, a citizen of the world, a universal philanthropist; which means, that he loves mankind collectively, and could cut their throats individually. As for me, alas! you know not the milkiness of my nature,—men call me proud and women call me vain,—they know me not,—they know me not. I am but as milk; now listen; you are of a pastoral turn, and this is a most elaborate simile,—I am but as new milk under the hands of one of thy dairy-maidens, from which rich butter may be extracted, sweet cheese taken, and curds for the lips of some sweet smiler like my pretty cousin."

Lady Phemie laughed: she said,—"Come along with me, you two master spirits of the earth,—I shall fish up your swords when the tide recedes, and make you swear that they shall never be drawn in anger again. Come home; you know not the sorrow you have created by your absence. The musicians imagine they will have no money for the mirth they have made,—maidens think you are lost, and wonder whether you will be mourned for in crape or bombazeen,—and men calculate how many cups of brandy will fall

to their share at your lyke-wake,—while here you are with your souls still most ungenerously in your bodies, moving as slowly home as a child going to school with the fear of a whipping upon him,—come." And she shed back her luxuriant locks in tresses of glistering and golden brown, restrained them under a fillet of pearls, gathered the leaves of the bushes from the plaits and ornaments of her dress, and with a face bathed in gladness proceeded towards the castle.

Paul had not yet spoken,—he had submitted without a murmer to the wishes of the young lady, and now walked near her with a look which denoted internal commotion: on the other hand, Lord Dalveen went gayly along with a pleasant face, and an eye that seemed to be in quest of joy. He shed back the boughs of the trees from his cousin's face,—chanted a verse of an old border song,—varied it with a fragment of an ancient Galwegian ditty; and, had not his courage been well known, his transports might have been ascribed to joy at escaping from Paul's sword.

"I know not what to think of you," observed the young lady,—"I like the merriment of the one as ill as I do the silence of the other. Both mean mischief, for so I interpret from your natures. Here am I, a poor bird that dropt accidentally between two wild hawks rending one another, yet escaped with a fright and ruffled plumage. But smooth your looks. Here are the castle torches glimmering along the grass, and you are to stand at the tribunal of certain district sages. See that the one cast away his ludicrous gravity, and the other his idle folly; they will not pass for the virtues they represent before the Lady Emeline."

"Lady Phemie Dalzell," answered Paul, "I admire your courage and the nobleness of your heart,—few save yourself would have braved the swords of two incensed men. You say I am changed from what you formerly knew me,—I am changed,—but it is that change which springs from knowledge,—which gives man a sense of the dignity of his nature, and makes intellectual worth the standard of rank. I am changed, lady, because I no longer endure the insolence of these

whom the caprice of fortune has place above me. I am changed, because I have a heart to feel I am free and a hand to vindicate it. I am changed, lady, because, while I would bow to worth, whether titled or not,—and be submissive to virtue, whether in rags or in robes,—I cannot, shall not, crouch to——"

"I see, I see," interrupted the young lady, "you believe in the omnipotence of genius and in its dispensing power. A dream of ambition has come upon you; and, while you rule in imagination the subject sea, and strike the Bourbon lilies pale, you think that to practise the common civilities of life would lessen you in the world's esteem, and that to be a hero you must cease to be a man. God send you more temperate dreams. Will you fight out your quarrel here, or rather, like two gladiators, enter the presence, and keep time with your swords to the music?—the old dames will shout at each blow, like the republican matrons of old, and crown him with flowers whose sword smites the surer. It will be quite in character, I assure you."

"My sweet Phemie, you wrong us both," said Lord Dalveen; "we have no bloody animosity of nature about us,—we scarcely know the cause of our quarrel,—we fought because the Mermaid-bay is a tempting place,—here we have pleasanter temptation,—let us go, Paul, and dance half the dames of the parish down,—and make the fiddlers carry their arms to-morrow in slings."—"You have said enough," said Phemie, "so smooth your looks,—let anger fly, and discontent fall,—I cannot help you out of an absurd quarrel here. Look peaceable as doves and gentle as babes, else how shall you face the collateral loftiness of the Lady Emeline Dalzell and Mrs. Prudence Paul? The one rustling in all the dignity of damask silk, and conscious of on unsummable pedigree; while the other has more pride than the mother of all the Douglases, for she has produced a man child capable of navigating a ship by compass and quadrant."

"Between Arbigland bay and Saint Bees head," said Lord Dalveen;—"but spare us, spare us, Phemie,—we shall humble ourselves before these district dig-

nitaries. I would rather make my way out of a burning house, and find my worst enemy with a drawn sword at the door, than abide the rebuke of Lady Emeline. But you know her, Paul, you have tasted of her good counsel, and the fruits thereof are moderation, mildness, obedience, peace, and good-will towards man and woman."

"My lord," said Paul, "Lady Emeline has a dignity which overawes me,—her counsel, of which she is ever too frugal, lies treasured in my heart,—I see in her a grave and lofty simplicity, which I look for in vain in the skipping and frivolous madams who give law to fashion and cumber our ball-rooms."

"Upon my soul," said Lord Dalveen, "Paul, you have some of the right stuff about you. I must, I am afraid, give up all thoughts of taming down your democratic blood with a bit of aristocratic steel, and set myself to love you in earnest."—"My lord," was his answer, "I make you welcome to abandon your own evil thoughts; and I shall feel relieved from the pain of hearing your ironical and insulting language. For your friendship, I hope, I have done nothing to deserve such a visitation." In this mood and with these words they entered the castle of Dalveen

CHAPTER

> He has as many mistresses as faiths,
> And all apocryphal.

The site of the castle of Dalveen was chosen, as an eagle would choose a place for its nest, in a situation to which nothing that wanted wings could well find access. Between the sea of Solway and the brown pasture mountains are scattered a multitude of rocky knolls, covered to the summits with the juniper, the bramble, the thorn, and the wild plum: through among

them a deep and noisy brook seeks its way to the sea; while in the midst, by way of pre-eminence, rises a high rock, large and grey, down whose sunward sides honeysuckles descend in long blooming streamers, and, in their season of blossom, scent the whole course of the rivulet as far as the Mermaid-bay. On the summit of this rock stands the castle of Dalveen, a hugh square building, with projecting towers at each corner, and a low-browed and narrow gate-way, bearing upon it the tokens of many a siege.

To assist nature in casting impediments in the way of the spoiler, the narrow and winding valley, all around the foot of the castle-rock, had been dug deeply out, and the waters of the rivulet enticed into the trench. An immensely long and broad landing of solid granite had been moved from the neighbouring mountain of Criffel, and thrown across the ditch; and the skill and the strength which one of the ancient lords of the tower had shown in transporting this immense mass, had fixed the imputation of sorcery upon him, which became an inheritance in the family for several generations. But there is mutability in all things,—sorcery faded and became unfashionable,—superstition caught its hue from religion,—and direct intercourse with the great enemy of mankind supplanted a less wicked power in the lords of Dalveen, according to the belief of the devout peasantry.

The castle, placed on a hard and solid rock, where the miner's skill was baffled, and carried to a height too dizzy for escalade without the art of magic or the aid of wings, seemed to be proof against the ingenuity and the arms of man. Yet it had often felt the sorrows of a siege, and tasted of the calamities of war. The powerful family of Maxwell stormed it during the minority of one of its lords, and kept it for seven months. The Maxwells, in their turn, were dispossessed by young Halliday of the Corehead, who took it by storm, and restored it to its owner in the first year of the reign of Queen Mary. Its gates were closed by Lady Dalveen, a courageous Herries, during the stormy times of the Commonwealth, against the

martial enthusiasts of the parliament. They were opened by the cannon of Oliver Cromwell after a short and a bloody defence. The peasantry still point out the knolls to their children where Oliver planted his artillery, and show the remains of the thorn-tree where he stood and directed the attack, which changed for a time the ownership of the place.

Nor is it deficient in legends of latter times. A little wild and lonely nook is yet shown, where twenty-seven martial Cameronians concealed themselves in ambush for two nights and a day, without any comfort save water, for the purpose of attacking the Earl of Dalveen, as he returned to his fortress, during the persecution, with two of their captive preachers. "It was on a summer's morning, (I use the words of the peasant who conducted me to the place,) the earl with three-score followers,—all men in mail,—fierce of heart and deadly of hand, gallant soldiers, but great covenant-breakers, entered the narrow path, leading to slaughter two professors of the word. Though the children of the covenant were but twenty and seven, yet they shouted their shout, and rushed upon him with hackbut, lance, and sword. They prevailed for a time, till the destroying earl cleft the heads of six of God's valiant servants, and scattered or led captive the rest. My grandfather, John Coulter by name, as douce a man as ever brake bread or read the Bible, was one of those who escaped; and I have heard him say, that Lord Dalveen bore twenty dints on his bosom-mail, the least of which would have spilt his life, had he not been bucklered by the enemy of man's salvation. Ever as the earl smote a saint, he started up in his stirrup, and exclaimed, 'Mahoun!' and Mahoun made his sword-blade resistless. Ten of those worthies sleep side by side here where we stand,—see the moss and the brier grow above their dwelling-place. They are ministering spirits above; but where is the spirit of him who slew them?"

But the castle of Dalveen, when its young owner and Paul entered it, had fallen away from its ancient splendour. War, forfeiture, and, worse than both, extrava-

gance, had from time to time dismantled it of its strength, and dimmed its chief beauties. The external defences had given way; the fosse was, in many places, thickly mantled with water-grass and lilies, over which a child might almost pass dry-footed; the dragons of the fountain forgot to spout water, the savage warders neglected to wind their horns, and the top of the main tower had been taken possession of by a pair of wild ravens, whose hoarse and unwelcome cry announced to many ears the ruin of the castle and the extinction of the name.

The character of young Lord Dalveen, who now stood on its threshold, had some influence in those prophetic forebodings. His father and his uncle had fought in the cause of the house of Stuart. The latter fell on the field of battle, and the former abroad in a private feud. The young lord, as he was still in courtesy called—for rebellion had deprived the family of the title of earl—was self-willed, wayward, and capricious from his cradle up to manhood. As he increased in stature, the darker parts of his character broke out by fits; in him, good and evil seemed strangely mingled,—but the evil appeared to be the fixed and predestined material of his nature; while the good seemed a wandering and uncertain light, which flashed out at times like a meteor, on whose light no one could depend, but which all gazed upon and admired. He had drank deeply of the cup of pleasure at home, and he had drank still more deeply abroad. Some of the good qualities which he carried over the sea were cast away, and their place supplied by an increase of evil propensities,—by an open scorn of all that the church believed, and by a general disregard for the opinion of the world in all matters of decorum and virtue. His genius, of which he had a large share, and his spirit, in which he was surpassed by none, made many indulge in the hope, that maturer years would bring prudence to the one and wisdom to the other, and avert the total ruin of his ancient line.

John Paul and Lord Dalveen had been close and inseparable comrades at school. Nature, at the outset of life, asserted her rights; and common courage and abil-

ity made that brotherhood between them, which was at its vigour when each began to look into the vista of future life according to his birth and hopes. The young lord then began to assume the mastery over his plebian companion; but the heart and mind of the young peasant were formed of far too obstinate and fiery materials to allow what seemed in the eyes of the world due to birth and rank. The ancestors of Paul had been distinguished for their courage, and for their attachment to the Lords of Dalveen; but these services were of old date,—military virtue formed now no part of a nobleman's household establishment,—his rights were defended by the law rather than by the sword; the wrongs wrought by the subtle head succeeded those wrought by the armed hand, and Paul's ancestors, though they had twice saved the lives of their lords at the expense of their own blood, and made good the defence of the castle against the Lord Scroope, in the days of Elizabeth, had been able to leave naught to their descendant but a little cottage and a dauntless heart.

Before they reached their fifteenth year, the contests between the young lord and the young peasant became frequent and obstinate; and so well were they matched in courage and spirit, that, during their encounters, Victory hovered over their heads, and seemed to love them both so well, that she descended to neither. To reproach Paul with the humility of his birth and the servitude of his ancestors was sure to be rewarded by a blow, and the blow was followed by another determined battle; while Paul, on the other hand, soon learned to dwell upon the insolence of rank, and the folly of hereditary wisdom; and thus they both went on, till scorn of rank and riches, and hatred of humble life and poverty, became the settled feeling of their respective hearts.

The sea has ever been looked upon as a tamer of fiery and untranquil spirits from the time that the swine possessed with the devils ran into it till now; and to the sea Paul went in his sixteenth year, in consequence of one of those acts of authority once very common,

but which the salutary fear of the law has recently made of rare occurrence. A bloody face, and a body bearing, from the brow to the hip-bone, the marks of an obstinate contest, which the young lord, with great reluctance, was obliged to exhibit, obtained for the present the honour of an interview with one of those district worthies, on whom the law of the land, in an hour when the moon influences the distribution of civil power, had dropped the cap of magisterial dignity. This parochial authority sat mute for a minute's space, in pure astonishment at the presumption of a rustic in lifting his hand against one of the born gods of the kingdom; he took up a blank warrant, and, with scarce a word of inquiry, consigned Paul, by the hands of the sheriffs's-officer, to a certain chamber under the county jail, known by the name of the black-hole,—there to be nourished for a fortnight on bread and water, and then dismissed from the county with a gentle stripe or two, bestowed by the hands of the town-drummer. It was in vain that the youth pleaded the marks of chastisement upon his own person as a set-off against the bruised body of the young patrician, and it was also in vain that his mother, with more tears than words, seconded his appeal,—he was despatched to his place of durance at night-fall. But his determined spirit and presence of mind enabled him to elude this humiliation,—he upset the boat as the officer rowed him over the river, and swam a-shore,—took farewell of his mother and his sister Maud, and was never heard of more till he returned in his twenty-first year.

He returned with the memory of early injuries grown up with his growth, and with all the feelings for evil or for good which had marked him while a boy, expanded and fixed as colours are by the art of enamelling. He was dressed like a mariner, plain and neat, with nothing about him denoting rank, though the gold in his pocket, and the richness of the presents which he brought to his mother and sister, induced several of his old companions to believe that he had entered the service of some foreign power. This was

much strengthened by his conversation, in which he alluded to battles at sea, the storming of forts, and the part which he had taken in these hazardous enterprises. On his return, he was a visiter at the castle of Dalveen, by the express and written request of Lady Emeline; and the ancient dame was much pleased with his person and his conversation, and presented him, as the representative of her most faithful retainer, with a valuable gold ring, bearing the arms of the family.

To these interviews, young Lady Phemie Dalzell was a constant witness, and was thus enabled to estimate the character of the young adventurer, and to calculate his views in life. His accounts of the spice isles of the East, their sunny valleys and their sunny hills, and of the strange and mingled races who inhabited them, were learned by heart by this young and enthusiastic lady; and his descriptions of the immense shores, and innumerable bays and boundless forests of the Western continent, their birds, and their beasts, and their human tribes, were listened to with eager eyes, parted lips, and ears that allowed no word to escape. It was however, observed, that when he came to allude to the dominion of the English in America, and to the extent of their possessions and their rule, his colour changed, and his language, which before was flowing and poetic, suddenly sobered down into well-weighed and measured words,—and partook of the diplomatic character of a vague cabinet communication.

Lord Dalveen was abroad on his travels when Paul returned, but as his birth-day was at hand, his coming was eagerly looked for. Paul had taken a stroll along the most unfrequented part of the shore, and was seated on the grass in the Mermaid-bay, looking at the rushing of the augmenting tide, when a vessel, bedecked with streamers of silk and garlands of flowers, and with music of all sorts sounding on her decks, stood suddenly in from the centre of the frith to the place where he was resting. He was accustomed to the sight of vessels of all nations, but he never beheld one disguised in such masking-trim,—with such holiday mariners on board, and conducted by a commander whose

dress seemed entirely out of keeping with the people whose shores he was now approaching.

While Paul sat wondering what manner of maritime apparition this might be, the ship came close to the shore,—for the bay was deep, and the land sank suddenly down,—and a tall and handsome young man, with a silk cloak thrown carelessly over his shoulders, and a pair of gold-mounted pistols stuck in a studded belt at his side, leaped gayly on the grass, followed by a train of attendants who, like the sparkling train of the peacock, seemed as much an encumbrance as a beauty. The young man looked for a moment steadfastly in Paul's face,—his colour mounted to his brow,—his eyes sparkled, and with a hasty step and outheld hands, he exclaimed, "The living image of my heart's wish, if this be John Paul!" The recognition was mutual, and many were the inquiries and few were the answers respecting five years of eventful life. Old injuries were forgotten, and old quarrels remembered only as matters fit for mirth. They both stood again on their native shore, looking on each other, and comparing the past appearance with the present.—The patrician spoke first. —"Paul, I believe you scarcely recognise your old friend, Lord Dalveen, in this mad attire, which I have worn on a wager through three different lands. But come---where have you been, man, since you upset the boat, and threw yourself into the water to sink or swim? I traced you to a ship which sailed to the Bermudas, and then I could discover no more."—"My lord," said Paul, "I would have known your voice and look had I met you fighting in the middle of a tornado. The voice and glance of a Dalveen can never be forgotten, nor the weight of their right hand; and yours is weightier since I first felt it on this very spot, when we quarrelled about a point of land and maritime precedence between a shell-fish and a snail."

"Ay, man, and mind'st thou that?" said the young nobleman; "then you will remember when we clomb together to rob the raven's nest on the castle-pine? I see the dusky top of the tree now. We began to fight over the nest about the young, when the old ravens

came and threatened to peck out our eyes, and Will Howart ran for his rifle, and by a single ball rescued us from our enemy. Will was a pretty shot, but was killed by black Bauldy Gunnion the gauger, in a quarrel o'er a stray hogshead of rum, that the tide floated ashore for the express purpose of depriving me of a faithful servant."—"Ay, and is wild Will dead?" said Paul; "I wonder what is become of Hugh Herranbane. Ye may mind how we once stole Andrew Cuming's boat, when he came to woo Widow Watson and her daughter Bess, and pushed it away into the centre of the Solway. Ye would scull and I would scull, and that we refrained from fighting was not our fault, since a whirlwind came in for thirdsman, and made our boat spin round like a wheel,—I hear the water bubbling in my ears yet. Old Hugh picked us up, and tried to sell us to Captain Capstane for two ankers of brandy."

They were continuing this kind of retrospective conversation, and proceeding slowly towards the castle, when they were met by Lady Emeline. She ran up to her grandson—threw herself into his arms—sobbed aloud in his bosom, and exclaimed, after examining him o'er and o'er, and said, "O child of many a wish and prayer, thou art returned at last! I sat looking on the sea:—for since thy departure I took pleasure in no other prospect. I saw thy ship—thy gaudy ship,—and I saw a form on deck which filled my old heart with old feelings and with other days. I knew it was thee, my son; for thy father's form is so much in my aged sight, that I could know the shape and bearing of a lord of Dalveen from all other men." She then held him at arm's-length, looked on him again for some time, and thus proceeded, "My blessed child, what strange attire is this? Hast thou forgot thy country and religion, and grown heathen? Children will stare at thee—old men will shake their heads at thee as they pass, and say, 'He resembles not his grave ancestors of old,'—and when thou goest to church, there will be little grace and less spirit among our matrons, if they rise not up and throw their psalm-books at thee. For shame, Lord Dalveen; let us have thee in a manly

dress becoming thy country and rank; I would rather see thee in a shepherd's maud than in that robe of silk. But thou art welcome—dearly welcome. Blessed be the morning that brings thee back, the wind which wafts thee, and the sea which conveys thee to my aged arms."

"My honoured mother," answered Lord Dalveen, "I bow to your reproof; but you ought to bear in mind, that I am come from a land where little could be learned but folly,—where vice wooes man in all its seductive shapes, and where, with a land of paradise and a climate of heaven, the people are demons."—"Alas, my child," said the venerable lady, "I have heard something of this. I had misgivings of heart that day ye went abroad. I dreaded that your vivacity, your fluctuations of temper and waywardness of heart, would conspire against your good name. But come to the home of your fathers—come and raise up that which time and misfortune, and, alas! that I should have it to say, misdeeds, have been plucking down and levelling with the dust." And she looked at the castle of Dalveen, and sighed to see that its crumbling walls and towers formed such a comment on her speech.

A week had elapsed since the coming of the young nobleman, and as he was now of age, his succession was expected to be celebrated with all and more than the profusion corresponding with the fallen fortunes of the family. The old avenues were cleared, the walls disencumbered of such weeds and flowers as the wind had sown in their chinks, the flowering and grassy mantle was removed from the moat, while, from the summit of the central tower, the ancient banner of the family was displayed. These changes were effected by the anxiety of Lady Emeline and the activity of her grand-daughter. Lord Dalveen himself, after a closeted colloquy of two hours' continuance with the venerable lady, betook himself to the top of the castle, and sat under the waving of the banner for some time, till he had feasted the eager eyes of the peasantry, who gazed upon him from the neighbouring knolls. He then took his fowling-piece, and marked down a few pigeons, which had lately taken

possession of a spare turret; the crows, which, confiding in man's protection, had established themselves in the adjoining pines, were the next sufferers; and even the ducks, which swam about in the castle ditch, soon perceived, by their diminishing numbers, that an enemy more rapacious than the cook herself had come among them. This kind of pastime lasted but a short while,—he betook himself to less gracious pursuits. He went from house to house among his tenants and peasants; and a fair wife or a beauteous daughter obtained such notice, as spread alarm in the bosoms of various families. The boldness of his glances, the familiarity of his conversation, and the lavish admiration which he bestowed, confirmed the general reports of his foreign debaucheries, and added the belief, that he was come home confirmed in vice, and resolved to continue his evil courses. This, however, he soon learned, could not be done without opposition and danger.

He had flung his bridle on his horse's neck, and was already on the threshold of a farmer's door, who had a fair daughter and a very courageous wife, when he was met by the latter with a courtesy, and "What's your honour's will?"—"Your husband, I know, is from home," said Lord Dalveen; "you are busied in domestic thrift, and all that I have got to say may be told to your daughter. I saw her face at the window even now, and a pretty one it is." Neither rank nor audacity awed the intrepid mother; she stood before him like one determined to do battle with hand as well as tongue. The latter weapon, grown sharp and active from frequent use, came into action first.

"Over my threshold," she said, "shall ye not come on any such graceless errand. Go and seek limmers of your own station—carry shame among the rich and noble—ye will find them as easy to be overcome as the poor, and they can better afford to be foolish. The fox never touches a hen near his ain haddin. O that I had my ain goodman here, he would measure ye the breadth o' yere back on yere ain land; little hauds my hands frae writing my anger on yere brazen face. And it's a

weel-faured face too,—the mair's the pity that it belangs to sic a heart."

The young nobleman appeared to enjoy the good wife's fury, and was on the point of winning his way in with a soothing word and a smile, when her daughter suddenly came to her side, and said, "Be moderate, mother, I have business with Lord Dalveen." He accompanied her into a little chamber where the family kept their household riches—webs, butter and cheese. She placed him beside her on a chair, sat silent for a minute's space, and said, "My Lord, I desire not to know your errand to me, nor does it become a maiden to imagine it. But well do I believe that a power above directed your steps, and, in the assurance that you would come, I have kept myself prepared for the meeting. You need not smile, my Lord, I shall find out a graver mood for you ere I have done."

She rose, and opened a little cabinet, took out a small bonnet of blue velvet, which bore a plume of variegated feathers, fastened with a band of pearls set in gold. She also took out a ring and a slip of perfumed paper, on which some lines were written and names signed. Placing them before him, she inquired, "Know ye these, Lord Dalveen?" He looked at them with a hasty and a regardless eye, and taking up the velvet bonnet, observed, "This is well fancied now, and neat, and becomes your glowing face and sparkling eye—only such a face requires no allurements." She rose, stood apart from him, and addressed him thus: "I said, Lord Dalveen, that I had business with you.—I bear a commission from the grave. She who wore that bauble, and believed that scrawled falsehood, lies low in Siddick kirk-yard.—He whose perfidy sent her there sits now before me—sits unmoved, too, and hears of the wreck of one of the sweetest and truest hearts that ever beat to a villain's tale. Now get up and begone—I have fulfilled my promise.—You hear me unmoved.—I ever said you were base of heart, and perfidious of nature, but I did not believe a tale so sad as this would not have touched you. Depart from this house, for as sure as

God is in heaven there will be a judgment seen upon you. O, that I were a man only for seven minutes, that I might teach you how I loathe and detest you!"—"Peggie," whispered a stout brawny youth who held her father's plough—"Peggie, fash na yersel wi' a beard for sic a darke, only say ye'll give me a hour's wooing behind the hay-stack, and see if I dinna souple his banes till he's as feckless as a thrashen straw."—Peggie smiled a stolen smile to this doughty auxiliary, while Lord Dalveen walked to the door, and stood with the bridle of his horse in his hand, seemingly undetermined what to do.

"Peggie, my dow," said her mother in something of a chiding tone, "ye have spoken over freely to the young nobleman—he's no half sae bad as he's called; and if lasses will be foolish, can they expect lads to be wise. Ye ken the quean that's gone was a glaiket creature, ken'd na weel-whilk end on her was up—naught better could befal a daft hempie, wha wore fowl's feathers in her head, as thy douce father says. Now, the young lord's a wanter, and yere weel-faured and discreet—and wha kens what might happen—as great a ferlie has faun out—as broken a ship has come to land—as mad a horse has been safely shod. But what am I talking about, rin, ye idle queans, and get in the washen claes—see the Gate-slack's fou o' darkness, and Criffel has on her doomster cap o' clouds—there will be a plump o' rain that wad turn a barley mill—rin—and there's fire in the air too."

Lord Dalveen stood beneath a large ash tree within a few paces of the door, and with his foot in the stirrup, and his hand on his horse's mane, listened with a smile to the audible whisperings of the farmer's wife. A light in the air was in an instant seen and gone—the horse of the young noblemen dropt lifeless at his feet, and the lofty tree, under which he stood, was shivered into ten thousand splinters, and scattered over the ground like straw; large rain-drops gushed down, and a peal of thunder gave audible assurance that the hand of God had been there. He looked on the solid ground, ploughed with lightning under his very feet as if it had

been done with a ploughshare—on the steed which but a moment before had been returning the caress of his hand with an arched neck, and a paw and neigh—on the tree shorn down and shredded, which had sheltered him under its shade—he gave a low sigh, and walked slowly and silently away.

This story soon ran, or rather flew, over the district, receiving an addition at every resting place, of some circumstance of terror, and many a wild embellishment. As it happened on the morning of that day with which our narrative commences, it afforded fine scope for the wisdom of the district, which was summoned from hall and cot-house to celebrate the birth-day of Lord Dalveen. It had found its way in many a whisper and shake of the head in to the castle; and, in spite of the attractions of glittering lamps, displayed banners, and profuse hospitality, it circulated among the guests and dependants with the wicked speed of all evil tidings. It had come to the ears of young Paul, who, seated apart in a recess, seemed busied with other things than the scene of mirth and joy before him; for day was now gone, and beneath the flame of many a lamp and torch and waving banner, a hundred feet were lifted to the awakened music, and their descent upon the glossy oaken floor resounded a measured mile.

Paul's thoughts, whether sad or gay, were interrupted by the approach of one of the sagacious old ladies of the parish, the lightness of whose foot had yielded to the encumbrance of threescore years, but whose activity of tongue neither age nor time could impair. She placed herself beside him, saying, "Eh, sirs, but this be a fearfu' scene of folly." And having thus entered her protest against mirth, she turned half round and pounced at once on her victim. "Bless me, Johnie Paul, ye have been a wearyfu time away—and sae altered too—ye ran off as white as an April lily, and yere come back as brown as a berry—but time changes all things—it has turned thee frae a raw haspan of a callan into a stalwart chield, with a steeve shank, and a look like the sea-falcon, while it has made my lightsome foot as heavy as if it were shod with lead. Time's a sair ac-

quaintance at last. I could ance hae skipped higher than Kate Tamson there, where she's louping as if the young lord would care for her muck-the-byre hap-steps-and-loups, showing her gartens at every spring—my certie, she'll come in o' her skipping yet; I never saw a quean that flang in that flagarie gate, that didnae gie wark to the cannie wife before she fand the way to the minister."

"Aye, truly dame Kissock," said Paul, "ye have seen many a lively lass tamed down in your day, and ye may live to see Kate Tamson receiving the minister's advice in the face of the whole congregation. But there's no dependance on human frailty; and those who skip low, as well as those who skip high, have sometimes forgotten themselves as they went home in the dark when the dance was done."—"When the dance was done, lad!" exclaimed dame Kissock, "I wotna wha ye can mean. Naught ever kythed wi' me; and I have gone hame in the dark frae a dance, and no my lane either. Gif my auldest bairn did come a gliff owre soon to the world after wedlock, I couldna help the sair fright that did it." And she tossed her gray head in scorn of the insinuation.

Silence was, however, far too painful a situation for dame Kissock.—"See him," she said, "see the wild young lord—he's come to the top o' the dance, and leading auld Maggie Muirhead by the hand, as sure as I shall answer for sins wrought in the body. Oh, sirs, the follies o' this age—she's a' rheumatized in the right side, and has used a crutch for the left since a week afore Yule. But there stands runkled Maggie, and here sit I, though six years younger by the season, and ten years younger by nature—the young men of this age are no like the blessed youths of the year of repentance, Thirty and aught."

Paul smiling, asked dame Kissock's company to the floor, and, with a commendable gravity of deportment, conducted her down all the mazes of a country dance, in which she acquitted herself with such unexpected grace and activity, as obtained the applause of two of the leading musicians. Paul seemed desirous of es-

caping from the tyranny of one who possessed such various arts of annoyance, but in this he was not to be indulged—she accompanied him to his seat, placed herself, glowing with the labours of the dance, by his side, and soon made him sensible that her powers of conversation were unimpaired. "Aweel," she said, "I didnae think I could have done't—it's wonderful how an auld head, and something of a wise one, will be carried away with foolish feet. I winna deny but that carried quean, Kate Tamson, said what was truth, —there's mair sense in Kate than some folk think—it's no the brawling brook that drowns fowk—and it's no the rattling cart that's soonest coupit. Look at dame Kissock, quo' she, when she's got fairly into the stream o' the music she swooms o'er us a' like foam on the Solway wave. I maun look to the lassie, there's haurls o' sense about her, daft though she be." She suddenly changed her laughing look, drew closer to Paul, and said in a slow tone of voice:—"Young man, you think I am a vain old woman,—and no doubt I have a spice on't in my nature,—and I make no question but some of these fools now looking at us, are wondering what ye can see in the face of an auld dame of sixty years, wha lies under a vow, besides, never to change her condition. Now I have sought ye out, that I might give ye a word of good advice, which ye maun lay up in your heart." Paul turned an anxious ear, and she proceeded.

"My counsel is this—ye mauna let her lippen owre muckle to what the young lord says. She's bonnie, and besides her wit, that's aye fu' ready, she has mair sense than falls to the share of any three queans in seven miles. But ane may hae mair wit than they can weel guide, and mair beauty than may be for their benefit, sae an I were you, Paul, I would ca' a hag in the post,—I wad e'en draw a thorn in that slap,—I wad make him keep the cauld side of the wall and her the warm side,—I see ye ken what I mean. But there's mae ways o' keeping the cat frae the cream than drowning her,—there's mae ways o' keeping the crow frae the corn than by shooting it,—and we mauna wish the

stream dry because it happens to weet our feet. Na, ye needna turn red ae minute and pale anither, my counsel is the counsel of an honest heart. I might hae sat here till a' the hours at een, and no ane ken'd but that I was lame o' a leg, had it no been for thee, lad,—my counsel is honest, if there's truth in words."

"Dame," said Paul, "speak more plainly,—it is dangerous to guess from surmises such as yours,—and how know you that the young nobleman entertains thoughts, against which beauty and sense should be warned?" She stared at him, and said,—"The lad's demented,—thoughts against which sense and beauty should be warned! my certie has he, and mony o' them too. But yere as wild maybe yeresel as the young lord. Oh, sirs! men are ill cattle to ken,—it's time I were free o' yere company,—ye'll hae some o'er-the-sea art now o' wiling away the heart o' a young thing that wins its bread by its honest character." Paul hastened to assure her, that he was unacquinted with any such art. "Aweel, lad, and I believe ye," said dame Kissock; but, touching the wildness o' the young lord, ye have been over the sea, and mayna have heard how sadly he has spilled the characters of some of the sweetest queans of the country. First, there was Bessie Brydone,—it's true, she should have feared a fa' frae ane sae far aboon her in rank,—then there was Leezie Carson's Jenny, poor thing, I was sorry mysel for her;—but wha could stand under vows that wad have loaded a barge, and oaths that wad have sunk it, and honied words, nae doubt, and promises, the breaking of which would have brought discredit on three horse-coupers? but I'll skip half a score, and tell ye o' ane, bonnie Grace Joysan, the flower o' Gallawa. She was proof to all his arts, till it fell on a time at a Dumfries fair, that he walked wi' Grace on the street as gin she had been a born lady; and ladylike she seemed on that day, as the titled and feathered madams showed, for O, they looked eager and envious. It set them weel, I trow, to rustle their silks in scorn o' the bonnie young thing,—the doucest o' them a' have forgot themselves in the dark wi' him, else there's mony a lier in

the country; but fiend afears o' them going mad with the shame o' their folly, like poor Grace Joysan."

"Aweel ye see," continued dame Kissock, "he walked with poor witless Grace on the street, till he thought her head was fairly turned, and then he took her into a house in the Friar's Vennel,—nae gude ane I doubt; but the lassi wadna yield; and then he put on his cap o' repentance and sued for mercy, and sent for a worthy magistrate, Rimmon-a-Coulter, and married they would hae been, baith sicker and sure, hadnae ane of his grooms, Jock Dyvore by name, the son o' auld Willie Dyvore, wha broke wi' the fou hand,—I'se conceal naebody's shame in a tale of sorrow. This bird of an ill kind came in with a borrowed wig and a black coat on, and answered with a cough to the name of auld Rimmon, and the poor lassie never looked up, and sae the tae son o' Belial married the tither. Then came the bedding, ye see, and next the morning-light; and when he told her how she was nae his lady, she fell out o' ae faint into anither, and then gade deleerit, and sae continues. Now ye see, he's other than a gude ane, and I would advise thee;—but what's the lad glowering at, it's only the young lord that's gaun to dance with thy sister Maud. I'll answer for't, she'll bring music out of that floor, with her slipper sole, sweeter than any sound that can be produced by thairm. Wherefore, Paul lad, wilt thou rin,—he's gane frae me like a flaff o' fire. O sirs, but young folk be daft!"

The music was about to commence, and Lord Dalveen, with Maud Paul for a partner, stood moving the dark masses of ringlets at her ear, with many a whispered compliment, when Paul hastily approached. A more lovely creature than his sister was not then in the country-side. Tall and graceful, with a profusion of dark hair curling and glossy like the bloom of the hyacinth, and with eyes shedding light and love from beneath long dark lashes, she stood neither seeking nor yet shunning the conversation of the young nobleman, while the titter of many an envious tongue might be heard around.

When the dance was ended, Lord Dalveen accompanied his partner to a seat, placed himself beside her, and renewed his suit with much earnestness and eloquence. A word was whispered in his ear, by Airngray, his favourite servant,—he rose and followed him into the open air,—Paul stood before him, and spoke with his natural decision of character:—"My lord, my sister is dear to me, her innocence is her only portion,—I wish it neither to be endangered nor suspected; it may be both, if your lordship continues your addresses. It is my desire that you discontinue them."—"Upon my life you do me much honour, Paul," answered Lord Dalveen; "I have said a few light words in the girl's ear, but I have made no addresses, my sensitive friend. I shall continue to speak to her till she has the cruelty to forbid me herself, and probably not then,—a woman is a capricious creature, Paul." Paul's looks changed, yet he answered calmly,—"My lord, I can be as determined as others can be presumptuous. Dance with Maud if it so pleases you,—but let there be no more love-whisperings, no more night-wanderings around my mother's house,—you understand me I see. Refuse this, and I shall desire your lordship's company in the Mermaid-bay before the moon is down."

"It is a sweet moonlight," was the reply of the young nobleman, "the Mermaid-bay is a romantic place, and in one minute I shall incur the penalty that will give me your company in that sweet spot." He parted with Paul as he spoke, re-entered the hall, seated himself beside Maud, renewed his conversation in a tone so audible as to draw the notice of all the dames of the district, young and old.

Paul stood for a few seconds in deep thought, his eyes cast on the ground, his hands clenched, and his brows knit. He folded his arms over his bosom, paced slowly up the hall, bowed to Lord Dalveen as he passed, then vanished through a side door. His lordship pressed his suit for a minute longer with much gaiety, called for a favourite air, Nelly Wemyss by name, commended the skill of the musicians, accompanied his

praise with a piece of gold, and when the dance re-commenced he glided out and hastened to the Mermaid-bay.

Though it was late when Lord Dalveen returned from his encounter with Paul, and re-appeared among his friends, yet the mirth and the dance were awakened again by the presence of the heir, and grew more extravagant than ever. The tapestry shook as if a tempest had moved it; the old banners, suspended from a roof of massy and carved oak, as hard and as solid as iron, waved to and fro as if borne in battle; the musicians, slaunting their cheeks along the thrilling strings, played under a sort of inspiration; while all the old people who came to be witnesses, rather than partakers, obeyed the music with hand and foot, and nodded, and smiled, and cracked their thumbs. At a signal given by Lady Emeline the music ceased, the dancers, glowing with the earnestness of their pastime, seated themselves at once, while the venerable lady, rising slowly in her place, descended into the lower hall, and made a sign that she wished to address her friends and dependants.

Lady Emeline had in her youth been eminently beautiful, and the bards of the district sang of her loveliness under the pastoral title of the "Fair-maiden of Galloway." Seventy years, and fifty of these passed in sorrow, had removed indeed the bloom from her cheek and the activity from all her motions; but they had added to her calm matron dignity of look, which inspired awe and reverence in every beholder. She was dressed in black velvet. clasped with antique fastenings of gold, and held in her hand a small twisted rod of silver, which was the emblem of rule in the family. Some nine centuries before, this relique had been won in Syria by one of the first Lords of Dalveen. At her girdle hung a small whistle or call of chased silver for summoning her attendants, a very small black-print testament, silver clasped, was suspended on the other side, while round her neck she wore a golden chain—its massive and numerous links seemed more fit for fetters than ornament.

"When I first entered this hall," said Lady Emeline, "there stood one by my side the choice of my heart and the glory of his country. I was then very young, and I am now very old; I had then a wide domain, I have now a narrow one; I had then a stately castle, I have now one gray and worn like myself, and in ruins like the noble name I unworthily bear. I entered on my bridal morn,—I then saw around me many a valiant and worthy gentleman,—now I behold only peasants and shepherds. The hand of Heaven has been laid sorely on me,—my gallant lord perished on a bloody field,—my six brave sons, where are they now, their steps are silent in these halls,—and my ae daughter, alas! and woe's me, she drooped when the stroke fell so sore on her brethren. All that is left of our warlike and noble name is one, only one. Him I present to you, even as his ancestress did of old, when the southron swords on Flodden-side weeded out seventeen of the children of Dalveen, and left but one, an infant, on the nurse's knee."

She paused, took the young lord by the hand, and continued,—"Lord Dalveen, in thine own castle, I present thee to thine own people; be wise, be brave, and be fortunate; reward the good, repress the vicious, and encourage virtue and industry. Think of the fame of the race from whom thou art descended, emulate their excellencies, and be warned by their mistakes. Look at these banners waving above thee; they were not won from the Saracens, the Danes, and the English, by the soft and the slothful hand. Look at this holy volume at my side, it was borne in the bosom of one of thy valiant ancestors through all the battle-fields, which the protestants fought of old with the persecuting church,—revere its holiness like him. Look at this hall, it was not reared by the foolish or the wasteful hand, nor were the domains, of which the change in our dynasty of princes has deprived us, acquired but by courage and by virtue. Be it thy labour and thy glory to raise the fallen fortunes of thy house, for which God has given thee courage and genius, and all Scotland will rejoice, and I will not have lived in vain.

And, oh, my friends, should my grandson err, remember, I beseech you, that he lost his father when he was a child, his mother on the day of his birth, and that he was cast into the bosom of a weak and doting grandmother, who may have indulged a noble nature too much, and given license when she should have used the rod. To you, to his country and his fortune, I commend and resign him." And she sank exhausted in a chair which her attendants had placed to receive her.

A murmur of affection and sympathy came from every lip. "I have lived fifty years under her," said one old man, "from the day she came a bride even until now, and I never heard an unkind word from her lips, nor received an angry glance from her eye,—alas, she has left but an imperfect image of her excellence behind her,—the mair's our misfortune." "The mair's our misfortune indeed," said another; "the house of Dalveen has had its best days over its head,—it will never get the better of the wild downcome it has got; gif God pulls down a house, will the devil build it up again?—na, na, I ken better than that, I should think, neighbour Shoolbrode." "Hout, tout, neighbour Plumbob," said a dame with a sanctified longitude of face, "providence can call the stray and the waif into his fauld in his ain gude time. He may become a polished pillar o' the sanctuary yet, and a twa-edged sword in behalf of the ark,—a kiss o'er kind the kirk forgives, and a rash word is better broken than kept. There was the douce portioner of Gowkspittle, he wasted his substance, personal and real, on daft queans and halucket hizzies; and look at him now, he is this blessed day a buckler against wickedness,—a burning and a shining light." "Ye speak wisely," said the goodwife of the Bowertreebrae; "the young lord's a kind lad, and if it werena for ae wee fault, I would say, a kinder heart blood never warmed in. Kind and condescending has he been this blessed night to me." "Fault!" said another dame, wiping the wine from her lips to which Lord Dalveen had just helped her,—"fault, how ken we that it's a fault,—our deeds are a' doomed to us afore the sarks are over our heads,—we are only instruments,

lass,—there's good warrant for saying that." "Besides," said another of those considerate matrons, replacing a goblet half filled with wine on the table; "if lasses will gang gecking and ferlying to kirk and market,—pride bending their necks ae way, and vanity pulling them back the tither,—wi' busks in their bosoms and kames in their hair, and their coats kilted to show their wantonness, can we wyte a full-fed young fallow for looking at them. Flesh and blude's aye flesh and blude,—ye'll never preach me out of that belief,—there's nae thorough perfection in human nature,—the wisest divines will say the same."

Lady Emeline, with the Lady Phemie, had retired, and the young lord entering upon the superintendance of his household, caused the wine and the brandy to circulate, with a profusion and a rapidity which soon became visible among the heavier and graver of his guests. He moved every where with alacrity and grace,—with a kind word and a helping hand, till many were pleased, who, before, had regarded him with distrust and suspicion. Even frozen hate began to thaw and melt, and mothers praised his noble looks and handsome form, who, till now, had thought of him as a gilded snare—as a hawk in a hen-roost, as a serpent among babes.

It was after wine-flagon had followed wine-flagon, and brandy-cup had held brandy-cup in chase, and the staid and the sedate had retired from the hall, that up rose Rob Kilroy, his face radiant with strong drink, staggering in his place with a silver pint-cup in his hand, filled from a cool and a secret binn at the very bottom of the wine cellar. "Men and women," said honest Rob, "I am no maker of speeches,—I would rather kiss Jess Macgowan there where she stands—or break Andrew Howatson's head for making mouths at me, than sermonize ony time. Ye a' ken Rob Kilroy. Here's the health of Lord Dalveen, may his sword never fail him, and his purse be never toom, and may his fame grow till the world's no wide enough for't, like Pate Johnston's gooseberry-bush; and he that winna pledge me, may his worthless nivefou of a soul be sent

to reest like a kippert minnin in the reek of purgatory." He swallowed the wine at a gulp, threw the silver-cup over the carved corbals which supported the roof, caught it as it fell, and cried, "There's a toast and a trick for ye,—wha can do that?"

"Of a surety," said a slow and cautious Cameronian, "the woman's wine is good, and her viands plentiful; and the heir of Dalveen demeans himself like one who hath hearkened to the professor, Shadrach Huddlestane, rather than to the drowsy words of that man, Preacher Macmichan, whom the profane call Sleepy Samuel. I shall surely drink his health, and add the wish, that he may sup buttered-brose, and eat haggis and other savoury dishes, according to the word, and avoid the sin of bloody puddings and superstitious meats and drinks."

"I will not drink his health," said a true and fiery believer from the upland hills; "what is his wine, and his strong meat, and his sweet music to me? He is of an evil house,—comes the dove from the nest of the gier-eagle? He is of an unblessed race,—can ye have clear water from a foul fountain? Look at that fair broad banner hanging aboon us,—was it rent from the invading Dane, or the fiery English?—no, it was torn in blood from the hands of God's own servants, at Bothwell's fatal bridge; and there is it hung as a trophy to tell us how we were stricken, smitten, and afflicted. Were we not compelled to turn the wild hill into a tabernacle, and hiding our faces from the blessed sun, to make the moon and the stars our lamps? But the day is nigh at hand, when he who wears a crown shall cast it from him like a bauble, and he that wears, a mitre shall wish it exchanged for a shepherd's bonnet."

How long this sermon might have lasted few can say,—it was cut short by a cup of brandy from the hand of Rob Kilroy, who exclaimed as he dashed it in his face,—"Soughing sinner, wilt thou eat my Lord's meat, and drink of my Lord's cup, and yet revile him to his face? By a' that Dryfe has left of Dryfesdale-kirk—a lump large enough to swear by—I've a good

mind to make ye drink his health out of the castle moat."

The portioner of Nethertodknowe, on whose grey head this libation descended, was a man forward and fiery in all matters, save those connected with the suffering kirk of Scotland, for so he termed the Cameronians; he therefore only wiped the moisture from his person, and said,—"We were born to endure, and the wicked to inflict, and I would hold us unworthy of the high name we have on earth, were we moved to anger by the folly of the graceless, or the insults of the profane. But, Lord of Dalveen, thy race is nigh run, and thy castle rocks to its foundation-stone,—thy house shall become a landmark for a stranger's inheritance, and thy body shall be given to the wild birds of heaven, or to the ravenous fishes of the sea. Go, prostrate thyself in the dust,—wear the pavement-stones with thy knees,—believe in the immortal God,—do no wrong to his weakest creatures, even the daughters of man,—subdue lust,—give alms, be modest and be meek, and I, Amos Macrabbin, will cast myself on my knees for thee, morning and night, and pray that the curse may be taken from thy name."

Lord Dalveen put on his hat and feather, and stood at the upper end of his hall, an image of meekness, humility, and resignation. The scorn and contempt which he entertained for all who presumed to counsel him, and his hatred for all who dared to censure him were concealed from the common observer, by an external show of patience and tranquillity, which seemed the effect of contrition and repentance. His elegant form and graceful carriage added to the charms of his voice as he thus addressed them.

"I am sensible, my friends, of the sins of my ancestors, and of my own demerits: many a solemn thought has my folly cost me, and much have I striven in secret to deserve the esteem of the wise and the good, whom Heaven, for the wisest of purposes, has preserved in the humble station of tillers of the ground, and hewers of wood and stone. But there is a destiny in all things,—the thing that must be, must. I have warred, I have

striven with sinful nature, and am vanquished. Folly creeps in upon my purest thoughts; and, instead of holy visions rising before me as I pray or slumber, alas! I behold trains of fair maidens, with curling locks, lustrous loving eyes, and with alluring couches near them. Black nature prevails against me."—"O, hear till him, the sweet young man!" said one of his most serious auditors. "I myself—I have had visions such as his, instead of angels ascending and descending. Once upon a time,—even since the days of my youth, did a maiden's eyes sparkle between redemption and me." "Peace, Benjamin," said John Cargill, a shrewd and a witty Cameronian; "will ye befool yourself, and go a fooling of others? The young lord mocks us, scorns us, and despises us,—yea more than did his ancestor, when he galloped over the faces of the people of the covenant, when they lay like hay, cut by the scythe of the mower. The taint of his nature is beyond all cure, —he makes sport of virtue, and turns heaven into laughter."

"Now my friends," said Lord Dalveen, "if you will but come to my hall to-morrow night, I shall win my way to the love of all men, by a representation of Virtue reproving Folly. One of those ancient, sensible, sharp, spiritual, dramatic moralities, which strike at the sins of men in office, and censure the vices of riches and rank,—such as the reformers of old loved and encouraged. It will show by example the excellence of virtue, and the hideousness of vice. So, peace be with you all,—I drink a fair good-night."

CHAPTER III.

Are we gods?
Allied to no infirmities? Are our natures
More than men's natures? When we slip a little
Out of the way of virtue, are we lost?
Is there no medicine called sweet mercy?

THE sound ran over the country with the morning light, that a grand dramatic spectacle for the instruction

of the people was prepared by Lord Dalveen, and that he wished to whip his own sins and follies for the especial good of mankind. What all this might mean many wondered. One thought that he meant something sly, satirical, and knavish; another that his hour of repentance was come, and that, as his beginning had been dark, his latter end would be bright and shining. Various and strange were the people's imaginings; and vulgar wonder, and a burning desire to have the riddle solved, filled the castle-hall at the twilight with a throng of old and young.

They saw something like preparation made for their entertainment. A large curtain formed of old banners torn from their staffs for the purpose, extended from side to side, shutting up one-third of the place; while, on each side, large torches made of bog-pine, threw up a thick and dusky light among the inky beams of the massy roof. Wine went round in no stinted measure; and among the clinking of the silver-cups, as they were hastily filled and rapidly emptied, men indulged in many a vain conjecture concerning their coming entertainment.

"This youth now," said Amos Macrabbin, "is peradventure a soul's well-wisher, and may have used his gifts for the good of sinful human nature. When that curtain rises you shall not behold one of those mixed histories of folly and sin called comedies, nor one of those anent guilt and grace, and merriment and murder, called tragedies; but you shall see peradventure a divine mystery,—a spiritual drama, in which no painted madam kilted to the knees shall wag herself wantonly at you."—"Ye have spoken truly, Amos," said John Cargill, in a tone which hovered between jest and earnest. "There shall come the Seven Deadly Sins as black as Barcaple's angels, and against them shall march the Seven Shining Nirtues, beaming and pure like the morning light. Great shall be the strife and strong the fight between them. The Pride of Life will hasten to the aid of the wicked, while Purity of Heart shall stand in the way, and sore shall be the temptation, and strong

the resistance. O, Amos Macrabbin, this will be a profitable and an edifying sight!"

When the curtain was withdrawn these conjectures seemed to be just. The stage portion of the hall was formed into the resemblance of a little wild valley, and as nature supplied materials for such scenes more readily than art could create them, the green earth had yielded some of her covering, and a sward of short velvet grass atoned for the absence of the scene painter. In the centre of this imaginary valley a small pulpit of cut turf was built, while around it were placed seven seats; on the seats sat seven grave immovable personages with enormous bonnets, and bearing all the external tokens of elders of the kirk. Nor was the pulpit long without an occupant,—a tall handsome figure, attired in a suit of black, of an antique Scottish cut, and bearing an enormous book bound with brazen clasps, ascended the steps, and, with a gravity worthy of a better object, looked round upon the elders. On each side of the little valley boughs of trees, with their summer covering of leaves, were stuck, and the whole was a tolerable representation of a Cameronian preaching among the wild hills, where a seat on the grass and a pulpit of turf or stone accomodate the people and the preacher.

Most of the audience, however, conjecturing from the character of their entertainer, expected nothing very serious,—they looked for matter worthy rather of mirth than of tears. A titter and a whisper ran among them as this scene presented itself. "It's to be a sermon after all," said one, "that's Tribulation, the terrible preacher from the west,—he'll waken all our sleeping infirmities, I'll caution him. He delivers up Nithsdale annually to the fiends, and casts the green hills of Galloway as waste ground into Tophet to eke out the bottomless pit. He'll no leave as meikle lea-land as would graze a goose." "Tribulation!" whispered another, "it's as soon auld Alexander Peden himself, risen after his sleep of a century,—the carle's expected to come about this time by the wild mountaineers. It's young Haud-the-ladle, the son of auld

Haud-the-ladle the professor from the Crauford hills,—a braw preacher,—my certie, he'll give the scripture a tearing,—he'll knock the dust out of a difficult chapter. The way he gat that name was this,—there was ance a long drought and a sore famine, and the professor behoved to preach what he called an ee-water sermon,—but deil an ee was the moister, neither plack nor penny drapt into the poor's plate the mair on't. Up banged the priest, and just as the six daughters of the laird of Touphorn, a' shining like morning suns, glittering in gauds like waterfalls in the morn, wi' their mother at their head, and as mony braws on her as wad hae biggit the kirk steeple,—just as they turned an empty loof and a cauld back o' the hand on the poor's-box,—up, as I said, banged the minister,—and, 'Haud the ladle to their nose,' quo' he, 'haud the ladle to their nose; they come here shining in their silks and their scarlets, an no ae plack in their pocket for poor Lazarus."' "But lordsake, Tam, what's a this?—deil hae me now if this is no surpassing."

The object which silenced this district authority was a reverend figure with long flaxen locks, his hose hanging like drapery about his legs, while a gown of sackcloth was thrown over him from his shoulders to his shoes; fastened round his neck by a leathern thong, and pinched in at the waist by a rope of twisted-hair. He stood against one of the carved columns of the hall, raised a foot above the floor by a little pedestal of cut turf.

"Truly now," said one of the audience, "this lord of ours maun be maistfeck fool, to rin away to Rome to learn how to play the loon on the stool of repentance. Let him come to the parish of Kimmertrees, there's just a contention atween lass and loon who to be on the creepie chair. I ance saw three queans, and rosy queans too, dismount frae the foul stool to make room for three male misdoers, and there they stood shouther to shouther, like three webs of sackcloth at a Thornhill fair. The minister took them by the cuff o' the neck, and shook them o'er the pit till the buckles melted in their

shoon. There will be nae sic warm wark here."—"Hout, man," said John Cargill, "that auld carle with the lintwhite locks is an allegorical presentation of the World and the Flesh, the auld man with his deeds,—and then the figure in the pulpit personates the Spirit of household Purity,—his counsel will be fearful to hear and terrible to understand. He stretches out his hand, turns up the white o' his een, and down comes the storm of reproof and admonition,—fire mingled with hail,—waes me for thy auld white pow."

"Simon Brodie of Sorrosykemoor," said the figure in the pulpit to its victim on the repentance stool, I come commissioned to counsel and chasten thee. Thy white head and enfeebled body ought to have taught thee reverence, temperance, and purity. But these limbs shrunk with years, instead of bearing thee to prayer, took thee to the retired chamber, and to dalliance with dames; and that venerable looking head, instead of meditating on judgment and on the world to come, is a plotter against virtue and purity. Shall I shoot my shafts against thee, and give thee up, flesh and bone and soul, to the spirits who prowl for cast-away creatures to fill the dub of darkness; or shall I cleanse thee as thou wert never cleansed, and melt thee down as the godly Earl of Glencairn did the golden images of Baal and Ashtaroth into coin for the new covenant."

"Alas!" responded this representative of sin, "I am born to evil thoughts, and my heart is with impurity, as sure as light is with the morning. Wherever I go I see nothing before me but woman's fair form, the light foot, the well turned ancle, the shapely limb, and the jimp waist. In the kirk I see not thee, the preacher,—I hear not thy eloquence,—I see only heads of sunny hair, golden tresses coming trinkling down long swan-white necks, plump white arms, and lily-white fingers, and dark eyes cast lasciviously around. Then the evil spirit is upon me, I turn the kirk into a dancing-room, the precenter and thee into twa fiddlers, the douce dames and devout lasses into light-headed queans, and the seven sedate elders into a club of serious and drouthy

spirits pondering over their fifteenth bowl of punch. It's a mercy I dinna bang up and cry, gie's Bab at the Bowster, or Brose and Butter."

"Thou miserable man," said the lecturer, "thou art altogether unclean and polluted,—the evil spirit of impurity has possessed thee."—"Ah, rigid and zealous sir," answered Simon; "why would ye war against what is ordained?—the imperious tugs and pulls of evil nature are hard to withstand; and it is punishment enough for him who is cursed with such, to be involved in a continual contest between the wishes of darkness and those of light. But call those before you, and clothe them in sackcloth, who pamper themselves with cordials and rich viands, who lay down weak and inert nature, as it were in a hot-bed, and place a glass over it to entice it into existence. Rebuke the eaters of sparrows by the dozen,—the butterers of brose at bed time,—those who stew down six game-cocks, and sup the sauce with a silver spoon. Those are they grown strong in the trick and artifice of sin; chasten them—holy man, chasten them."

"Unhappy greyhead," said he of the pulpit; "will ye lay the burden of your folly at the door of the Most High? See what an example ye are to the young men of this age, who dress themselves in the glass of your doings, and cover their follies by the shield of your example. See,—for the place I fill and the commission which I hold authorise my words,—see, behold what you have done with a noble youth!—the head of a gallant and a generous house, even Lord Dalveen. Mothers tremble as he comes nigh them, and their daughters shun him as they would a serpent glittering in golden scales,—shining with its spotted skin new freshened in morning dew,—but a venomous reptile still. You have much to answer for, thou corrupter of youth—thou reverend apostle of rottenness and the grave."

"Pious sir," said the culprit, "with that young lord the fiend was before me. Doth one weed arise by the example of another? Doth the hawk desire gore because of the blood-raven? Riseth one star and shineth, because another is beaming; or doth the moon come

forth because of the twinkle of the meteor? Lord Dalveen would pluck you from the pulpit, did he hear you stain the nobility of his folly, by supposing that he shines in the borrowed sins of another. But why call ye not him before you?—do you strike the dove, and dare ye not touch the falcon?—do you hunt the hare, yet follow not the fox? Vice and sin sit smiling on their high places, with their coronets on their brows and their stars on their sides, while humble folly, which lives in the valley, wearing hoddin-grey, must be scourged, and branded, and spit upon."

What course this rude dramatic entertainment would have pursued cannot be guessed,—probably a sharp and biting satire against the interference of the clergy with the people was intended, in which the proceedings of the minister and elders would have been passed under the scrutiny of ironical satire. It was suddenly and unexpectedly interrupted. A door opened, a concealed door, and there rushed upon the stage—not a new character to continue the action and augment the humour, but Seth Meckie, the minister of the parish, his aged cheek glowing, his hoary hair disordered, and his looks strongly betokening agitation and grief. He gazed for a moment on the pulpit—on the elders, and on the repentance-stool,—held up his hands, smote both thighs with his expanded palms, and exclaimed, "How long will folly be endured on the earth?"

This was within an hour of midnight. For some time the sky had been darkening down—cloud assembled upon cloud—the hills were swathed from their summits midway down in total darkness, the lightening began to glimmer, and the thunder to mutter. For a while the flash of the torches and the novelty of the scene prevented the people from observing the approaching tempest; till at last, when flash following flash, rendered the hall as light as noon—when the thunder came near and nearer, and the roar of the deep and agitated sea, now augmenting with the tide, was added to all, they began to be touched,—began to think they were witnessing a graceless and unscriptural representation. The appearance of the parish pastor was, there-

fore, a relief to the minds of many, and the moment of his coming was impressive too. "He came not," said an old peasant, "till thunder and lightning were his accompaniments,—till the descent of rain and hail, and the cry of the ocean, were his followers. He's an awful man, and comes in a fearful tune!"

"What impious mummery is this?" said the preacher: "Is man not a mark broad enough for the envenomed shaft, that it must be directed against the religion of Heaven, and God be mocked face to face? But let me unmask this mummer—let me pluck the robe of sanctity from this lascivious reveller—the garment of life from off the leprous dead.—Cast off the slough of holiness, devil, and let us see thee in thine own likeness." The preacher plucked his pretended brother by the sleeve; away went the outer dress, down dropt a vizard, and out skipt a sprightly youth with scented locks and laughing eyes,—even Lord Dalveen."

"He is here, whom I expected," said Seth: "What other profane comrade is this?" But the seat of public shame was vacated,—there lay the gown of sackcloth, and there the venerable locks of the ancient culprit; he had himself vanished through the door by which the preacher entered. "There lies the slough of the serpent," continued the pastor, touching the abdicated garment with his foot, "but the reptile has glided away." "Reverend sir," said the young nobleman, "my castle-hall is not the parish kirk—I am lord here, and will not be lectured out of harmless pastimes—be wise, therefore, and be silent." "God," replied the preacher, "hath his kirk every where,—on the humble hearth, and in the lordly hall,—on the wild hill, in the lonesome valley,---aye, there or any where, as well as in the church or the cathedral. I am his servant in this parish, and wheresoever two or three are met together, there will I be, and bless them. God's kirk is in all places, like his Almighty presence."

"You have spoken to the point," said Lord Dalveen; "but were I to desire a sight of the celestial commission which gives you this right of way into the bosom of every family, you would tell me of mysterious calls,

of predestination, of growth in grace, quote scripture and misapply it, and call me profane and impious. You are following the will-o'-wisp light of your own imagination, and calling it light from heaven."

"Be wise as well as witty, young man," replied Seth; "mix fear with your mirth. There is One above, even now, speaking to the world with a louder voice than thine—His meaning I interpret not—but the fires flashing over this old roof, the rolling thunder, and that imperious sea, proclaim a deity who will weigh men's deeds in the balance. I aspire to no mysterious communion with the divinity—my commission extends only as scripture warrants me—by scripture I go and by scripture I stand,—and by that I call upon the scoffer to cease his scoffing, the liar his falsehood, and the lascivious man to forsake his folly. This is a light for every one as well as for me,—what sayest thou to it?"

"Again I say," said Lord Dalveen, "that thou hast spoken sensibly. The book of life is open to all, and knowledge, moral and religious, has found out many ways of falling upon man. One man has the gift of expounding the revealed word to a listening audience; another has the gift of instructing and reforming man by manly satire and ironical reproof, by shooting folly with a shaft fledged from her own wing. The former way is thine, the latter mine,—you show to the world its deformity and its sins, and I am a kind of moral auxiliary in the cause of humble innocence and religious freedom. I take it upon me to preach to the world, that the ministers of religion have usurped a power for which they have no gospel warrant; that they direct their censures and their rebukes only against the lowly and the mean. Princes and peers hold the heritage of sin free from the kirk. When did a king, when did a peer, wear robes of sackcloth? when stood the great ones of the earth on the seat of shame? The poor are ever there, the titled never."

"I will say this to thee, young nobleman," answered the minister, "what thou sayest has long been a reproach to the professors, but never a reproach to Seth Mackie. No noble sinner ever committed folly, and

smiled in my face---I have humbled some of Scotland's proudest sons, and I may do it yet again. Thy words are wise, thine actions foolish.---What says the irreverent rhymer,

'The lambs should tremble when the foxes preach.'

Who will profit by a moral lecture from thee? who that knows thee can believe thee serious? A sermon on purity cometh well from the lips of one whose time is spent in polluting the pure and seducing the confiding. Art thou not afraid, lest those whom thou hast injured beyond hope of cure, those whom thou hast tempted from honour and peace, should stand up before thy face to confound thee into shame and repentance?"

Accident, which we may not unwisely call providence, gives sometimes to speech the appearance of prophecy, and to actions the look of inspiration. A low moan made the preacher turn round, and it was not without emotion that he beheld a young woman standing on the repentance-stool, with looks as pale as death, her hair streaming over her shoulders, her hands folded on her breast, her eyes cast on the floor, while the rain showered from her locks and her dress, till all the place was sprinkled. There was a general murmur of compassion.

"Yere a' there," said Grace Joysan, "and ye would think I was lang o' coming. But, ye see, it's but some six minutes since I heard there was to be a grand rebuke given to all the sinners in the district—that some sensible divines were gaun to wash all the foul linen of the session—a' that had forgot themselves in the dark wad be there. I thought there would be a gathering; and as I'm ane o' the youngest, I think I may get aff wi' a safter word than some of the sedater dames. Sae ye may begin---holy man, ye may begin."

"We spoke, even now, of lessons," said Seth, "and we talked of examples; behold we have both. Look on her before you, once the sweetest maiden on the Solway-side, till her vanity and your villany conspired against her! See what you have made her! She seems more of a spirit than a thing of flesh and blood."

"Who talks of spirits?" said Grace, "I'm nae spirit---I wish I were---and I'll soon be---they hae a bonnie time o't, skipping under the merry blink o' the moon, unacquainted with cold and hunger, and the change of season and the lack of dress! I sat to-night on the tap o' the Raven-craig, looking seaward for some ane, and there came the raven and sat down aside me. —I smoothed down its bonnie black wings, and fu' proud it looked—ye would hae sworn the creature was endued with human thought—and I'm no sure but it was. And I stroked it—and I spoke till't—and I was glad of its company—I ay tremble when thunder comes. Aweel, ye see, says the raven to me, 'Why sit ye here in unrepented sin?'—it was a liar there—but ye canna get ae word o' truth out of thae supernatural creatures —there was Frank Forest's ghost told me yestreen, at midnight, that my love was come hame---but he might say sae to please me, for when he was living he was a kind lad. But the raven was wrang about repentance ---I have repented. So, holy man, begin---man of heaven commence---ye ken the words 'You, Grace Joysan, I am commissioned'---ye ken the kind of sin---all the world kens that---I never hid my love---alake, I loved o'er truly." A flood of tears interrupted further speech.

"Lord Dalveen," said Seth, "if you are not moved by this, there is no hope for you—look at the ruined creature—her mind you cannot restore, nor her purity repair—her loveliness is wrecked—the casket, which contained a pearl above all price, is empty. Such consolation as smooth words, as kind words can give, may yet sooth the mind that cannot be healed." The young nobleman stood not unmoved; the internal labourings of his conscience, and the pang of heart which he endured, brought the sweat in large drops to his brow. He stood and saw the fire, flash following flash, throwing its fearful light on many an upturned face—he heard, too, the raging of the storm,—the descent of hail and rain on his castle roof,---and the voice of the Solway becoming audible and more audible. The words of an old prophecy were present to his mind, which predicted the destruction of his name.

It was founded in rapine, by force it stood—
There's guilt at the door, on the floor there's blood—
When its walls are washed by the Solway sea,
When its topmost stone lies low on the lea,
With the curse of a priest, and the moan of a lass,
The house of Dalveen shall to darkness pass.

The topmost stone, named by the rustic bard in this legendary verse, was a singular block of black whinstone, with the deep mark of a gigantic hand impressed upon it, and an indenture corresponding with the foot print of an eagle. Many wild traditions were circulated about it among the poetic peasantry; the most moderate is scarcely sober enough for the present narrative.

The first Lord of Dalveen, says the rustic legend, fought a severe battle with one of the De Soulis's of Liddesdale, on the border, and was in danger of losing his life by the charmed sword of the necromantic warrior, when a large black eagle, which sat upon this stone, flew suddenly down, while the battle raged, and attacked the borderer with beak and claw. The victor carried the eagle-stone to the shore of Solway, and placed it on the summit of his castle: on the third morning, the eagle was seen perched upon it, and there it continued to live for several centuries, till one of the lords rebelled against his king, and burned the abbey of Dundrenan; the eagle then disappeared, and was seen no more. The living monarch of the air was succeeded by a black eagle, in bronze, cast by a skilful artist in Italy. This brazen substitute was attacked by some strange enemy on the first night that it was fixed on the tower-top, and was pecked and torn, as if beaks and claws of steel had been busied about it. There, however, it continued till the day of James the Second, when Lord Thomas marched against the persecuted covenanters. It was never seen after; and the lover of rustic legends may choose any one of half-a-dozen modes of destruction for the black eagle of Dalveen, which is most agreeable to his own belief.

A supernatural terror, till that time a stranger in the breast of the young lord, rushed suddenly upon him, and he could not help muttering, "That raging sea,

that terrible thunder, that fierce priest, and that frantic lass, seem to come together for my destruction." The firmness of his nature began to give way,—the tear glittered under his eye-lash, and he had taken one step towards the unhappy maiden, when a sound deeper than the loudest thunder, was heard,—the dash of agitated waters ran round the walls, while a vivid flash of lightning struck the central tower,—the castle seemed shuddering from its base, and the heavy fall of a hard substance was heard. Lord Dalveen flew to the platform which commanded a seaward view.

The first object he saw was a ship under sail, nigh his gate, upon the Lady-meadow; while from the castle rock to the coast of Cumberland flowed one wild tumbling sea, over which the lightnings flashed, and ten thousand sea-fowls screamed. The tops of the pines were whitened with foam, and the old watch-towers on the shore were for a moment seen and lost. He descended to the huge platform of granite which bridged the moat,—the subsiding sea was raging at his feet,—the rain pouring upon him,—the fires flashing above him,—he gazed on heaven and he gazed on earth, and said, "God of Heaven strike me, if thou wilt, but spare the innocent!"

He was joined by his servant Airngray, the wild descendant of a wild father, a bold and fearless man; but his face was pale, and his tongue faultered. "Master," he said, "the wild sea's not the worst on't, the eagle-stone is struck from the tower to the garden green. I saw the flaff of fire that did it; and, as the stone flew, if the fire didna dazzle my e'en, I'me sure I saw a winged thing, either a dark eagle or a black spirit, following it through the air; and when it played dunt into the ground, may the fiend make spunks out my spoolbanes if I didna think I saw a head shot out at ane of the stanchelled windows—and sic a head, the dourest devil in the bottomless pit wadna like to own't. Now this I'me no sae sure of,—but, touching the eagle or spirit—strike me, but believe me." "Babbling fool," said Lord Dalveen—"but say on, say on." "I hae done, clean done. Now, an' I were

you, I would keep a calm sough about this business,—it looks terribly like a rib o' the auld prophecy; and when the morning comes, Charlie Howat, and Tam Cavens, and Geordie Gavell, and me, will carry the stone cannily back to its auld stance again—and we'll spill a bottle o' brandy aboon't—and I'll warrant, if ye keep ill een off't, that it will bide there till doomsday."

Lord Dalveen walked slowly and mournfully round the castle—the tide had receded—the wind was hushed—the rain had ceased—the clouds were departing—and the moon, red and round, was disengaging herself from the rack, which was hurrying towards the west. He came to the garden green, a little plot of ground redeemed by a former lord of the castle from the solid rock, and planted with flowers, and adorned with arbours, to please his lady, a native of the banks of Tweed, and who longed for the flowry braes and sunny banks of her native stream. Into the middle of this plot the eagle-stone had descended, and forced its way deep into the ground. The young lord laid his hand upon it, and, pale with fear, said, "Feel here, Airngray, feel here, it is as moist and as soft as clay, and as hot as the burning fire,—it is melted into earth." Airngray touched it—looked up at the tower, and shook his head—"It winna do, devil," said he, "it winna do—this is all a piece of hell's black glamour. Let us slip away quietly to bed, say a yim o' prayer, and, when we waken in the morning, we'll find that the Solway never called at yere door like a rude creditor; I'm sure we awe it naething; and ye'll just see, that the auld stane will have flown, i' the quiet hour, back to the turret top. I wadna for the wide world, that Abednego Goolgowan, the Cameronian preacher, kenned o' this, he would preach about it, and he would pray about it, and come down with fifty graning carles at his back, and sit down on the Warlockknowe and take up a new song against us."

During the raging of the sea, and the pealing of the sky, the gathered people sat mute in the hall, and as motionless as statues, while Seth Mackie, holding up

his hands, poured out one of those fervent and touching prayers which deep feeling produces. The torches were all extinguished,—the sole light was the momentary glare of the lightning, but no light was needed,—the people fell on their knees, and each murmured his separate petition. One only of the audience stood, a member of the Church of England—he clapsed his prayer-book between his hands, looked wildly around, and when he heard the voice of unpremediated prayer ascending on all sides, he exclaimed, in an agony of despair, "A light! a light! to read my prayer; they'll all go to heaven in the dark, and I'll go to hell for lack of a candle."

While they knelt and prayed, the storm ceased, and the darkness rolled away---the foaming of the agitated sea alone remained to tell of the fury of the tempest which had moved it. The torches were rekindled, and dismay passed from the people's faces. Seth, the preacher, found time to look around him, and to form resolutions for asserting the dignity of the kirk. He scattered the seats of the seven elders,---he levelled the pulpit,---and, as Lord Dalveen returned to the hall, he said, with a firm voice, "The wicked build, and the righteous pull down---the foolish rear altars to Baal---the wise scatter the high places of Ashtaroth---and the strong and evil man goes on rejoicing for a season, till heaven hangs its cloud over him, and then men hear the thunder."

Lord Dalveen looked on the preacher, and pressed his hand on his brow. "Now," whispered Airngray, "ye'll see something,—my master will start,—he'll stamp,—he'll utter a cry, aiblins a curse,—then wo to the man that crosses his path. See him, he drops his mantle, he bares the hair from his brow, and there he goes forward like the deep sea—wha will dare to stay him?" Fulfilling the accurate description of his follower, Lord Dalveen started forward and confronted the preacher. "Out, hound of darkness," he exclaimed, —"away sanctified impertinence,—linger not here,—brave me no farther, else the pulpit of the parish kirk may be vacant on Sunday,—and one presumptuous ser-

vant of religion may be gone to a place which religious cruelty and pride have thickly peopled." Seth, accustomed to the warfare of words, and courageous by nature, replied, with a mild tongue, but a determined aspect—"Look now, my son." "Son!" exclaimed the other, "not even in the figurative language of thy trade will I allow thee to call me son. Priest, if the pride of my house were augmented with the insolence and pride of the meek ministers of God, it would make something too strong for all the fiends. The sovereignty of the pit would be lost, priest."

The brow of Seth glowed like a ploughshare in a welding heat,—his lip quivered as he spoke. "The red lightning, which smote but now the top of thy castle, spared thee, while it cast down the cold and inanimate stone as low as the moat. It spared a piece of painted and blasphemous clay,—God is merciful and slow to anger." "Meekly spoken, priest," replied the other, "mercifully and meekly spoken. Speak, dust, to thy Creator again,—remonstrate with him,—wrestle with him,—yea, overcome him, as I once heard thee say in thy sermon. Make him delegate to thee his red lightning and his terrible thunder,—thou wilt use them more wisely than the Most High. Thou wouldst not allow that worm Dalveen to live,—yet Heaven, thou seest, permits him, proud priest."

"Hast thou done, young lord? hast thou done with taking the name of the Most High in vain, with naming a blessed name with polluting lips?" "I name but his name," was the answer, "but you usurp his prerogative. You counsel the Almighty, saying, 'crush me this worm, and confound me that,—bare thy right arm on this,—on that let loose thy thunder.' You issue commands to God, while you supplicate kings and rulers. You address Heaven less civilly than you address your magistrate. I am a sinner, priest, a sinner after nature; but your sin is that which tenanted the lake of brimstone—Ambition, priest, ambition!

"As I live by salmon-fish and salt-water," said a fisherman, "I think the minister has the worst on't. I ay thought him a peevish and a punctual body—he

preached a sermon against setting raise-nets on the Saturday, lest they should break the Sabbath by catching fish in the morning. I trow my lord has trimmed him, —the bodie can but gape and glower,—the bob-cork o' his understanding is fairly under water. I think my lord will turn preacher himself—he has tried all other kinds of foolery—he'll make a capital parson. Sad will his rebuke be when daft queans climb the creepie." "Whisht, whisht," said one of his companions, "see, wha's this? Is the play no all played out yet—here comes anither person of the drama? This is a fighting character now, he was a preaching ane the last,—but the trades are near akin. Praying, preaching, and fighting, are brethren three."

The person of whom he spoke was one of the spectators. He rose,—made his way hastily over the impediments of benches, demolished seats and pulpits, and said, stepping in between Lord Dalveen and Seth, "My lord, I pray you respect the minister of your native church; and you, reverend sir, respect the roof under which you stand; lower not the dignity of religion by embroiling her in a thriftless controversy. Neither of you is right—you are both intemperate. One is wrong in ridiculing sacred things, the other too fiery in vindicating them."

"Now, by the soul of my ancestors," said Lord Dalveen, "this is surpassing. John Paul, who seeks thy counsel? There stands a learned divine, and here stands an educated gentleman, both of whom understand well, if not wisely, the matter in dispute. Yet, between them, comes in one whose learning is limited to the score and the tally—one living, as the Cameronian said, in the black nature of ignorance, who cries, hilloah, I shall instruct you in this matter. You may as well ask a lobster for a lesson in navigation. This is dramatic now. Man's fancy can invent nothing to excel this."

The divine seemed seriously puzzled how to manage the controversy into which he had precipitated himself; his knowledge and his presence of mind supplied him with no remedy, and he stood silent—not so Paul. "No one, indeed," he said, "asked my counsel, but

it is not needed the less. Did it become me to stand idly by, and see two men, who ought to be examples to others, drifting down the stormy ocean of idle controversy without compass or star, and not lay my hand on the helm and guide them into port." "Now," said Lord Dalveen, "you are delivered of your professional simile,—your part is acted,—you have vindicated your claim to rusticity,—no one can doubt now that your pursuit is mechanical,—begone then! away!—you understand me."

Paul was not to be intimidated, nor insulted with safety. "I am, as you say, of humble descent, and my profession is humble also. I am proud of springing from a cottage with walls of clay and a roof of straw; but, before I die, my house shall be of marble, its walls hung with banners, and gilt with gold. My name shall be heard of for deeds of daring, when thine shall only be known in some parish record of folly and seduction. I shall raise my house,—you are pulling yours down, and smothering yourself in the rubbish."

The brow of Dalveen grew flushed and fiery,—whatever answer he meditated, whether of words or blows, was interrupted by the appearance of Lady Emeline, the agitated motion of whose ancient silks told of the anxious state of her mind. "What means all this, reverend sir," said the venerable lady.—"There is anger in your eye,—anger on this youth's brow, and in the look of my son I can read fury against both."—"Lady," answered the divine, "there is sorrow in my eye, but no anger; I came and found your son mocking the actions of devout men, and making unseemly mirth at the servants of the Most High. He had made unto himself a pulpit, and unto seven elders seven seats, and for the impure he had raised a seat o[f] repentance. And he had called a sinner before him, and with the words of the kirk he admonished him, and made a jest of things holy, and sought to make the profane laugh. And I came and saw, and was sorrowful, and rebuked him, and scattered his altars. Then he stood up and blasphemed the true kirk,—and now,

what shall hinder me from delivering him over to the spirit of darkness, as my brethren did of old."

"Reverend sir," answered Lady Emeline,—"you have not the power to bind and loose, to curse and cast away, though you have much power among men if you would use it discreetly. The wild Arab, when he takes the steed of the desert, doth not smite him with his lance, nor gore him with the rowel, in taming his mood and winning him for his servant. He sooths him with mild words, he feeds him with sweet herbage and fresh corn, and slips a shining bitt in his mouth, and rides him at will. Do thou likewise. A minister of God's word might reign like one of the princes of the earth among devout men, would he but study the ways of his people,—be frequent in his visitations,—affectionate in his words,—and merciful and tender-hearted." "Lady Emeline," replied Seth, "much that you have said——."

"I speak not to be answered," rejoined the lady.—"This is the castle of Dalveen, and my word here is a command,—men reply not to thee in the pulpit, and in mine own hall I brook no back-answerings. My son wished to give an evening's mirth to his menials, and thy presence was not asked. This is not the kirk,—at each man's hearth thou art not to erect an altar for rebuke and admonishment. Leave mirth to the young, reverend sir,—and if you will do good in your ministry, come with me. For one striken hour of storm and fire have I been upon my knees, interceding with Heaven for my humbled house. And on my knees would I still have been, had not the strife of men's tongues invaded my chamber. Come with me, I respect thy motives for acting thus, but I have no praise for thy discretion."

As Lady Emeline led Seth from the hall, Lord Dalveen observed, turning to Paul.—"See, see with what grace that reverend person stalks along. He has all the easy courtesy of an old bear, when the showman pokes him in the ribs as an inducement to dance; his eye glimmers with rage; he churns the foam between his jaws; he utters a stifled growl, yet still he keeps pac-

ing, and all who look on him laugh." Paul smiled at the whimsical accuracy of the comparison. "Come now," said the young nobleman, "since reverend counsel and ancient discretion have retired hand in hand, let us have some mirth with these clods of the valley,—these sowers of corn and reapers of barley. They want but something to move them,—they have drunk deeply, and the good wine will do its good office. Airngray whispered something in his ear. "Aye, stay," said Lord Dalveen,—"thou art a useful knave,—Paul, I remember me now, I have promised my person to a fair maiden for one midnight hour,—you don't know her well,—and I am sure you cannot guess her name. Her eye is ever down-cast in the kirk, and naught less holy than a hymn ever passed between her lips. I must go, Paul, I must go. Let me see,—she lives a mile distant,—and thou hast wit enough for any thing. Stay these same clods of the valley for one hour by any feat of imagination—I will be back by that time, and we shall have the parson to ourselves, too, for any prank we please. We shall scare him rarely. I can enact the great devil himself on a pinch,—you will personate one of the lesser fiends. We will find holy Seth as he goes homeward through the haunted glen. We shall enter into pithy controversy with him,—touch him on his weaknesses, of which, believe me, devout men have most,—we will spice our speech with brimstone, and speak figuratively in fire. But stay, that will seem like a sermon. We will personate lascivious fiends, and talk of soft beds and alabaster arms."

"That will be too much in your natural character, my lord," said Paul. "Thou speakest truly lad,—thou speakest truly. We must abide by characters different from our own: Here, Airngray,—watch holy Seth,—find twenty reasons for keeping him in the castle till my return,—bide by him, man, and even grow devout. I'll give thee gold for the pain it gives thy conscience,—some more mirth must be had from him yet."

"Lady Emeline read something of this in your looks," said Airngray; "and holy Seth is cared for. It is her ladyship's order that all the people shall leave the hall

at twelve, and I hear it striking now,—a parting cup awaits them at the gate."

"Away with them then, Airngray," said Lord Dalveen; "I must content myself with little Kate Laurie. Paul, come to me on the morrow,—we shall have either mirth from others, or more mischief between ourselves. Good night." And in this manner they parted.

CHAPTER IV.

Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn,
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

WORDSWORTH.

WHEN Paul left Dalveen castle he turned his steps homeward. Formerly the distance at which his mother's dwelling stood from the castle was described in rustic measurement as a good bow-shot; but the disuse of the arrow has rendered that once sensible mode of reckoning space obsolete, and I am obliged to say in words which convey no image, the distance was a mile. The tower of the lord stood on a high rock, like the abode of the eagle; the wit of the retainer, like the cunning of a waterfowl, had found a place for his nest in a deep quagmire, where neither horse nor man could pass, and in the very centre of which he had anchored his rustic habitation. He had also redeemed from the shaking bog some twenty paces square of garden-ground, and filled it with flowers, and fenced it round with the willow and wild plum.

The only thing remarkable about Paul's abode was the place where it was built, and the art by which the little structure was reared. Tradition, indeed before I examined the ruins, told me, first, that it was built by

no good art; and secondly, that in imitation of the imaginary architecture of the Spanish armada, it was built in alternate layers of wood and stone. It was a mixture of rude masonry and beams of the blackest oak, and was probably founded upon piles; for through the deserted floor of the house the water had bubbled up, and a plentiful crop of the water-lily and iris had arisen, in the midst of which a wild teal had placed its sluggish nest, and brought out its tawny brood.

But on the day to which my tale belongs, this house was neat, trim, and well-ordered. The walls, covered with honeysuckle on the outside, were as well covered with household thrift within; the floor was swept with a careful hand; the hearth fire sparkled clear; while the furniture, beneath the anxious hands of Prudence and her daughter Maud, glanced back the light of the morning sun or the evening fire like so many mirrors. The swallow hung its little nest of clay and grass beneath the thatch, and with incessant wing skimmed the bosom of the moss or the walks of the garden, abating the plague of flies; in the garden hedge the thrush, the sweetest of our Scotish songsters, built secure from the hand of the school-boy; and the inhabitants of three stoles of bees extracted sweetness from the meadow flowers and the mountain heath, and gave an air of happiness and industry to the place. A little narrow road, framed of oak and paved with stone, and wide enough for two men to walk abreast, led from the door to the firm land, and a deep clear spring at its side, threw up a stream of water plentiful enough to form a small rivulet, which, escaping from the bog, joined the sea after a course of a mile and a half among green knolls and granite rocks, during which it formed many pretty pools full of fine burn trout.

On this secluded house the sun had set, and his retiring light still lingered on the hill-head and on the ship-streamers in the bay. The wood-doves had returned from feeding on the wild blaeberry,—the crows already darkened all the pine-tree tops,—the bat was abroad, and flickered about in the dewy air,—while the beetle, uttering his contented hum, struck against the

shepherd as he returned from his flocks on the neighbouring hills. In an old chair of carved oak, enjoying the fresh air of the twilight, Prudence Paul was sitting, her white mutch bordered with broad lace, and her gown of shining gray, long and wide, and glistening like silk, descended not so low as to conceal two neat feet, with glossy shoes and little fastenings of solid siver. In her hand she held a hank of the finest woollen yarn, mixed purple and white, smooth and fitted for hose, such as the young men then were fond of wearing. Her looks were staid and touched with sorrow,—her eye, dark and sparkling, had in her youth given lustre to district verse; and the fastidious neatness of her dress and the purity of her dwelling brought that charge of household and personal pride upon her which has been urged against the Dutch,—she wiped the seats upon which strangers had sat,---she wiped the floor over which they walked,---and of the well out of which they had drank would she not taste, till it had freed itself from all suspicion of impurity, by running an hour or more.

At her side there sat a softer vision of herself,—her daughter Maud in the opening bloom of maiden beauty,—dark eyed, dark tressed,—as pure as the spring out of which she drank, and as healthy as the lily that flowered on its margin. Her white shoulders and round neck were flooded by the dark clustering abundance of her locks; and her eyes large, moving in liquid light, and of a deep hazel hue, were every now and then lifted up from the task on which her hands were engaged, and fixed on her mother with a glance expressing duty and awe. Her dress was a boddice of brown, with an open and expanding collar which allowed the breeze free circulation,—with a little shawl of the finest silk, and ornamented with curious skill, but laid aside to admit the sweet fresh air of the twilight; and a petticoat of that glossy and beautiful cloth known by the homely name of linsey-woolsey, which rivalled in lustre much of our modern silk. A string of Solway pearls enclosed her neck, and massy bracelets of pure gold, her brother's present, encircled her wrists, adding little by

contrast to her loveliness; but rather from their value bringing an imputation of personal vanity against her, from which she was free. In truth, though conscious of the beauty of her person, and skilful in the female art of adding to her natural allurements, she loved her only brother with such intense and elevated affection, that the richness of the metal of her bracelets did not at all increase their value in her esteem—had they been of tin, or brass, or horn, she would have worn them, and glanced her eye as often upon them in sisterly pride and satisfaction.

"Maud," said her mother, "see that ye knit this yarn with a nice and a careful hand. When Paul shows thy work and mine in a foreign land, let it be no reproach, but an ornament. He has thy father's limbs, my love, and they will well beseem thy best knitting. He has thy father's glance too, Maud, and too much, I am afraid, of his poor mother's spirit; yet his spirit becomes him. A handsomer man than thy father never darkened the door of a bridal chamber; and on the day that we were married I could have defied seven parishes to show such a pair. So use thy nicest skill, my love; and the linen too, which I made against his coming home, we shall bleach it on the rivulet bank till it becomes as pure as that water-lily, there where it lies, with its white bloom glistening on its single broad green leaf."

"Mother," said Maud Paul, "I have taxed my nicest skill. O, I wish my brother would return,—what has he to do with Lord Dalveen, with that cool head and corrupted heart. On that man beautiful though he be, and heir of a wide inheritance, I shudder to look; while, on my gallant brother I could sit and gaze from sunrise to sunset, and begin again by the moon. Our maidens say he is finely formed, and that he steps like one born to rule and command. There is something nobler than mere shape about him,—there is a pride of knowledge in his eye,—a resolution on his expanding brow,—and from his whole countenance courage and genius beam to me as visibly as the morning lets out its light. A fair shape is easily found,—

the basest heart may inhabit a marble lodging; but the spirit of a generous and noble nature exalts the mean-est form,—it is a portion of Heaven, worthy of wo-man's worship, and worthy alone of her love."

"You have well expressed the character of your brother's countenance," said her mother, "nor has a sister's affection magnified the good gifts of Heaven. But, alas! his soul and his spirit are not made to pros-per in times like these. John Paul is too impatient ever to sit down a quiet and laborious dresser of the ground, and manage his flocks, and carry his corn to a quiet and lucrative market. He would whet his sickle before the grain swelled in the shot blade,—nor would he have patience to wait till his flocks were fattened, though feeding on the richest clover. Alas! all his pleasure is a ship under sail,—the warfare of winds and waves,—the dangers of wild shores and the din of bat-tle. He was never like other children, even from his cradle upwards."

"I mind well," said Maud with a smile, "when he took the twin eagles from under their mother's bosom on the top of Barnhourie-rock,—when he carried away the young herons from the trysting-tree on the side of Lochlorane. Danger was his delight when a child, and still seems his pastime. Long, long, has he remained away, and now he is come home with a sterner look, and with a mood of mind not always willing to hear a sister's speech. I wish he would bide at home,—there's room enough on the Solway."

"Foolish maiden," answered Prudence, "a man must act like a man,—he cannot always be robbing bird's nests, groping trouts in the streams, and gather-ing wild flowers and hind-berries for a fond and giddy sister. I love those determined looks and those stern glances which alarm thee. They become him, girl, even more than meekness becomes a maiden. Room enough in Solway, child!—there's not room in Scot-land,—it is a churlish nook, and England is a proud land,—they reward not their humble sons. Why should he stay here, to hold the stirrup to some haugh-ty lord, to wear some rich man's livery, and to grow

like a tree on the soil till his roots are too large for transplanting? No, no, my son shall not stand like a weed by the highway-side, to be dishonoured by the dust of every proud man's chariot wheels. I would rather see his corse borne to my feet by the waves of Solway, and lay him in the grave with the hands that nursed him."

"Mother, mother, these are proud words,—but they are becoming. Yet I would rather see my brother laird of an acre of brown moor in Scotland, than see him lord of Kentucky, of which he has told us so much, and master of ten thousand slaves. This little house, with its floor of clay,—that green hill whereon we often sit to watch the coming of the ships,—yon small glen, with its burn glancing under the lady-braken and the juniper-bough, where we bleach our linen,—and yon silent kirk-yard, where my blessed father lies, are dearer to me than all other places, and the world has not wealth enough to bribe my affections from them."

"Bless thee, my daughter," said the matron bursting into tears, "bless thee for that speech. I was forgetting thy father in love for my son. And well, indeed, Maud, may I love him, for he has been a kind and a tender son to me. He is the express image of my mind, and of my body too, more than he is of thy father's,—well then may I love him. But thou canst not remember thy father; thou wert but three years old on that terrible night which widowed my couch, and made my babes fatherless." She turned her head away, her eyes were moistening, and a large drop trembled under each eye-lash, but did not fall."

"I remember," said Maud, "something of a fearful storm; the roar of the Solway rose louder than the loudest thunder, while, louder than the Solway, a death-cry was heard, and my father threw me from his knee and ran to the shore. I saw him never again till he came a lifeless corpse; he saved the lives of others, but he lost his own."

"Girl, girl, you speak of your father like one who shares not his blood. Over a warmer and a kinder

heart the sea never swept. The meekness and gentleness of his nature has not passed to his children. He was torn from me in the fifth year of our marriage, and I was left alone with thy brother and thee, to contend for bread and life. If my own spirit, therefore, has passed into you both, more than it ought, how might it otherwise have been? Under my wings were you reared, beneath my solitary bosom were you nourished, the mother's warmth was all the warmth you had. Alas, I speak too truly. Thin were your clothes, and scanty was your fare,—the very cricket, that loves the heat, forsook our cold hearth; and while I turned the new cut hay, combed and span wool, and reaped the stranger's corn, my two little darlings were ever near, smiling and sporting in the sun. My widowed heart was light, my widowed heart was vain, and I was proud to press you both to my breast, and hold the world and all its cold charities at arm's length."

The young maiden gazed on her mother with eyes of love and awe,—the matron continued. "And did I say I was left alone with my children to freeze under the cold regard of the world? Alas, I am too presumptuous. There was One, the Invisible One, who was ever with me, who strengthened my body for toil, who made all my doings prosper, and who poured a spirit into my bosom, which made the wind of winter breathe upon us like summer. Though our chest was empty, and our pan cold, the little which we got, the fruit from the wood, the fish from the water, were all blest, and doubly blest. Fair and beauteous my children grew, and a proud mother was I, as they walked before me to the kirk,—no baron's lady could match my pair. Yet what am I thinking of? we have our evening work to do, our evening homage to the Invisible One to pay. But it is pleasant, my child, to sit in the twilight and talk of old times, when the world's iron heel was on our right foot."

"Mother," said Maud, "I have heard your courage and your pride of nature praised by old and young. Men say, you were very fair, and women wonder why you did not wed again, had it only been to obtain pro-

tection for yourself and your children." "Daughter," answered Prudence, "thou must learn greater discretion of speech, but I shall answer thee truly. I loved thy father; he won me from many admirers, and I won him whom many maidens desired. He perished woefully for thee and me, but honourably for himself. He saved seven lives, and, in attempting the eighth, he lost his own. I added his last noble deed to his other good qualities, and in my dream by night, and in my thought by day, my heart was and is ever with him: My husband is still mine, and I am still his. Faithful was I to thy father when a maiden, and, if I sometimes slackened in my obedience to him while he lived, from the warmth of my own temper, and the severity of his, faithfully, most faithfully, have I mourned his loss,—a faithful, faithful widow I have been. She rose hastily and went into her house, accompanied by her daughter.

A little sparkling fire of wood and coal, more for the cheerful look which it gave the house than for its warmth, shone upon the hearth; a small cruse, filled with oil, added its more steady light; while the burnished oaken furniture, and the utensils for cooking, glittered all around. A cozie ingle and a clean hearthstane, a thrifty wife and obedient children, are wisely numbered among the chief blessings of humble life, by one whose genius was as bright as his fortune was dark—the home of Prudence Paul illustrated the song of the poet. The mother and daughter, seated side by side, recommenced their discontinued work, and their conversation.

"My daughter," began the matron, "when I was thy age, I was made thy father's wife. I love early marriages; they are sometimes thoughtless, but they are made by the heart and not by the head, and they are ever the faithfullest and best." "Mine then," said the maiden, "must be the work of the head." "Why so, my daughter? said the matron; "we have young men enow worthy of thy hand, and I have yet sight enough to see, that a single glance of thine eye would make thee mistress of a house as high as Hemp-

stane, and wife to a laird as clever and as handsome as Andrew Lamond."

"Laird Lamond!" answered Maud, with a disdainful wave of her innumerable curls, "Would ye even me to that dour bargain-driver? a man whose heart is never out of his purse, and whose soul is ever with his sheep on the hill-side; a fellow who feels not the influence of spring farther than it is the birth-time of lambs, and who blesses summer, because be may then reap the fleece. He talks only of the pedigree of his dogs, Whitefoot, Ringie, and Yarrow, and dreams only of the price of lambs at Lockerbie, and the value of the tarred fleece. Why, he made his sheep-fold on the spot where Bruce slew the rebel Macdougal of Galloway,—he drove a stane-dyke over the graves of three martyrs, never even him to me."

"Aweel, my lass," said Prudence, "let me see, what say ye to the Portioner of Clogwhang, a sedate man, and a steeve,—well to live in the world,—well spoken of,—a shrewd man in the market,—a house feal and fou, and a gude lairdship round about it." "I ken the man, mother," said Maud; "he sleeps weekly in his seat in the kirk,—he started up when the psalm was to be sung last Sunday, crying, 'Seven and sax-pence ilka cloot, deil a lower penny!' A scone bonnet, a grey plaid, Sanquhar hose, stoops to his knees, spits for ever, and coughs often,—I ken the man. He caught me last Candlemas market, and treated three of us, out of John Thomson's shop, with a penny's worth of cinnamon. His right eye is jealous of his left; and he would not trust his left hand in his right coat pocket, lest it should pick it. He'll never marry. So it's needless for me to break my heart about him. He's settled—have ye any more?"

"Truly, lass, ye are a settler and a half!" exclaimed the mother, smiling at the same time from the accuracy of the description, "but I shall fit ye yet. I must think no more of the sedate and the prudent, I see. What says your wisdom to Ebie Lightfoot, an only son, tall and sightly, and rides to kirk and market like one of the sixteen peers; has land in the

Roons of Galloway, and three houses in the Rattenraw of Dumfries; lifts his rents himself, and calls nobody master? There's Margery Mudie sighing for him, an heiress of an acre of flow-moss in the deepest part of Lochar."

"I'm no sae sure that I know whom you mean," said Maud, assuming a look of thought and consideration; "and yet the man comes before me like a dream, —I ought to have said apparition, for that prefigures him best. Ay, ay, I have him now; he rides on his grey nag like a pair of tongs,—wears three waistcoats, one red, one blue, and one orange,—when he is sober, he talks about his horse and his house-rents, and when he is drunk, he swears about his house-rents and his horse. He gallops frae the kirk to the public-house, and if he rides sober away, he never rides sober hame. His horse can read the sign of a change-house, and distinguish a tankard of foaming ale on a sign, though distant half a mile. He is a made-up creature; Dick Shettleton, the tailor, vows that his horse carries more cloth than it carries of man."

"Ye have spoken bitter truths of him, daughter, so we shall make him a passover,—he's a drink-offering that's no for thy lips. It's clear to me, that ye admire learning,—that ye love clerkly skill,—one who utters scraps of ancient song and sayings of philosophers. Ye are right, my love, ye are right, learning gets meikle reverence in the world; a learned man's a wise man, and a wise man's a man of worth; and a man of worth fears evil, and maintains gospel-awe in his household, and holy fear and obedience in his wife. Marry a learned man an' ye be wise. O it's a pleasant thing to hear a man that's a gomeril in broad Scotch, talk grand sense in Greek; the very sound and sough on't is convincing! And where is there one, I ask thee, who can talk so fearlessly in Latin and in Hebrew as Dominie Davison? Oh, he's a wonderful man, when he speaks words which naebody, they say, understands. When he speaks in English, he speaks below the mark of a common mortal. Take him, daughter, take him,

—he's a learned man, and a man prudent of his pence too."

"Now, mother," said Maud, "you have painted me a man to my mind. I like one whose wisdom is not manifest in the vulgar tongue, but which flourishes, like the bay-tree, by the running brook of ancient learning. Happy is she who is scolded in Latin and abused in Greek. Admonition from learned lips flies over her like a bird; and Wisdom, with her proverbs and quaint sayings, never disturbs her fireside, unless she condescends to broad Scotch. Dominie Davison for me. He once led me out from a bridal feast into the moon-light, and, looking me full in the face, said,

> Sweet maid, I swear by yon fair lunar light,
> Thou'rt Luna's self, or something far more bright.

I was saved from being smothered in classic verse, by auld Heddles, the weaver, who cried, as he passed by, 'Maud's the lass's name, and a bonnie name it is,—better than a whole firmament of Lunas.' 'O thou clod of the valley,' said my learned lover, 'thou dweller in Galwegian darkness, what would the sweet songster of Mantua, or the blind old man of Chios, have said of this?' 'They would have said, that yere a born gomerel,' quoth Andrew Airngray, 'for standing gabbling about auld-warld folk in the dark, wi' a ripe lass and a rosie.' 'Oh, Goths, Vandals, Alans, Galwegians, and Hanoverians,' quoth Dominie Davison, 'I am hidden in a thick cloud, buried in oblivion.' 'Deil raise yere bones then,' cried auld Deathshool the bedral, 'oblivion's o'er good a place for ye.'"

"whisht, whisht, girl! these are fearful words," said Prudence. "They are not so learned as Latin, mother," said Maud, "yet they are good words, were they but wisely spoken. I wonder what the dominie's Mantuan friend would have said to them, or the blind old body of Chios." "O, my child, do not ridicule the worthy man," entreated the mother, "because he has far-away friends. I have heard the very minister of the

parish speak of those men, and call them his best companions, his bosom-friends; and ye ken nobody visits at the manse, but douce men and devout." "If the dominie heard you, mother," said Maud, "he would slight the daughter for the mother's ignorance. But let us have done with this. A handsomer man might be made out of the parings of skimmed-milk-cheese; and, for learning, I have forgotten more than he has learned during all his life."

"I see what this will come to, Maud," said Prudence, lowering her voice, and glancing round with the caution of one who imagines the floor is all ears and the walls all eyes. "You scorn one, and you slight another, and mock a third. Learning will not do, as little will a laird;—what think ye of a lord, lassie?—Aha! then ye look high. Mony a bonny face has looked that way, and see what's become of them. 'Seek for a silk gown,' says the proverb, 'and ye shall find a sleeve.' 'Those who stare at the stars will stumble at straes,'—a proverb made this blessed moment for thy particular benefit."

"Mother, have you done?" said the maiden. "Have you uttered all your suspicions? Have you no other fool, or knave, or drunkard, or scoffer of God, to compare to me?"—"I have done," was the answer. "But, what ails thee, my daughter? Thy brow is red, and thine eye is brighter than usual. Answer me truly, my love. I do not blame thee for looking high: a noble name has often bettered both blood and brain by going to the cottage and the humble sheiling for a wife. Ah, Maud, my love, I can teach thee many a wile—wiles that will bring the wildest lark from the lift. The keenest-witted youth of the land has not the art of a wean a week old when compared with me. With thy wit and thy look, and my advice, there's not a lord in the empire but what ye might rowe round your little finger and wear him for a ring. Weel ken I the way."

"It is a knowledge, my beloved mother," answered Maud, "you shall never use for me. Whoso wins me and wears me shall have me of free will. You say I

look high, and you have named a lord. The lord whom you mean, and whose hand you seem to prize——But I shall say no more; the actions of the kind and the generous dead out-weigh the sins of the living. I have heard of the former—I have proved the latter,—I shall say no more."—"Heard of the dead!" said Prudence, with a flushed cheek and a brightening eye; "yes, you have heard of the dead; and I wronged the generous and the noble Thomas Lord Dalveen, when, in my vanity of heart, I claimed for myself the honour of nourishing my two helpless babes. How many kind ways did he take to anticipate our wants! I have found meal in my ark and money in my pocket which never came but from heaven or from him; yet to my hearth he never came; me, face to face, after the death of my husband, he never met. On me and mine the dews of mercy continued to drop—nay, to shower—till he perished by a villain's hand in a private feud. No wonder then that my heart is with his memory and with his child—his noble child; for wild and wayward as he is, he has brighter parts about his character than any youth in the land. He is now put into the balance of good and evil; and he will henceforth be either pre-eminently virtuous or permanently wicked: The seeds of evil and of good are equally strong in him. May Heaven remember his ancestors, and make him the glory of his country!"

"He has been weighed in the balance," said Maud, "and has been found wanting. The blossom of the tree is blighted, and it is vain to look for fruit. The promise of his morning was indeed bright, and it was pleasant to behold one so beautiful and so young go hand in hand with meekness and virtue. I loved to see so fair a shoot from the ancient straight and noble stem; and I thought how soon he would become, as you have wished, the glory of his country: but time was, and it comes not again."

"I see, my daughter, that you have hardened your heart against him, and, like your wayward brother you see nothing for him but shame and misery. I am grieved for the hatred my son bears his benefactor's

house,—a hate for which I cannot account—strong, bitter, and insurmountable. Thy ancestors rode by the bridle-reins of the lords of Dalveen on many a bloody field; and this treason of their descendant might raise them from their graves. Hush! I hear a footstep: let us be silent on this subject." "It is the step of a lord of Dalveen, mother: I know it from the step of all other men. Come in, my lord;—we have been talking of you; and, for the sake of the rarity of the matter, I must tell you, that I have spoken slightingly of you, and my mother in your praise. Will any other mother and daughter do the like?"

"My pretty witty maiden," said Lord Dalveen, entering, and seating himself between Maud and her mother, "I love to hear you speak; for there is a pleasure of its kind in hearing one's failings described by a satiric tongue, not the less lively when the words are those of a maiden young and fair." "My lord," was the answer, "if you are come to have faithful portraits of your infirmities drawn, you have little compassion on me your poor hand-maid. I wish I had the gift of summoning your follies before you, and making them pass in long array, like the shadowy progeny of Banquo in the vision of Macbeth."

"No, no, my pretty Maud," said Lord Dalveen, "let me have no miracles, no magic. Dash me off one or two of my follies in your own happy and biting way. Come, come, I know you can do it well: I have heard you do it. Come." "Maud, my love, please my lord," said Prudence, "and be not over bold. A bitter word, though said in jest, sinks sometimes deeper than one said in sad earnest." "Now, what shall I do?" said the maiden. "My mother cries, Be sweet and smooth; and my lord cries, Paint a folly or two. Honest Truth comes in between, and cries, looking on my canvass, Too light—too sunny; dip your brush in the lake of darkness. There are no follies to paint. You must become a limner of sin."

"My fair Maud," said Dalveen, "somebody—probably my own foolish self—has told you that you are

beautiful; and, being so, you are desirous of becoming a wit. I must acknowlegde your claims to both. This friend of yours—this same honest Truth—is no sayer of soft and agreeable things: he is a rough ready-witted comrade, that will never allow me to have too much conceit of myself;—a kind of licensed preacher against failings and infirmities. As I wish to be friends with you, pretty Maud, I shall e'en take this honest Truth of yours into my household. Will he be chargeable?" —"Your question is very natural, my Lord, since Truth was never in your train before. Chargeable! No, no. He wears no splendid livery, like Folly; you may keep him in a sober suit. But you will find him, in your Lordship's way of life, a very saucy servant. He will beat some of your retinue, and may even lift his hand against your own perfumed person."

"Have done with this idle fooling, girl," said Prudence. "My lord, you must not mind all that Maud says. I have seen her start up, when she was no higher than my girdle, and do battle for the house of Dalveen, as her ancestors did of old. It was but last week that she kindled up, like fire set to heather, when some foolish person spoke lightly of your name." And she looked aside and shook her head at her daughter, with a face darkened down into admonition and reproof.

The maiden rose in her place, her face reddening, her eyes beaming, and her bosom heaving with emotion. "And if I did, my lord, I did so because the base and the vile were measuring the name of Dalveen with their own, and lowering down a house famed over the earth for its valour and its generosity. The glory of your house has been the evening prayer at this hearth for centuries;—it is our creed, our scripture;—and it shall not be the sin of one evil attempt, but of many, which can make me forget it—"

Her mother guessed, by her kindling face, that other words, of a sterner nature, would follow. She therefore interfered. "My daughter has spoken wisely and true: let us now be silent on the subject; and do thou, Maud, bring me a cup of cold water from the little well.

I feel faint, my girl." And she enforced her order by a slight stamp of her foot, and by a monitory contraction of brow.

"Now do not," said his Lordship, "banish my pretty Maud from my side at present. I love her spirit,—the more so, that she has defended me with so much enthusiasm and tenderness."—"Deceive not yourself, my Lord," said Maud; "I defended but the fair fame of the dead; in their defence the living would require great skill and greater impudence. Impudence! ay, intrepid assurance, such as that of Lord Dalveen, who, not satisfied with having basely insulted the daughter—and sought to stab the brother—comes boldly forth, and seats himself by the mother at her own fireside, like a man armed to the teeth in innocence and goodwill. Rise, Sir, and begone! Rise!—I am my brother's sister, if I am my mother's daughter. Begone! It will be your best."

"Why, now, my fair maiden," said Lord Dalveen, "this is very pretty acting. You know that I esteem and admire you; that I love your brother, wilful as he is; and your mother can witness with what mildness of nature and kindliness of heart I have endured your little peevish sallies of witty malice against me to-night. Be seated, and be forgiving."

The calm carelessness of Lord Dalveen moved Maud more than stormy insolence would have done. Her bosom rose and fell with violent agitation, and her dress rustled with her short quiet steps from side to side of the house. "Rise, I say, and begone!" she exclaimed. "Your presence is dishonour; your visit defames us; your voice, heard at our hearth by a passing beggar, would taint our good name beyond all reparation. You laugh, my Lord. Put not your trust too much in woman's weakness: trust as little to that as I trust to your perfidy. Your presumption may deceive you. I have one sure friend, if I have no more,—a friend whom your calm considerate villany introduced to my bosom." And into her bosom she thrust her right hand, and seemed to grasp something which was kept concealed. She slowly withdrew her hand,

and stood calm and collected, like one overmastering some rash or hasty purpose.

Prudence gazed on her agitation with wonder and alarm.—"My daughter," she said with a faltering voice, "what fearful wrong hast thou suffered, that thou speakest so rashly and unwisely?" "Wrong I have not suffered, mother," was the reply; "but I have endured the deepest insult that man can offer to woman,—and there he sits smiling who offered it. But on this subject shall I never open my lips again." "Then what dost thou complain of, peevish girl?" said Prudence,—"what moves thee thus—what has possest thee?" "Mother—mother!" she exclaimed, the tears starting from her eyes, and her hands compressed with agony; "of my own wrongs I shall say no more. Listen.—That man—him there,—he had his sword at my brave brother's throat but two nights ago. I saw him with my own eyes,—but the bravery of my brother foiled him:—had John failed to defend himself, there was one near to avenge him. God give me patience to endure the wrongs he has done us,—for since my mother endures them, I may." She ceased and sat down, arranged her disordered curls in a small mirror, drew to her a little spinning wheel, with a rim of glossy boxwood, spokes of ebony, and a roke curiously fashioned out of bone, the workmanship of her brother. She turned it with a steady foot,—drew a thread smooth and equal, and in a subdued yet very sweet voice, chanted a fragment of an ancient song.

Her mother addressed her.—"Maud, I like this calmness worse than I like thy passion,—something has happened. Some more serious matter than I wot of makes thee sit down after warm words and work so calmly and so cleverly." "Nothing more has happened, mother, than what I have told you of," said Maud; "I shall never make fine linen out of this raplock lint;—something might have happened had my brother's bravery been less than his sister's resolution. The knave who braked this ought to sup saltless broth after a long grace. Had my Lord's skill been greater, you would have wanted a son,—the loon who heckled

it should be hanged in it, to keep the sparrows from the hemprig;" "and yet," she concluded, holding the thread which she had twined between her and the light, "it makes yarn as strong and evenly as Siam silk."

Prudence rose, took the lamp in her hand, and, casting its light for a moment's space on the brow of Lord Dalveen, said,—"In the name of heaven speak! Have you drawn a sword against my son? Have you for one moment perilled your life and his? O God of mercy, it is true! your eye confesses it. Thomas, Lord Dalveen, all your follies were excusable but this. Woman's vanity, giddiness, wantonness, even her pride, plead in your behalf, though all cannot excuse you. She fell,—such is the fate of frailty. But what fiend has armed you against the life of my child?—against blood, Lord Thomas, as heroic as your own?"

"Madam," answered Lord Thomas, "be composed—be calm,—your son has a firey temper; I cannot praise the meekness of mine own; we had some idle words; we were both enough to blame, but I blame myself most. My rank ought to have overlooked the offence of one of his condition—my knowledge should have excused his ignorance. We walked down to the sea-side—we amused ourselves and cooled ourselves. Now, really what can have given wings to this silly quarrel? I cannot call it a duel. A duel I never can be supposed to have with the son of my father's retainer,—the idea is ridiculous—such things are unknown among men of birth and rank."

While Lord Dalveen spoke, the little foot of Maud Paul pressed with redoubled speed the foot-board of her ebony wheel. The yarn-hack revolved with fiery rapidity,—the thread, at first slenderly and evenly drawn, grew lumpy and gross,—the eye through which the thread is conveyed from the rock to the roller was soon choked up, and in seeking to disentangle it with a light in her hand, she kindled the flax on the distaff. She snatched it from the wheel, wrapt it in her little linsey-woolsey apron, and, extinguishing it, rose and addressed Lord Dalveen.

"You have talked, my Lord, of my brother's igno-

rance and of your own knowledge—of your rank and of his dependence, and said that such a thing as a duel between you was contrary to the etiquette of birth and rank. I shall answer you plainly. The insulting language and unprovoked insolence of your Lordship have levelled all distinctions. Free by birth, free by situation in life,—of unblemished honour and of unquestioned talent, and with knowledge such as becomes a gentleman, he is at least your peer. The charmed circle of etiquette, in which you suppose yourself placed, can only avail you when you act according to the dignity of your station. As a man surely, at least, my brother is your equal; and since you condescend to thrust your sword against his bosom, you can claim no benefit from your proud pedigree. Talk no more, Thomas Lord Dalveen, of your noble ancestors; you have dishonoured them all. I know you—I have proved you, and deeply and devoutly do I despise you."

The looks of Lord Dalveen during the utterance of this bold speech were as dark as the grave. He set his teeth,—the foam slightly whitened upon his quivering lip,—his eye glanced from side to side, and the elegant and manly figure which but a little before the spirit of courtesy appeared to possess, seemed now animated by a demon. This was, however, only like a summer-cloud passing over the moon; the darkness flew over him rather than stayed with him, and the sound of the maiden's words had not well died away when he shone out again as brightly as ever.

Other feelings were at work with Prudence Paul. She hastened to unlock a little oaken cabinet, out of which, from among letters and other matters of her maiden days, she brought an antique signet-ring, set round with diamonds of such lustre, that the dark corner where the cabinet stood was lightened by their radiance. Her eyes glistened as she unrolled it from its covering of velvet, and turning round to Lord Dalveen, she said,—"See you this, my Lord; a signet-ring as old as the days of De Bruce, and given by his honoured hand to a bold and gallant soldier on the bloody field

of Bannockburn." She held it up, sparkling with its numerous gems, and proceeded,—"Look yet more closely, Lord Dalveen,—see you nothing more about the massy gold than these fragments of glittering stone?" "I see something," said the young nobleman, "nay, I see the cognizance of my own house,—the hand, the sword, and the star at its point,—it is dimmed, yet it is quite visible. I have heard of such a signet, but I never saw it before."

"Yes, my Lord, it is dimmed—dimmed with the blood of that girl's ancestor, spilt freely to save the life of thine. It was given on the gory field of Sark, and for a noble purpose. Take this ring, John Paul, my good and devoted friend, said Halbert Lord Dalveen; and once to every lord of my blood let thy descendants present it, and ask a boon, and have it, and be happy. Not once, my Lord, has this signet been shown to one of thy name since. I hold it to thy face now, my Lord, and I beg my boon." "And willingly do I grant it before it is asked. This cottage I make thine, Prudence,—I give it to thee and thine for ever and ever." "That is not my boon, my Lord, that is not my boon," said the widow. "I have not done," said his Lordship; "I add to it the little garden, and as much good land as thou canst run round in fifteen minutes from this moment." "Nor is that my boon," answered Prudence; "world's gear I want not—I ask not. Draw not your sword on my child—present no weapon against him—that is my boon; in another world you will know why I ask it, and it may do your soul good, that you had the grace to grant it."

"It is a boon," said Lord Dalveen, "that I would gladly grant, but something in my bosom tells me it would be given in vain. Thy son loves me not; and every hour he lives, his hatred waxes stronger against me, his bearing grows more insolent, and his language more provoking and bitter. Me he hates from principle, and detests from personal motives. Every one with a better coat than himself he regards as his enemy; he hates the natural lords of his native land, and thinks that all honour and wealth should be showered like

pearls among the mob, that the clever, the strong, and the cunning, might pick them up. Think, good woman, of some more serviceable boon; for, did I grant what you ask to-night, before mid-day to-morrow, it might be as useless as the proud man's prayer, or the vain man's humility."

The widow drew herself back, and looked on him with an eye of mingled disdain and sorrow.—"Do you refuse me my boon, my Lord, while your ancestor's token is glittering before you? Did John Paul endure the bloody dint of black Lord Howard's war-axe for this?" "I tell thee, wilful woman," said Lord Dalveen, "that such a boon cannot be given, such a boon ought never to be asked. Ask land, ask gold, ask aught but the command of my sword,—a matter of pure honour must be left to my own bosom." "Thy land I scorn, and thy gold I despise,—I ask thee to spare my child. There is thy forebear's token, and cursed be he who redeems not the promise of his ancestor."

Lord Dalveen paced the floor, deeply moved at heart, but stubborn as the tempered steel. "It is strange," he thought, "that she should be haunted with such horror lest her son's blood should be spilt by me. Paul has fought abroad, and fought bravely,—yet she dreads not the bullet of his foes,—she has no terror lest he fall on a foreign shore. There must be some superstitious feeling or some mysterious motive for her alarm, which I have not the skill to discover."

"Well, good Prudence," said the young nobleman, "if thy son bandies no haughty words or lofty looks with me, he is safe and skaithless,—so far I grant thy boon." "I take no boons with such reservations," answered the widow. "There is thy ancestor's signet-ring—thou knowest my boon,—and may thy bones never be borne to an honoured grave, nor man nor woman speak of thee but to thy shame, if thou leavest it unredeemed." The temper of the young nobleman now fairly forsook him; his whole frame was agitated, and that dark spirit which men imagined belonged to his family, and which entered into them when they

transgressed, might now be fairly said to have mastery over him.

"Foul beldame!" he exclaimed, "dost thou dare to throw thy curses on me? Down on thy knees and thank me, that I put not that light under the thatch of thy house, and destroy this nest which shelters such a venomous brood. Nay, since thou lookest so disdainfully, what hinders me from giving thee light to see thy own folly by? It will cast a pretty light on the Solway, and as Maud loves the picturesque, I shall oblige her and do it." He snatched up the lighted cruse, and went towards the door to execute his threat. Maud Paul stept before him, and said,—"I care not for the house, though in it I was born. When I see its blaze in the night-air, I shall only say, the house which sheltered my early sorrows will shelter me no more. But I am here, proud and evil man, to tell thee, that, even in this little matter, thou shalt not have thy will. Carry that light but one step nearer the roof of my mother's house, and, as sure as there is a God in Heaven, thou diest."

As she uttered this, she stood before him like a personification of courage and despair,—her eyes dilating, her nostrils expanding, and her long abundant locks moving and curling as if each tress had a life of its own. He looked on her for a moment, dashed the burning cruse on the floor, and, without a word, departed.

With a hasty and disordered step, he left the house, ascended a little eminence called Hawkies-hill, and, turning round, and looking down upon the cottage, muttered audibly, "It is the blessed privilege of wrinkles and grey hairs to be peevish and absurd—so live and die, old dame, as thou wilt. But for thee, my haughty minion, I have a sweeter use. I shall find thee soon in a place which thou little wottest of. I have loved thee—or at least desired thee long; and, had I spoken less plainly, I might perhaps have won thee;—but I was a fool, and there is an end on't. We shall meet soon in a place not of thy choosing—in a place most charitably disposed towards desponding

swains, where the tongue of a peevish lass will neither be heard nor regarded, let it be wagged ever so willingly." He muttered more, but trusted not even the mute air with the secret purpose of his heart.

CHAPTER V.

A sinking bark, a foaming sea,
  The waters wildly leaping,
O come and hear yon mother sigh,
  And see her daughter weeping.
There's seven sleep in Solway dark
  In fifteen fathom water—
There's twenty in yon cavern damp,
  Dost hear their shouts and laughter?

The cottage from which Lord Dalveen hastened in the last chapter was invisible at a distance; and the early hunter was often surprised by observing a slender stream of thin smoke ascending out of the narrow hollow, and curling bitter and blue into the dewy air. For this seclusion, nature had sought to make some recompense, by forming a little crescent-shaped hill, from the summit of which one might throw a stone into the garden of the cottage; and, by cresting it with wild plum, honeysuckle, and hawthorn, sheltered its whole southern side from the sweep of the northern blast. Into the bosom of this grove a little arbour was fashioned, which contained a seat of turf and stone, and commanded a view of the bay of Solway, the coast of Cumberland, and the Isle of Man. From this seat to the cottage a well-troden footpath was formed; and here, during the summer evenings, Prudence and her daughter often sat to gaze on the sea, look at the ships as they glided along, and enjoy the sweet freshness of the dewy air.

Lord Dalveen was some time gone, when Maud Paul, leaving the cottage, and placing herself on her

favourite seat, sat looking on the beautiful scene before her; but she looked with no settled and steady eye. The stormy conversation in which she was so lately engaged had agitated her mind, and given a wilder throb to her bosom. As she beheld the sea spread out, in the silent moonlight, at her feet, all the stars glittering above her, and the grass gleaming with dew, she gradually regained her natural composure and resolution.

She sat with her long dark tresses streaming in profusion over her white hand and well-formed arm. Her eye followed the sinuous course of the little brooklet, which, escaping from the side of the cottage, and glittering under the moon like melted silver, lingered by many a knoll, and stone, and brae, as if unwilling to cast its sweet pure waters into the bitter flood of the Solway. From the place where the rivulet joined the sea, the coast grew suddenly bold and rocky, and ascending in many places to the height of eighty or a hundred feet, formed haunts for the sea-eagle, and the other birds which are numerous along the coast. Into this rocky barrier the sea had hewn a way, and, where the stone was of a yielding nature, many fantastic recesses were formed. A little bay, capable of holding a couple of sloops, was one of its most useful works; and seven immense caverns, three of which were never wholly explored, were considered by the smugglers who frequented them, as the most useful of all the works of the Solway,—the swallowing up of a revenue cutter, with all its hands on board, excepted. Some of these caverns stood above the highest tide-mark, and others were only visited by the waves when the wind came up the channel and the tides were strong. When this happened, the waters resumed their ancient domain, and filled them so full as not to leave room for the escape of a sea-bird. In their innermost recesses, the remains of boats and human bones have been found from time to time.

Nor are they without their legends. A story is told of a Sunday party of young men, who, weary with sailing in the heat of the sun, retired into one of the

lowest caverns, spread their table, poured out their wine, toasted audacious toasts, and sang profane songs. The tide came suddenly up, impelled by the south-east wind, a fathom deep a-breast, and, rushing into the cavern, filled it to its remotest chamber. The bodies of the unfortunate party were found huddled into an upper nook, and when they were consigned to Colvend church-yard, a stone was placed over them, recording their fate, and holding out a warning to all Sabbath-breakers. It is a common belief, that, annually, on the night which precedes their destruction, the sound of mirth and song is heard coming with a stream of light from the cavern, which, after continuing for a minute, is converted into a drowning shriek. The shepherd, as he tells the tale, gives the marks of this treacherous cave, and warns his children against it; and the rudest mariner, as he passes, will cease his curses, and look into its gloomy mouth with awe.

Maud sat with her cheek on her hand, her dark curls descending over her long white fingers, and something glittering on her eye-lashes, like tears not wholly dried. The feeling which had made her eyes swim was of itself honourable, nay, noble,—a vision of long-cherished hope had been that night wholly dispelled. It had, indeed, of late, been strongly shaken from her heart; but still, like the channel of one of her native streams, which the burning breath of summer dries up, leaving a vagrant drop or two among the stones, it had not wholly departed. But the trials which she had experienced for the last three nights, and the stormy conclusion of Lord Dalveen's visit to her mother's cottage, had wholly changed her feelings; and the dimness which stole on her eyes, and moistened their lids, was less from disappointed hope than from a sense of the utter unworthiness of the object her heart had so long desired. The peril of her situation, her unprotected state, and the sense which she entertained of the excellence of maiden purity and innocence, had kindled up the loftier portion of her nature, and, like one of the inspired heroines of history, she felt herself equal to the accomplishment of any mission of honour or courage.

Her mind being thus absorbed in matters belonging to her heart, it is no wonder that her eye, though it had been dwelling on a sloop, which, with sails set, had passed from the English to the Scottish shore, had failed to observe that it stayed at a little distance from the land, and threw out a boat, which, urged by a dozen hands, came scudding through the waters directly for the bay of the seven caverns. A whistle and a hail, and an immediate response from the boat, caught her ear, and awakened her attention. She looked earnestly, and soon beheld the figure of a man moving along the top of the cliffs, a form which, even at that distance, she distinguished to be that of her brother Paul. An undefined fear rose upon her heart, mingled with an overpowering anxiety to know the meaning of what she saw. "On what wild errand, my brother, art thou bound at this hour?" she inaudibly muttered, and gathering up her dress from the dew, descended with the swiftness of a bird, and hastened to her mother's cottage.

Under a large holly tree, which, with its polished leaves and shining berries, overshaded a small seat by the garden side, she found her mother on her knees,—her bare knees,—her hands spread, and her forehead touching the damp grass, humbling herself in prayer. Her daughter stood pondering whether to interrupt her devotion or not, and became the auditor of her prayer, and shared with Heaven in hearing the confession of vanity and frailty.

"If I sinned against him," she thus proceeded, "sinned against him, the chosen of my youth, full sorely have I rued and repented it. Vanity, pride, sins which made angels fall from heaven, might well undo me. Often, often he comes to my dreams, and gazing on me, and on the faces of my two children, tarries till he is changed from a form of light to a dark and undefined shadow by grief at beholding them not in his own image, and I awake with a sob and a groan. Is not this punishment? Oh, Heaven, let thy whole wrath fall on me! Punish not my little ones—chasten not my two children for the sins of their unhappy mo-

ther! Let me atone, and I do atone, if silent and sincere repentance, tears shed when there are none to see, sobs sobbed from a bosom nigh bursting in two, and groans from a heart filled with the bitterness of sin and sorrow, can be any atonement. And yet thou knowest full sorely was I tempted before I fell. He, whom my heart had chosen was harsh and austere, and I was giddy and vain. My wedded couch was wet that morning with my tears, and the tempter knew his time, and took me when my husband's harsh upbraidings were still in my ears. He came and found me at the moment when my heart was in rebellion against him whom God and man had decreed I should obey. Oh, often I gaze on my children as they slumber beside me—I see lineaments there I should not see, and smiles which belong to sin."

From her weeping parent Maud started back, laid the palms of her hands on both ears, and flew rather than ran to the margin of the little morass. "Alas, my unhappy, my erring mother," she said, while the large bright tears gushed down her cheek, "alas, my miserable mother! Deeply has thy daughter sinned in hearkening thee in the purification of thy soul. Alas, did all thy broken slumbers, thy frequent groans, and thy protracted prayers, arise from this! But thou art still my mother,—a noble, ay, a noble and a heroic mother hast thou been to me. Thy speech to God has stung my happiness to the heart. What am I now in mine own eyes,—what am I in the eyes of the world, —a world whose whole worship is the outward observances of virtue! In the pride of my heart, and strong where I now find I am weak—in the household purity and honesty of my name, I had dreams, I had aspirations, but let the winds, to which I utter my complaints, take all my hopes. Peace hereafter I can never know. All men's eyes will seem to be upon me,—fingers will be held out as I go in the public place, and ribald jest and insolent rhyme will be whispered for me to hear."

At this moment, a little wild and glimmering light came dancing and twinkling by, shining along the deep

and mossy soil, and, by many a capricious start and turn, moving towards the sea-shore. "I know thee," said Maud, "thou elfin-fire,—thou self-kindled light,—thou spirit-candle, which dancest and gleamest to lead men astray in the dark morass. But be thou a natural exhalation, or, what the credulous deem thee, a wandering demon, with the light of the evil place about thee, to fascinate and destroy, I will follow thee gladly,—since thy light goes towards the sea, and since I wish to escape for an hour from mine own thoughts, and from that happy hearth where I spent the morning hours of life." And, following the little meteor as she spoke, she approached the sea by many a winding loop, for her capricious guide glittered for a moment on the quaking morass, danced for a minute on the solid ground, then twinkled over the little rivulet-pools, preserving still the distance of a good stone-cast between her active feet and its nimbler light. She came at length to a place where the shore began to tower abrupt and bold; the clamour of the sea waxed loud and louder, and the elfin-light, which preceded her, vanished down the rocky descent, and re-appeared on the ocean below, which, dimpled by a gentle wind, and visited by the moon, showed its variable surface for many a mile.

Maud stood, with the waves of the sea leaping at her feet, on a projecting rock, at the mouth of the little harbour, and listened to the chafing of the waters, and hearkened to the sound of human tongues issuing from some of the caverns on her right. The sea-fowl, disturbed in their slumbers among the cliffs, displayed their startled wings against the light of the moon, soared sea-ward, and returned with many a wild scream. "I know not well what strange companions harbour here," thus conversed the maiden with herself; "but I know every cavern, every rock, and every path of escape, and I shall risk something to know for what purpose my brother seeks a meeting with this band of maritime desperadoes." She then retraced her steps, and, ascending, by a winding path cut out of the solid rock, to the summit of the cliffs, looked down on the

moving sea, which rolled at the distance of twenty fathoms below. Near where the rock and ocean met, a light glimmered out of one of the caverns, and the laugh, and the shout, and the stormy joy of men's tongues, were heard in one mingled din, coming sounding up the precipice. As she stood there, she heard the dash of oars, and suddenly doubling one of the rocky headlands, a boat appeared, filled with men,—her heart smote sore against her side as she gazed, for she beheld her brother Paul leaping ashore, followed by a person who seemed young, active, and powerful like himself. The boat instantly put back, and Paul and his companion, ascending by a rude path, of which these cliffs have many, entered one of the upper caverns, and immediately disappeared.

"Now," said Maud, "my resolution is taken. Here is my noble brother coming, in darkness, to meet with lawless smugglers; for what other men haunt this place?—I will be present at their conference, and learn the secrets of this prison-house for spirits. I will find out the mystery which has wrapt him up as with a veil of late.—Something presses on my heart, that my fate is included in the deliberations of this place,—that undefined presentiment of some approaching evil which warns man in vain of his fate. Let me try to take the benefit of my own feelings, for the sea-eagle knows not the haunts of the bay of Seven Caverns better than I. They are in the Kelpies' Cave, far beyond sea-mark, but not beyond the reach of a vigilant ear, if Hugh Herries' hole be still where I left it."

She vanished from the cliff, glided along a kind of natural balcony in the face of the rock, entered into a narrow recess, which, tradition said, a virgin alone could enter, and stood at the entrance of a cavern, which of old gave refuge to Sir Hugh Herries of Hoddom, when he sought, for the space of thirty years, forgiveness from Heaven for some secret and weighty sin. She paused at the entrance; for a lamp sparkled in a recess once filled with a silver image of the patron saint of the noble house of Herries, and a brace of pistols, a sheathed cutlass, and a naval cloak, lay upon a rude

bench or table of stone. She looked all around, but could see no owner. On the walls of the cavern, composed of the finest sand-stone, of a hue like cream, the holy resident had drawn processions of saints, groups of apostles, and warriors in the act of penance, kneeling among broken swords, crushed helmets, and mutilated shields. Figures of demons too were there, and gentle forms of veiled and devout ladies. The hermit had carved his dreams and thoughts on the walls of his cold abode, and mingled heaven and earth together, as they were often blended in his own mind. Ruder and less delicate artists had succeeded, and the cavern walls, in many places, bore tokens of an impurer taste and a more sensual fancy.

All these were presented to the eye of Maud in one rapid glance. She examined the pistols,—they were both loaded, and of foreign make; she drew the cutlass from its sheath,—the hilt was of solid silver, and on the blade was chased a flying eagle and a star, with this motto:

Free as thy flight
And free as thy light,
A free hand to draw me
For freedom to fight.

She restored it to the sheath, and paced the cold and moistened floor with a slow foot and a thoughtful look. "Brother," she thus thought, "these are all thy tokens—thy pistols and thy cutlass, thy love of freedom and thy love of rhyme. I know not what to do or think. I have watched and I have wandered, I have pieced together thy deliberate sayings and thy hasty words, and all that I can make of thee is this,—that some convulsion is near, or, in thine own mysterious language, a great out-burst of light is to come upon the world, in which thou art to have a hand. But will it be a cherishing or a destroying light? will it warm only and not burn? Alas! my brother, with thy bold heart and clear understanding some foreign juggler has been at work,—that cause cannot be good which severs thy heart from old Scotland. But I shall know more soon."

And, with a careful eye and a cautious foot, she began to descend a winding and oblique passage, which had a concealed communication with the immense cavern below.

She had not descended far till she saw a glimmering light dancing by fits before her, and heard the sound of boisterous mirth abounding in the cave. She glided on, and concealed herself in a darksome nook, among some maritime lumber, the wreck of many a smuggling adventure, where she could hear all that passed, and observe the various figures which occupied the place.

These she soon observed were many. An old iron pot, filled with pitch and other combustible matter, sat on a jutting rock, and threw up a gross and dusky light, showing a conclave of rough weather-beaten faces, bronzed by exposure to western and eastern suns, and marked with the scars of many a hard contest. An old barrel sat on end beside them, on which were thrown pistols and cutlasses stained by frequent use; while, from a small keg, a silver turnkey extracted at pleasure, for all who pleased, a clear strong liquid, which, from the smell it diffused, appeared to be brandy of unreduced strength. Scotland, England, and Ireland, had contributed their quotas in pretty equal proportions of these sea-rovers,—he who, by his more gentlemanly air and more costly dress, seemed a ruler among them, claimed for his native place the north of merry old England.

Maud gazed upon them with an anxious eye, and listened with an attentive ear. After a deep and zealous carouse in which the brandy-cup passed once round the company, the leader exclaimed, "Fill the cup again, my hearties!—here's a wet sheet and a full sea to all the jolly lads who rove on the deep! A rich prize on water, and a fair girl on land, to all the merry comrades who love to be free and reign on the salt wave, and owe no allegiance to earth." Up went every right hand, and up went the bottom of every brandy-cup, and the cavern's ribs of solid rock seemed to rend with the clamour of their applause.

"I will give you a national toast, my dears!" ex-

claimed a ready-made profligate of joyous Hibernia. "Here's Saint Andrew's ambrosia, and Saint George's sugar-dew, and Saint Patrick's holy manna; and may he who won't sup the first, drink the second, and eat the third, be whipt through purgatory into the bottomless pit with the tail of Balaam's ass!" A laugh and a shout announced how acceptable the sentiment was; the cups were quickly filled and rapidly emptied, and the strength of the liquor loosed the tongues and released the imprisoned secrets of those maritime comrades.

"Now, can ye tell me," said a Scottish sailor, who had hitherto sat silent, opening his lips only as the full cup approached,—can ony body tell me how Captain Kidnapper is?—he's the waur o' the wear, nae doubt,—but he was a cannie and a clever man,—all grew rich under him, and then he was sic a merry chap too, and a saint sometimes. I have heard him pray during a storm like one possest wi' the spirit o' seven chaplains I never saw sic a born devil when a rich Spaniard came in sight; knell went his cannon, bang he lap on board, out came his cutlass, red flashed his pistols, down dropt the Don on his knees, and gowd grew as abundant as sklate-stanes, and diamonds glittered as thick as gowans in May. He was the captain for me!"

"Ay, and the captain for me too!" exclaimed a gallant lad from Moffat-water,—"he liked the glance of a bonnie quean's ee as weel as he liked the burning gowd. He has picked up one of those cumbersome comrades frae this little wicked coast before now. Ye have heard of bonnie Kate Candlish o' Cumtakit? blue een, gowden locks, lang i' the leg, and lisped a little,—I kent the quean weel. Kate dwelt by the sea,—Kate was to be married,—thrice was she cried and her feet washen, when slap went the door and in came Captain Kidnapper. The lass screamed,—the bridegroom glowered,—saulless coof! he didnae deserve the lass he wadna fight for. Aweel, Kate was carried westward,—Kate grew weel to live,—Kate grew as gude as a wife, and as rich as a queen and as proud. Six slaves carried her, six slaves fanned her, and six more bore her satin dresses, and her jewels, and her chains, and

her bracelets. And Kate might have queened it o'er three spice-isles had she no run away with Captain O'Croozer, an Irish thief, wha lost his life for fault of fighting for't. I have seen him dangling in the wind, and blackened in the sun in his iron cage on the coast of Cuba. Here's Captain Kidnapper's health, and here's my right hand again whenever he wants it.

"May the devil make spunks out of Captain Kidnapper's fifth rib," said Captain Corbie, for such was the leader's name,—"there's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, and as good fellows in this little fiend's pickling-pond of a Solway as sail the salt sea. Captain Kidnapper's brain was broiled out of his head under a vertical sun a couple of years ago. He could pick up a country wench and capture a Spaniard—for why?—because the one falls to tears and the other to prayers; but, damn him, could he spit the fire of sixteen guns against an English twenty-six,—the Vengeance by name, and Captain Grapnall commander,—as honest Ned Corbie did off the isle of Saba,—five hours at a spell? Damme that was the time, my jolly boys, when a fellow could show spunk. I beat him off, the hound, and picked up a fat merchantman under his nose. And ye talk of finding a pretty girl or so? I have been foolish that way in my day too. I flew at high game, my lads,—none of your blowzy peasant queans, with locks like meadow rushes, breathing of onions and oatmeal, no faith,—I flew at high game, my hearties; but it's dry talking," and he drained a cup and proceeded.

"Sir Luke Langton had a pretty daughter,—she liked the sea air, the silly girl, and I picked her out of her side-saddle one day as she sat and gazed at my passing ship. She liked the sea air, and she had her fill of it before she saw the isle of Saint Lucia. Her old father took the thing to heart,—fell sick, a damned docter helped him to die, and my pretty madam began to show off some of her high-born airs when she heard on't. She fell into a faint, I cured her of that,—she fell into a fit, cured her of that,—got low-spirited, laughed at her,—got high-spirited, swore at her,—and

up she snatched a pistol, and had I not been active she would have done by me as the doctor did by her old dad,—the ball ploughed my cheek,—here's the scar; I can lay my forefinger in't. Now wasn't she a spunky piece?—couldn't use her ill for't,—couldn't make her walk the plank—no, she had the devil's mettle about her, and I loved her for it. A burning fever came and snapt her up at last,—I stood by her bedside all the time,—but all would not do,—damned provoking after all, that, just when the jade began to love me, she should hop the twig. Lads, Jess Langton's memory, as pretty a piece of old mother Eve's corrupt flesh as ever sailed on the billows."

"There has been a trade, a vastly pretty trade," said another mariner, "carried on in that capricious commodity women for many years. A rosy quean, very young and somewhat obedient, who can be carried o'er the sea-faem and no a feather ruffled, ye foresta' me, brings her weight in gold either east or west. There was Captain Crouser, who carried o'er the daughter of auld Nimble Nickem, in the Lochmabengate o' Dumfries,—a brown quean and feringtickled, but sang like ony mavis,—out she went, a mere speculation,—he sauld her in the gross for sax thousand pounds, paid in pepper and cloves, and had a tasting o' her by way o' sample a' the voyage out. Now, I call that ane o' Fortune's favours."

"Confound fortune and all her favours?" shouted a hardy Scot whom the brandy-cup had nearly overpowered; "confound Fortune, fickle Fortune, and all her favours! say I. And reason gude,—she wears petticoats, and wha can trust her?—the rhymer's reproach be upon her,—Oh, fickle Fortune! that's no it, though that's gude too,—what says Robin, rough ready-witted Robin?—says Robin, says he,—

'Ne'er mind how Fortune warp and waft,
She's but a bitch.

Weel said, Robin,—she's but a (hiccups) weel sung Robin,—she's but a (hiccups) bravo, Robin,—other bards feast us on dry bones, but ye feast us on marrow, —hurrah for Robin!"

Now all shouted, swore, sang, and drank at once. One commenced a maritime song, long, dull, and dolorous, about a running sea-fight,—which began off Cork, and continued to the West Indies; another described the meteor-pennant of the Spectre Dutchman; a third gave a narrative of a voyage to Lapland, and how his ship was becalmed, and would have remained at anchor till doomsday, had he not purchased a gentle wind from an ancient witch, which sent him snoring home; while a fourth threw some light on the curious commerce carried on in visionary bottoms between the witches of Galloway and the wine-cellars of France.

Maud, much as she loathed this kind of riotous conversation, was compelled to endure it. While it proceeded, her brother Paul entered the cavern, accompanied by another young man of his own age, and dressed between the peasant and the gentleman. In his blithe blue eye, frank and fearless look, firm and well-proportioned frame, and in his peculiar utterance, the maiden gladly recognised Thomas Halliday, a young man of Annandale, in whose good sense and right feeling her brother had much confidence. Every word they uttered escaped her ear, so loud and so boisterous was the mirth, till one dropt down overpowered by the brandy-cup,—another fell into a doze, the joint consequence of drunkenness and drowsiness; and, last of all, Captain Corbie thrust his hands into his trowsers-pockets and his arm up to the elbows, leaned back on his seat, and growled out,—"Drink no more, ye babes of darkness—drink no more,—the man who tastes another drop after I say the word, shall supper on sea-water and shell-fish,—mum's the word, ye——" His concluding exclamation was extinguished in a tremendous yawn, and there was immediate silence and inactivity; the drink-cups were arrested on the board—the half-sung song ceased—the interminable tale was stayed—and the respite from laborious mirth seemed acceptable to all.

The voices of Paul and Halliday were now heard by Maud; they stood together in the interior of the cavern, and conversed in a low tone of voice, which could not

be heard by Captain Corbie or his companions. "Well, John, ye have drawn a very fair picture," said Halliday, "with a poetical touch or two in it, and if all be sweet that's sunny o't, I wish ye joy of the prospect. There's no doubt that knowledge is growing too strong for superstition with all her curb-reins, and freedom too mighty for the spirits that seek to restrain it. I hae aye had a thought, that our peers and proud ones of the earth ought to put a feather the less in their bonnets, and abate their peacock airs, and reverence the humble children of the land more. Yet, I confess, I cannot well see how this blessed equality of yours can be brought about, till it pleases God to make us all of one mind as he has made us all of one mould. I doubt, John, I doubt some maun still hew wood and some maun still draw water."

"Halliday," said Paul, "ye have spoke much after my own heart,—some backs maun bear burdens, while others wear purple and gold. I hold that the three-fourths of mankind are made but a degree above the brutes, and are unfit to reason, to comprehend and feel —are fit only to be driven. The world is like a net, some men are the corks which keep it from sinking, others are the leads which drag it to the bottom. But here is the evil: A man rises by the force of his genius —saves his country or improves her condition—is rewarded—a coronet is placed on his head and a pension put in his pocket; and well he merits it all,—and here is my hat in my hand, and my head bowed down to one so worthy of honour. But behold his house in the third generation—in that puppy lord,—doomed gambler—sworn horse-racer,—compounded of all that is mean and insolent and vile,—a seducer of modest virtue—a contemner of modest merit,—is he worthy of inheriting the rewards bestowed on the brave, the wise, and the virtuous? Do I put an extreme case?—you know the world too well, my friend, to say,—'Paul, you have drawn your arrow to the head.' Are families only pensioned and ennobled for deeds which exalt their country? Well has our satirist sung,—

A beauteous sister, or convenient wife,
Are prizes in the lottery of life.

A usurer—a stock-jobber—a dealer in seats in the senate—a contractor for beef and bread—a dabbler in church-perferments,—one who has a lovely daughter—a condescending wife,—any one who goes grovelling on to fortune over the belly of his conscience, can command rank and titles. They are purchaseable commodities. The bushel is of gold in which merit is measured. This cannot last."

"It ought not to last," answered Halliday; "and yet I cannot see how it may be amended, without much wrong and great violence. If genius alone is to be the pass-word to honour and nobility, how many meritorious persons will be excluded from the thrones preserved for your intellectual elect! Men who are yet as useful to their country as he who colours canvass till it glows like a sunny landscape,—who chisels rock till it comes forth in manly proportion and heroic beauty,—or who sings a song which melts the heart with pathos or makes it bound with mirth. The man who turns a weedy desert into a fertile garden,—an idle stream of water into an instrument of industry and profit,—who can press the idle winds into his employment and make them productive,—who can make the streaming exhalation of boiling water move ships through the ocean against wind and tide,—who can, with the same simple power, make ten thousand wheels revolve which a million of men could not move, and, with its almost magic aid, convert our flax into fine linen,—our wools into fine cloth, and extract from the centre of the mountains their richest ores. These men are benefactors to the world,—men who ought to share in its honours and partake of its sweets."

"I see, my good friend," said Paul, "that we shall soon agree. Benefactors to the world? ay, truly they are, and men of genius too, who add to our strength, and increase our wealth and happiness. Let us, however, drop this matter for the present; there are some grosser spirits near,—fiery and active ministers, with

rugged forms and daring natures,—boisterous men, who have lived so long on the ocean, that they are as rude when enchafed as the Bay of Biscay. For one or two of the leading spirits among them I have some private words,—some six of them love me, and all that love me not, fear me." With Halliday at his side, Paul walked up to the table, around which sat Captain Corbie and his mariners, as mute as so many herons ruminating round a fish-pond,—as drowsy too and as motionless.

The disgust which Maud Paul entertained for those unprincipled pirates was o'ermastered by an intense anxiety to observe in what light they regarded her brother, concerning whose pursuits on the sea she now began to entertain apprehensions. She arranged her hiding-place so as to screen her person from all observation, shed back her luxuriant locks from her right ear, and, with a beating bosom and parted lips, awaited the result.

Paul, as he advanced, was instantly recognised by a Scottish mariner, who had appeared to drink largely, and certainly sang as boisterously as any of his companions. Though seemingly drenched in drunkenness, he shook off the stupor of drowsiness and intoxication, like one who only wore it as a garment, and, starting to his feet, cried,—"Aha, John Paul, I little thought, when we parted on the shores of America, that our first meeting should be at midnight in a Colvend cavern. But come moisten your lips in some of the sinful contraband,—taste of our western elixir—the charmed drops distilled from the hollow cane, filled with liquid sweetness, called by the learned, rum. Or stay, here is another commodity,—the liquid of life distilled from the forbidden fruit, known among the wise by the mysterious name of brandy. Or, what say you to the heart's blood of the mother of dubs and ditches, old madam Holland,—right stuff, I assure you, brought direct between the wings of the good ship the Wild-Goose, Captain Corbie, commander, and poor Robin Macgubb, one of her seven score good mariners." And taking a small silver jug to a little springlet, which

leaped from a chasm in the rock into a basin of stone, he rinsed it carefully, and pouring it half-full of a clear liquid from a case-bottle, presented it to Paul. "Thy health, Macgubb, and may fortune be with thee," said Paul, and setting the silver vessel to his lips, he emptied it at a draught. "You must taste likewise, Halliday," said Paul, and the jug was instantly replenished. "Nay, no strange faces man,—what, do you think there's dog's-pluck or herring-bone, or eye of newt or toe of frog, in the cordial of old Lady Holland? There is no pledge to blows and blood,—no charm to entice thee from old Scotland, whose coarse plaid you esteem more than a silken covering. It is good innocent liquor, I assure thee."

"Innocent," growled Captain Corbie, seeking to shake off the chains with which drink, as a harsh jailer, had loaded his body,—"innocent, ay as the unborn babe. Why a cut here, and a shot there,—a peevish wench squealing one time, and a man moaning his lost wealth at another,—it's but the way of the world since Adam delved, and it is the practice of the jolly trader. Innocent! why, who questions it?" And he fixed his eye on Halliday, who, with a look of mingled scorn and curiosity, stood eyeing this salt-water desperado. "Why, who in the fiend's name have we got here?" said the captain; "that keen blue eye,—that broad brow,—that curly head,—that stalworth frame, and that look of resolution, all mark him out for as true a heart as ever stept from stem to stern. Ay, ay, some lord of the hollow oak, the strained canvass, the loaded cannon, the cutlass, and the boarding-pike, I'll warrant ye. Here, man, dip your face up to the curls in this good cup-full of the right Nantz,—if you cannot drain that at a breath, you are but a vile worm of the earth —not one of the kings of the great deep,—damme, I hope I won't begin to preach,—an' there's worse trades than preaching too,—there's sleek Doctor Hodgson, a smooth dean with three pretty pluralities. He's one of the kings of the earth, and all that is therein, every tenth year."

Paul now stepped forward, and said,—"Why, you

have forgot me, Captain Corbie." There was something in the sound of Paul's voice which sent the captain's hand to the hilt of his cutlass,—he stared him full in the face, withdrew his hand, and answered. "Forgot you? why, ay, brother,—I generally forget all such smooth faces as have no marks for me to know them by again; so away they go,—it's all one to Ned Corbie of the good ship the Wild Goose. Here, friend, dip thy face in this liquid; it will promote the growth of thy beard."—"Pray, Captain Corbie, is there a little isle in the West Indies called the isle of Saba?" said Paul; "and are you sure that you never met with a sloop with some score of mariners on board, one of whom prevented you from doing a deed of extreme folly?" Corbie threw on Paul a glance of fear and hatred, and raising, at the same time, a large cup of liquor to his lips, continued gazing on him till he had emptied it. "O, and it's you is it then?" muttered this sea worthy—"A deed of folly, why, ay; but it would have been an act of wisdom had it once been done. I have a damned Saint Andrew's cross scored on my breast-bone by the point of your cutlass to show, in memory of that cursed isle. But what says the wise man?—says Solomon, says he, nourish no malice; so there's my right hand, it is at your service, my forward lad, either with the pistol, the cutlass, or the wine-cup. Why, you have shot up a little both in latitude and longitude since we met in the dark.—Your temper was then as touchy as brimstone,—and it an't much cooler yet I suppose. And the girl that you pricked my linen about wasn't a marlin-spike the worse for all my fondness. Howsoever, it's of no use talking,—I drink your health, Paul, my lad,—and don't be in such a damned hurry with your whinger when you hear an idle girl squeak,—but it's idle talking." This additional draught seemed too much for the capsain,—he dropt the cup from his hand,—muttered something about Saba and sword,—his chin sank on his breast,—he reeled right,—then left,—slipped from his seat, and extended himself on the floor,—yet, with more caution than extreme drunkenness observes; and-

one of his sailors whispered, that his commander was planning some fruitful expedition, as his power of contrivance was always augmented by the wine-cup and the flagon.

Paul and Halliday retired into a small recess in the interior of the cavern; they were soon joined by several mariners whose heads had been left untouched by the liquor-cup. The following conversation took place, and the ears of Maud drank in every sound with an anxiety amounting to pain. "Weel, Paul, man," said a stout weather-beaten personage from the Mull of Galloway, "weel, man, and what's the grand tidings which ye have brought frae the west? What prime news hae ye frae the great western continent, as Willie Macdowell called it—Ye wad ken Willie—a great scholar—spoke for ever, and called the sun the chief luminary of heaven, and the moon the lesser light, and the Wild Goose free trader a winged palace that walked on the great deeps. Aweel, what's your tidings frae the great western continent? What says the seed of yea and nay, of grave Penn, and half-hanged Habbie Hempseed, to their rum free frae duty and their tea free frae tithe?"

"Macgubb," said Paul, "you have resolved the great question of human freedom into one of strong drink. Yes, the descendants of the wise and valiant men, whom the folly of our former kings drove into the great American wilderness, are resolved to do something worthy of their fathers. They will no longer endure to be taxed and trodden upon by a band of mercenary rulers, without resistance or remonstrance. They desire to be taxed—taxed as you are in Britain—they claim to be represented in the English parliament, —and, if this is refused, they will even represent themselves at home."

"It's a' very good," replied the man from the Mull, "it's a' very bonnie,—representation's a lang weel-sounding word, and, I dare say, will gratify mony a clamorous chield,—there's a charm in a word of its melody and dimensions,—and it will please you also, friend Paul; you are a dealer in words that clink

sweetly together; and, I may as well tell ye't now as as never, I heard one of your ballads warbled on the Ohio till the wilderness rang again. But will ye inform me, man, what the better will Robin Macgubb be of this same representation? will the Wild Goose sail swifter through the waters, and will my estate in Kentucky yield honey and spice instead of marsh-rushes, lang idle barren timmer, and legions of musquitoes? Na, na, man, the world hangs a wee ajee, there's nae doubt o' that; but let it wag on for Robin Macgubb,—the man wha tried to set the twa millstanes right was ground to death between them. The world has never been thorough since Eve put on her green apron, and it will be a daft warld till the day of judgment—take my word on't."

Paul eyed Macgubb with a calm and steady regard. "Robert," he said, "you know how sickening bondage is to a free spirit, yet you have drunk so long of the spiced cup of slavery, that you would drain its very dregs. But come, man, the world hath rewards for all its venturous sons. Those who love the sounding of fame's silver trumpet, and who, for the sake of an idle song when they are dead, and a fool's huzza while they are living, will think and act, shall all be rewarded. Those too who dote on grosser delights,—who love the wine-cup and the wanton's lip,—who love the dainties of a well-spread table, and the glitter of gathered gold,—for these rewards are prepared,—all is within the reach of the powerful head and valiant hand."

There was something in the ironical tone in which Paul communicated this that incensed the Galwegian adventurer. He was not a man, however, who displayed his intractability of nature in passionate words. "Now ye speak sensibly, Paul, man," said Macgubb, "now ye escape from the region of romance,—now ye discourse of intelligible delights. I see there's something set aside in the world yet for such gross-brained creatures as me. It was right to take us into the improved scheme of the world,—we are sae numerous that we might have pestered the new race of princes

and rulers. But what reward have ye for him who wishes to pluck the jewelled turban from the brows of rank, and who desires to shave with the scythe, and level with the roller, the whole enchanted ground on which noble blood and auld descent have thrown up their mushrooms and mudieworts? What honours have ye for him who melts a king's crown into spade guineas, and who is resolved to let naebody rise but him who makes a daft song,—speaks a mad speech,—or performs some notable thing with water, wind, or fire, —who invents a new cup for skimming milk, and an art to watch the worms frae the kale?"

A slight flush of Paul's brow and the darkening of his eye told how sorely the speech of Macgubb pressed upon him. He replied, with a steady look and an even tone of voice,—"Were I such a fool as I was some three years since, your words would have been answered with something ruder than speech. Nay, step not back, man, I mean not to touch thee. There are on earth gross and leaden spirits, that are made to be led and serve others, as drudging fiends serve the superior spirits of darkness,—men who, never contemplating dignity or command for themselves, look up with awe and reverence to all who bear marks of superiority upon them. To such men, therefore, the fall of a coronet is like the falling of one of the fixed stars, and any attempt to make a lord into a man is felt with alarm. Come, come, Robert, we must not part thus. We shall make kings, man, an it were but to oblige you. What say you to be prince of a handsome island, with a palace of cedar, floors of silver, fires of spice, and beds of ambrosial down, with a huge swarthy sentinel to cry, Room there for the ambassadors from King Puckatoo, who approach the throne of Macgubb the first? By my soul, Robert, but it sounds well, and you know I have a taste for sounds."

"All this," answered the Galwegian, with a smile, "is wide wild speech. Come, either tell me news, or I shall tell news to you—you pause—here am I who never paused,—ram-stam, head foremost, gae I, like Laird Maculloch's ram, or mad Robin Macgubb, as the

boys said at the school. So here goes. The people of America stand out like true smugglers, and demand their rum free of duty and their tea free of tithe. On the other hand, the mother country bids them be obedient bairns, and speaks of wholesome force and the rod of military obedience. Now, what will become of private adventurers, think ye, when thirteen united states come into market? But there will be wild wark among them soon—bonnets off—ye understand me? Powder has been burnt in one or two places already. There's sic fiery speeches and sic furious blows as have nae been heard nor felt since the days of John Knox and the fight o' Pinkie. I'll warrant now all the world that's civilized will be at other's hair tops,—civilized folk fight sairest and quarrel about least,—it's a braw thing to be learned. All the lads who ken how to make use of good fortune will have braw pickings among the sulky Spaniards, the dancing French, the devouring English, and the gowk-brained Americans. But the rarest tidings of a' is, that a wild slip of a Scotchman has hoisted the first rebel flag on the Delaware. Thirteen stars and thirteen stripes, by my faith, —a braw standard! A turkey-cock, wi' a head of Indian corn in its mouth, would have done the business better, and betokened the country. But aught will do to fight under when the blood's het."

While the Galwegian spoke, Paul, whose quick dark eye was ever on the alert, observed Captain Corbie, who lay on the floor with a naval cloak thrown over him, and to all appearance drunk, moving the cloak from his ear, and fixing, at the same time, the scrutiny of two small piercing eyes on him and Halliday. Of this he seemed to take no notice; but it probably influenced the answer which he carelessly returned to the man of the Mull. "I have heard of all this, or something like this," he replied, "and I am glad that I am engaged in the peaceful labours of merchandize, and not likely to be soon in the way of such unhappy broils. It is a sorrowful sight to see the child lift the hand against the parent, though the hand of the parent may have admonished it too severely."

"Severely!" interrupted Macgubb, "who the deil doubts it?—there's no a living man among all the thirteen provinces whose ancestor has nae tasted of the hangman's taws in merry Old England or douce Scotland,—admonished, ay, weel a wat were they. And, as the father was flogged, the son has a fair chance of being shot or hanged.—I'll avouch it, that every American keeps a tally of his ancestor's stripes, and will avenge them amply when the day of sorrow comes. 'I have seen sic a nick-stick,—a sort of heirloom,"— "You speak," said Paul, "as many wiser men speak, and yet you speak very foolishly;—but who comes here?" He stept back into the recess, and motioned Halliday to follow him, while Macgubb, with a loud laugh, and, whistling a snatch of 'The Boatie rows,' rejoined his companions.

The heart of Maud fluttered as she beheld the entrance of the cavern darkened by a tall handsome figure, wrapped closely in an embroidered cloak, with a hat and plume, and a couple of gold-mounted pistols glittering at his waist. "It is him," said Paul, in a low whisper, "it is him, and what can he want here?" "Him!" answered Halliday, "it is young Lord Dalveen,—why should he be here, and why should he lie uppermost in your thoughts? But he is a general comrade by night for every strange companion with whom he would disdain to exchange a look by day. He is come on a visit to this free captain of yours,—the captain, you know, deals in strange commodities, and may have some dark-eyed girl to dispose of. His Lordship is doubtless about to chaffer for a certain quantity of plump, rosy, desirable flesh. But come, let us seek the upper air,—this infernal cellar in which you stow your choice spirits agrees not with me. And, Paul, my friend, I am no prophet, nor yet a prophet's son; but I have seen some faces here to-night, that, at no distance day, will look through a cravat of hemp, curiously adjusted by the hands of the hangman. Certain politic rope-makers are already at work for this banditti of yours." Paul smiled and whispered,—"They are no friends of mine, Halliday, I work with no such tools,—

I have come among them for purposes of mine own; but some of them are better than you think of. So now for the sweet moon-light."

They had nearly ascended into the hermit's cell, when their progress was stayed by Macgubb, who said, in a low and decisive tone,—"Captain Paul, here are seven of us,—for the present we serve in the Wild Goose—you know us all—I need name no names,—you know us, and we know you. When you want seven lads, who will stand by you against all comers, while powder will burn and twa planks stick together, think of us." Paul glanced his dark eye over the sun-burned countenances thus introduced to him,—recognized each with a smile, and taking Macgubb aside, and whispering, what to Halliday's ear seemed more like commands than requests, shook him by the hand, and hastened into the open air.

Macgubb descended with his comrades, and, standing near to the place where Maud was concealed, said,—"Well, Paul after all is a cut aboon me,—I know not what to think of him,—but he has something in his mind, and he's the lad to go through with it, whether it be evil or good. He'll shine out in his true colours soon,—and we have done wisely in bespeaking him, for I am heartily sick o' this southron,—he's fou o' low wickedness,—and talks muckle better than he can fight. What d'ye think he had the presumption, nae farther gane than yestreen, to say, as we passed the bonnie Mull o' Galloway?—it it a mair likely land, quo' he, for seagulls than sailors. My certie, I have seen the red blude reeking for less,—but he owes me my penny pay, and it's the least profitable of all receipts that ane writes with the sword."

"In the name of Heaven!" ejaculated Maud, as she sought her way out by the private entrance of the cavern, "what can my brother want with such companions as these? And what brings Lord Dalveen here,—gliding into this Pandæmonium like a thing of utter darkness? He comes for evil, because he never went any where for good. But what have I to fear?—I am not one who shrieks and shakes when danger comes,—I have

one or two faithful servants about me. Paul knows what I am, else why did he wish me a man this morning when he drew so bright an image of maritime glory,—with my sword in my hand, and by his own daring side, we might then have trode the enemy's decks together, and gained name and fame, and made nations admire and fear us. And might this not be," she said, as, standing on the summit of the cliff, she stretched her right hand in imagination over her native and subject sea, "and might this not be?" She paused for a minute's space, and then continued,—"It can never be,—hours of softness and feminine weakness are my lot,—wife to such a man as him I might be,—but where shall such a man be found? A virgin I have lived and a virgin will I die;" and she vanished among the rocks and bushes, and sought her home by a round-about and lonesome way.

CHAPTER VI.

O, thou pale orb, that silent shines,
While care-untroubled mortals sleep!
Thou seest a wretch that inly pines,
And wanders here to wail and weep!
With wo I nightly vigils keep,
Beneath thy wan unwarming beam,
And mourn in lamentation deep,
How life and love are all a dream.

BURNS.

WHEN Paul and Halliday left the cavern, they proceeded along the shore in silence for some time, and coming to an open space, which commanded a free view of the frith, they stood still at once, as if by mutual consent, to look on the splendour of the sea and land, which, brightened by the moon and her innumerable stars, seemed doubly glorious to eyes escaped from the gloom of a cavern.

"Halliday," said Paul, laying his hand on the shoul-

der of his companion, "upon that unstable water a glorious kingdom might be founded! Our winged army would stoop upon every continent and every isle,—all the daring and noble minds and hearts of the earth would be ours,—all whom fortune wronged or power insulted, and, with our decks for our thrones and our wills for our laws, our empire would extend wherever the ocean rolled."

"A very handsome inheritance, friend Paul," said Halliday; "but the wind is far too capricious a monarch for me; he bloweth, you know, wheresoever he listeth, and might take it into his royal and obstinate head to give the bodies of his new and faithful subjects to the fowls of the sea and the fish of the flood."—"You talk more merrily than wisely" said Paul; "this is a matter on which I have thought more seriously than yourself, and with which I have a far better acquaintance. I feel, and I know, that it is practicable; and if we do it not now, some more resolute person will, and the shame shall be thine and mine."—"Upon my life," said the other, "you have conceived a very pretty notion of our united powers, when you imagine, that, without ships, without men, and without money, we could found this maritime empire. My feal friend, the wide ocean is not the little lake where we used to sail sole monarchs for a summer's day,—the despots of young teals or wily trouts,—it won't do."

"Listen to me, Halliday; the sound of my voice, and the sight of my person, among our West India isles and along the American shore, would crowd my decks with five hundred of as gallant hearts as ever stept from stem to stern. There is a restlessness—a fire—a love of action in the bosoms of men accustomed to the sea which landsman know little of. A hundred thousand mariners are daily roaming the deep in quest of fortune, and he who wants their aid may have it for the seeking and the purchasing. They have tasted the manifold pleasures of both Indies, the wine, the fruit, the ease, and the women. The eastern and western lands yield abundance, and their daughters have little reluctance. The severe, the stern morality of old cold Scotland and

the gravity of gladsome England are forgotten in seven fathoms of water, and thousands and tens of thousands are ripe on island and continent for revolution and change. Ay, as ripe for rebellion as ever corn was for the sickle on the banks of thy native Annan. Into the midst of this troubled water let us steer our little bark,—we have all to win, we have little to lose. I never had any inheritance, and thine has passed from thee. So let us go and be princes since we cannot be lairds."

"It is true," said his friend, "that I know little of maritime matters or of maritime manners; and the people of island and mainland may be ready for a revolution or a rope for aught I know; but of this I am certain, that you may as well try to found an empire in mid-air as seek to establish a floating kingdom on the ocean. Why, man, all your brother monarchs of the land would unite against you, as they did against your forerunners the buccanniers. All who owned the authority of a national flag would join in hunting down a free companion like you, who presumed to own no lord and obey no banner. They would blow you out of the water, and hang you up when you lighted on land. Come, come, tempt me with some more feasible allurement,—something less poetical,—avaunt, all maritime fiends! I have an aversion to salt water."

Paul answered, with a smile, "I thought, Halliday, that as Fortune had fairly deprived thee of thine inheritance on earth, she would willingly provide for thee by sea. But come, let me try what temptations may be found on earth. You must know then, that when God made the world and all that it contains, he imprisoned upon it one of the brightest of his celestial spirits, and said,—'When man learns wisdom he will unloose thee: ignorance and tyranny shall vanish before thee; and man shall no longer be lifted above man, except in genius and in virtue.' Well, the world held this celestial visitant enchained for many a dark century—the monks, the counsellors, and the kings held the keys of her prison, and Ignorance rolled a huge stone against the gate, and Superstition, with her crosses and mitres, and relics and pastoral crooks, stood as warden.

Providence had compassion on man at length,—the knowledge which he revealed of old, and the wisdom which ancient sages taught, were suddenly disclosed to every eye, by an art which we cannot esteem less than divine. The fetters of the imprisoned spirit waxed light and lighter,—the stone which shut up her gate began to melt away,—Superstition, the warder, became faint, and the priests and princes who had locked the door began to grow pale and tremble."

"I see, I see it all," interrupted Halliday, "and, to assist you in escaping from the tyranny of a cumbrous metaphor, I will deliver your celestial spirit Liberty from her prison,—allow her to give Superstition no gentle shake,—and kick over a tyrannical throne or two, and then let her loose among your American deserts and Indian isles, to flirt with the offspring of slaves and with your hundred thousand restless mariners. There now your mountain-nymph has set her right foot on the great mainland,—go on."

"And will you follow her no farther?" said Paul, his face glowing, his eyes sparkling, and his stature appearing to augment, with enthusiasm,,—"will you close your eyes, Halliday, and refuse to behold this new-loosed spirit shaking the crowns from the heads and the sceptres from the hands of the tyrants of the earth. Will you not follow in her train, as your gallant ancestor followed when he confounded English Edward, and, side by side with his mother's brother, illustrious Wallace, rescued Scotland from thraldom. Come with me, and share in the glory of rescuing mankind from bondage,—let us vindicate the nobleness of human nature;—if we rise, we rise with brightness on our brow,—if we fall, we fall with the applause of our own hearts warring for the salvation of mankind."

"If fine words warmly urged could captivate me," answered the man of Annandale, "I would shake the dust of old Scotland from my shoes and wend away westward; but the hope of plunder,—the wish to pull down the titled and the opulent,—the love of change, and the enjoyment of things purchased by blood, allure not me. Had this contest been with tyrannical France,

superstitious Spain, or barbarous Russia, I would have bared my ancestor's sword in her cause with gladness, and striven with you to strike down those martial and religious tyrannies to the dust. But against whom, Paul, do you ask me to draw the sword?—against my own blood,—against my native land,—against my father's grave, and the mother who bore me. Can you think me so besotted—so base and degenerate?"

"Halliday! Halliday! my friend, you mistake the matter entirely,—you are called by me to no such warfare. The blood which flows in American veins is as much yours as if it flowed through the heart of the haughtiest Halliday that ever ruled in Annandale. This is a civil war, a quarrel of brother with brother, in which the elder seeks to oppress the younger, and every man who feels for the injured and the oppressed is bound to assist with heart and head and hand. It is even more than this,—it is the war of the rich against the poor—a crusade for the purpose of enslaving people born as free and rocked in the same cradle as ourselves. You see now you have misunderstood the matter."

"Not so much, Paul, not so much, as you think,—your Americans wish to rend asunder the bond of brother-hood, they seek to dismember this mighty and well-compacted body, nursed with so much care and handled with such motherly tenderness in all its members. They wish not to contend with us till they have overcome us or convinced us—no, they desire to cast us utterly off,—because of wholesome discipline the son throws off the parent's rule, and goes to war with his grey hairs. And I can tell you more,—your Americans seek the aid of France,—the free seek the assistance of tyrants,—this bright heavenly spirit of thine seeks the society of a spirit of darkness. Come, come, you see I know a little of these matters as well as yourself."

"This matter we shall push no farther, Halliday," said his friend. "I love my country, and her glory, and good name, as well as the proudest of you all. I wish not to see her engaged in works of oppression."—"And I love America too," said the other; "and

if she will fight only that she may come back with greater freedom and kindness to our bosom, I know not what I may be tempted to do; but if she fight to forsake us, and league against us with aliens and tyrants, then she is an unnatural child, and will deserve the misery of begging liberty and receiving it from the hands of a French tyrant; will merit slavery, and will be sure to find it."

While this conversation continued, the two companions had sauntered heedlessly onward along the upland grounds,—sometimes seen on the summits of the knolls,—sometimes lost in little valleys, and at other times half seen, half hid among groves of mingled holly, hazel, and wild plum. They were now near a place which the peasantry approached with reluctance after night-fall,—the old church and church-yard of the ancient parish of Siddick, now represented by Colvend. A portion of the kirk still rose grey amid its ranks of gravestones, and the whole, enclosed with a wall of rude masonry, glittered drearily amid the dewy moon-light. At the conclusion of their conversation they both stood still, and saw, not without a touch of superstitious feeling, the numerous memorials of human dust before them.

"So," said Halliday, "there is the moral of our colloquy;—we talk of ambition and draw romantic pictures of fame and glory,—we open our eyes, and behold death and the grave."—"Ay, and so it would have fared with us," said Paul, "had we talked of giving alms to the poor,—of preaching the gospel to the Hindoos,—of building almshouses and endowing hospitals; the old kirk-yard of Siddick would have stared upon us with the same visible moral. But come, let us walk on to the separation of our roads. An old belief—an ancient dread still clings to me. The spirits of the dead may be permitted to haunt the earth, and this is a most likely place."—"Such notions," said his companion, "are strengthened by going to sea, where a thousand wild beliefs and supernatural things are accredited, and held as true as the compass."—"Yes," answered Paul, "and there was Davie Geddes, a devout man and a good mason, and an elder of Siddick too,

while Siddick was a parish, declared to me, that such a sense of utter lonesomeness came upon him in the kirk-yard, that he left an inscription half cut and went to the alehouse for company."—"I well believe you," said his companion; "such fits as that often came upon that worthy man. But let us not countenance an evil report of this lonely place,—let us see that no spirit is here making the moonlight hideous. I wish some sensible phantom would come and pass its hand before my eyes, to give me a view down the dark vista of futurity. I cannot make it out for myself, and your will-o'-wisp lantern, friend Paul, is no safe guide amid the quicksands and quagmires of this wearyful world."

"You are curst in your wish," said Paul, standing on a stone which once bore the image of a saint, and lately crowned the peak of the reformed kirk the wrong side being up, showing the inverted saint, with his rays over his head, as a demon cast down into the fires of Tophet. "You are curst in your wish,—look there." Halliday stood beside him, and it was not without emotion that they beheld the figure of a woman stretched above a grave as motionless as a sepulchral statue on a Gothic monument. As they looked she rose suddenly to her knees, held up her hands, and appeared to utter a prayer.

"This is the voice and the moan of suffering flesh and blood," said Halliday; "let us seek to comfort her. That heart must be deeply smote, and that mind much touched, which comes at midnight to pray over the dead." They passed over the wall, and, with slow and reverent steps, walked on the green turf which covered the strength and beauty of other days. As they drew near, they could distinguish some of her words,—she muttered rather than prayed, and seemed to be invoking the spirits of her ancestors to rise and assist her in cursing one who had destroyed the fame and happiness of her house. As the moon threw the shadows of Paul and Halliday before her on the grave, she gave a shriek, and cried, "Ye come, ye come, I have awaited ye long!" She paused for a moment, and muttered, "No, no, these are mortal shadows—mor-

tal shadows." She turned suddenly round, and it was with no voice of gladness that she greeted them.

"What want ye here, ye unburied ne'er-doweels?—an honest kirk-yard will never be disgraced with your banes. Ye'll be buried where three laird's lands meet,—ye'll be shot like hooded crows from off a lamb's back,—ye'll be blackened on gibbets yet, and every body will cry a blessed riddance. Ye have come in gallant time,—my hour of curses is come. I have opened my lips to give them utterance, and I will not shut them till I have eased my heart:—but stand aside till your betters are served; rank should aye be honoured. I have a higher head to cast curses upon before I can oblige you with any. Stand back there; even in cursing there's rank and precedence. The noble should be served first,—stand aside I say."

The old woman,—for she seemed on the verge of sixty,—the old woman gazed on Paul with more of scorn than of curiosity, held up her hands, dyed yellow by the sun and smoke, while a fitful light twinkled in her little blue-gray eyes, and her white hair, escaping from her mutch, threw a thin lock or two down her pale cheeks. "Good woman," said Halliday, "what brings you here at such an hour as this? and why should you curse us to our faces?—we are strangers,—you have never seen me at least before."

"Curse ye, and wherefore no?" she exclaimed; "are you not two of those contemptible creatures called men,—bearded fiends with which this land is swarming? Yet ye are but lesser fiends; Lord Dalveen is the master fiend, and he shall have curse the first. But bide ye, bide ye, I shall have some to spare for you both." "And what offence," inquired Paul, "may Lord Dalveen have committed that entitles him to precedence in cursing?" She seized him by the hand, dragged him almost forcibly forward to the grave over which she had knelt, and exclaimed, "Put down your hand; do you feel that mound of turf? four weeks ago there was a deep pit there, and in that pit was laid the ae sweetest lass in all the south countree. Feel, the sods are not grown together yet, though I knead them

nightly with my knees, and wet them nightly with my tears."

"But what claim, good woman," said Paul, "has this grave upon your tears? you seem very old, and the fair young maiden who sleeps here could not be your daughter." "Look me in the face," she said; "it is ploughed more with sorrow than with sixty years, and more with wrongs unavenged than either. On this night twenty years, and no more, I brought with shrieks, and with sore agony, the form that lies below into this sorrowful world. She was my youngest born, and sad was the birth-time pang which I dreed for the stained and mouldering body which lies below my knees. I nursed her in my bosom, and fair grew she and lovely; proud was I of her,—over proud may be, as I may judge by my sore punishment. She was the flower of the country-side; young Lady Phemie had brighter een, and Maud Paul a cleverer tongue, and Grace Joysan's foot beat as sweet time to the music; but who was like my ain Jenny Gledhill for a kindlie heart, a lively wit, and a fair face? There was nane like her in the country-side; na, na." She sighed deeply, and continued in a less mournful tone.

"I mind it weel; it was this time twalmonth, the night before Wattie Wildook's ship sank aff Barnhourie bank, we were all coming skelping along at Kate Carson's bridal, galloping for the brose, I as daft as the youngest, and the bride the daftest of a', when we halted for a passing-cup at Johnie Waldenheat's. Who was there but the Laird of Snipeflosh. Gie me a glass, quo' he; here's the fairest lass of the land, Jenny Gledhill by name; and he drank it aff at a draught, and meikle noise I mind it made. The laird was right, for there rode she that blessed day, ye never saw such beauty; her cheeks like a July morn; her locks dancing for joy on her white neck; her little white hand threatning her horse, for whip had she nane; and the very dumb creature ye would have said adored her, for he carried her through the air as swift and bright as a summer sunbeam before the dew is off the grass;—but she's dead now, and I ken ane that would fain follow."

"You mentioned," said Paul, "a young nobleman, how comes his name to be coupled with this calamity? He has so much to answer for, I hope he is not burdened with the sin of thy daughter's untimely grave?" "I ask not your name," she said; "nay, tell me not; but he must be come from a far land who has not heard of my daughter, and how she loved, and how she died. I will tell you, lest you should accuse me of scattering idle curses as men would sow corn on the Solway. My daughter was beautiful, she knew it,—what maiden does not?—Lord Dalveen saw her, praised her, wooed her, promised her marriage, wrote down his vows; she believed him, was caressed, abandoned, and scorned. She wept, she pined away, refused food, and one morning was found sitting cold and lifeless in a little honeysuckle bower where they used to meet. O may a mother's curse cling to him, and pluck down his spirit when his spirit is most wanted!"

Paul paced the church-yard with disordered steps, and with eyes moist with tears. "Dame," he said, "I have long lived in a foreign land. I am but these few days returned, and the sorrows of my native place are but partly known to me. I am no stranger to the character of him who ruined your child; he has much to answer for to Heaven, and will have to render satisfaction on earth, for his villany knows no limit." She seized him by the hand, and said, "What! and has he ruined your ae daughter too?—I give you joy; we are partners in misery. Now let us sit down on Jenny's grave,—nae place mair meet,—and plot how we shall be revenged. O! revenge is a balmy morsel, I maun have the first mouthful,—there's reason I should,—I have suffered sorest." They sat down side by side on the grave, and the mother continued,—

"Weel, as I said, revenge is sweet,—but how shall we come by such a bennison?—Prayers winna compass it, for meikle have I prayed; wishes winna bring it to pass, for mony ill wishes have I wished in my time,—owre mony I doubt, and the burthen's fallen at my ain door at last. My ain hand, sapless, feeble and withered, cannot do it; it was but yestreen I tried,—

the knife was sharp, but my heart was weaker than my hand, so to hell he may gang unharmed for me. And maybe that would be the wisest way; wherefore should we take upon us to do the devil's work? The fiend will have him in his own good time and way, else he's no sae ill as priests call him, and that may be true too. For ye maun ken, man, that I was sair wyted for what befell Bell Neeven and her skirling brat. I but brewed the drap drink, hemlock, southernwood, and rosemary; I did but put it into her caudle-cup when the drought came on her. Did I pour it down her weasond, and send her to her sudden account? Na, na; I canna accuse myself of that."

Paul with an involuntary shudder, suddenly removed himself to the other end of the grave, like one who felt that her touch polluted. She turned towards him, and with a steady look said, "Ye sat down a grave-looking, fatherly-like carle at my side even now; and ye had a daughter too,—a lassie ruined and mistrysted, and gane to be worms' meat like mine? I wish ye but just saw yourself now,—ye look young and bridegroom-like; but young or auld, ye have sympathized wi' me, and it's my duty to repay kindness with kindness. So come with me into the shelter of the auld kirk's blessed walls,—I have something to tell ye. I maun read ye a chapter out of the book of human life, such a chapter as ye never heard; there's the rarest counsel in't;—but come and ye shall hear. I am aye cauld when I sit on Jenny's grave, and I know not how it is; but whiles, when I lie a whole night under a good sax-inch through-stane, I am as cauld when day dawns as if I had made my bed on Colvend cliff like daft Grace Joysan."

Paul accompanied her into the ruined church,—she stood opposite the pulpit, and said, "Now here we are cannie and protected; nae evil thing can harm us here. This old den has been twice blessed and twice made holy,—once by the mitred men of Rome, and once by our own douce ministers. The religious canna be baith wrang; so the auld walls are sure to be right. Here stand we, therefore, thrice belted round

with holiness. Weel now, ye see, this is really a quiet retired nook, a perfect lodge in the wilderness, the moon shining aboon us, the blessed walls round us, and the dead lying thick and threefold at our feet: ye'll find a few sic cozie spots now as this. I often come here, lad. Now, I will read you my chapter out of the book of human life,—I have it by heart,—it's good for a proud heart and a vain mind, and meikle good may it do ye. It's divided into five lessons,—listen:

"First and foremost then, look ye where that grey bat goes flitting up and down—that's where Siddick pulpit stood—and a bonnie pulpit it was, carved out of black oak, with a devil hiding its face atween its hands, holding up each corner. Weel, out of that pulpit have I seen holy Hugh Halberson come flying forth to war against sin and iniquity like a winged dragon. There, where the nettles and the burdockens grow, sat ranks of trembling fowk, wi' upturned een and clasped hands, while over them, auld and young, rosie, and wrinkled, rich and poor, beggars' blood and barons' blood, did douce Hugh pour out Heaven's wrath and his own, red reeking het. Brimstone drink for the drunkard—a robe of hell-flame for the silken and simpering madams—nane escaped—hip and thigh he smote them—there was not ae righteous man in his parish but himself, and even he was na perfect. He was a fearful man in his time—but he's quiet enough now in his hole sax feet by twa, and the shepherd bairns play at the totum on his braw brade grave-stane. That's what I ca' my lesson on religious pride—the most presumptuous of all prides. It's done—so much for lesson first.

"Now listen, lad, to lesson second. Away to the right of the pulpit, where the grass grows longest and the seed-nettle highest; there sat the proud and the far descended. High they bore their heads—sailed past the poor and the lowly wi' a' their sails set and pennons flying—the very ground in its fairest spring-pride o' gowans and primroses, was na good enough for them to walk on. The polished stane and the flowered carpet were spread under their feet—and even their feathers and love-locks raised a perfumed breeze as they

gade sweeping up the aisles. They painted their cheeks and necks, the gowks—scented themselves like a simmer morn when the choop roses are out;—it a' wadna do—time and disappointed hope laid their hands on them—yet they still waged the war—but the brightest day maun draw to night. Their beauty fell, and religious pride rose in its place—from being wanton they waxed decent—a merry sinner makes a sighing saint—there's a new variety of vanity in't. Aweel, fine ladies were they in their day—I have thought there was music in the very rustle o' their silks. Yet the flower comes back to summer; but when comes the bloom back to madam's cheek?—the lily rises again with its fragrance and its outbudding beauty; but woman's not immortal like the sweet flowers o' the field. So, ye see, in spite of their plumings and their paintings, their pride and their pedigree—I picked these words out of a sermon, deil a' ane o' them's mine—they dropt away and gade to the hirk-hole, and the worms tasted of their dainty bodies, and never kenned they were dieting on folk o' rank and fashion. There's lesson second, and that settles the pride o' life.

"Now look at yon black hole high in the gavelwa'—out o' yon hole, in the eldern times, there shot a piece of timber, and on the carved timber was constructed a seat, and on the seat sat mony a merry body—for mirth brought them there by taws and by threes. Yon was where the bad eminence stood—the stool of repentance folk ca'd it;—ah, monie a rosie quean has faced auld dour douce Hugh Halberson there; ane wad have thought that the fall of one was the downcome of twa—rebuke ane, presently a' the quean's companions sought the benefit o' the like counsel. The seat of shame groaned, and the auld dames held up their hands at us. Ye wad have vowed that the lasses sinned for the sake of being looked at by the hale kirk—there's vanity in all things. And weel do I believe that the minister, even douce Hugh, was glad o' the occasion; for O a bonnie piece of admonition he gave them!—described the grossness o' their fault in such cannie, weel-waled, warm words, that it had mair o' the hue of

pleasure than of sin. There's a fashion in all things excepting nature, and nature will aye be nature, wear our gowns as we like. It was the fashion of these days for the kirk to be rigid, and fierce, and fiery wi' halukat lasses and wanton loons. It's the fashion of these present times to be bird-mouthed with sin—to give iniquity soft names—to feed and cleed Folly, and lay her soft and warm, that she may till't again—faut away. And there's lesson third for ye.

But now for the grandest lesson of all,—the capstone of the fabric,—the topmost towering height of the whole. To think of the pride on't, the vanity on't, and the presumption on't, makes me laugh, though this is no a fitting place for laughter, wi' the howlet aboon me and the dead aneath me: but laugh I maun, flesh cannot withstand it. Now, of all the shapes that pride comes in, the shape of humility's the warst,—the pride of humbleness is the proudest pride in hell, and I'll uphaud it's true. Ken ye Margaret Marchbank, the mother of Prudence Marchbank, the meither of that born devil Jock Paul?—and yet how should you ken her?—she has been lang while gane frae among us, she's lying as quietly under the green sod as gin she had never sinned. The grave's a cannie retreat for iniquity; it has a deaf ear, and ye may swear it's a cozie habitation, for its tenants never flit. Weel, under yon carved corbel aboon our very heads, there sat, for fifty years and three, Margaret Marchbank, by name. I think I see her yet—her gown of homely grey—her lappetit mutch, with its edging of narrow lace—her black-print Bible before her, and on it thrown her meek and unuplifted look—her handsome arm laid along side on't—ye never saw sic an image of matron meekness. —But her pride surpassed that of the house of Dalveen, —her vanity that of all the Douglasses, and her haughtiness was mair than ever the devil was wyted with. And yet wi' a' this the woman erred—wha would hae believed it?—she erred,—now ye observe I use saft and discreet words, there's no a powdered priest frae Corsincon to Caerlaverock can call sin by sweeter and tenderer names than me,—douce demure Margaret er-

red—who after that could hope to stand?—I am na sure that I keepit my feet myself—wha could stand when douce Margaret went astray?—the pride of humbleness is the proudest pride in hell—and there's lesson fourth for ye."

"But lesson fifth and last will be counted apocryphal. I dinna ken what to say of it myself, and yet there's a braw moral in it for ane wha has the sense to pluck it out. Ye shall judge. Ye see it was on the night that my daughter was buried that I was sitting on the threshold of the kirk there—the moon was down—a star or twa twinkled out and in—if it was na midnight it was very near it. As I sat, I thought on auld times, maybe when I was a gilpin of a lassie, when I cam o'er the kirk-yard stanes at sermon time, and a' the lads looking at me. The linn ceased to sound—the bats forhood the air—the kirk-bell gied a jow, and, lo and behold, some hand opened a' the graves, and filled the kirk-yard wi' kenned faces. I looked up, and the roof had happit the auld waas—the seats were all there;—the pulpit, the stool of repentance, and the elders' seat, looked all clean and bonnie. In a moment the voice of Hugh Halberson was heard, crying, 'Room there for Thomas Lord Dalveen!' and the awful carle looked forth himself—and fierce was he and fiery—ye might hae kindled a straw at his een. And twa candles glimmered afore him, and at each candle sat an uncoffined corse, wi' a sharp nose and fingers lean and long—ye never saw the like. And I looked to the repentance-stool, and there stood, wi' the sackcloth sark about it, a lang ruckle of dry banes—the very jaws seemed expanded into a sneering smile, and, sapless and fleshless as it was, there was a likeness. Now, thinks I, this maun be a lesser day of judgment; and then I thought I was dead myself, and sae the terror gade off me. Sae I looked quietly on—I thought douce Hugh was slack in commencing, and I glanced up to the pulpit, and the candles lacked snuffing, and the twa corses stretched out their hands to snuff them, and I thought the very bones kindled wi' the touch. And wha should these twa corses be? Wha but my ain me-

ther and douce Maggie Marchbank—they had a right to be present when folk were rebuked for pleasant sin. But a waff of wind blew out the candles, and when they gade out I could see naught but the cauld moon and stars—a roofless kirk, and a kirk-yard full of grave-stanes. If that's no a lesson gude, I have tint, a' meeth of lessons—howsomever it's a grand vision, and that's little waur."

Paul, during these strange communications, sat, willing to let the stream of her speech follow its natural course. The singular mixture of truth and fancy, of feeling and satire, was very impressive. He was anxious too to obtain a thorough knowledge of the character of Lord Dalveen—from his mother he could learn little, and from his sister less—they eluded the subject—it seemed to give them pain—while, from higher authorities all the responses were delivered in guarded diplomatic language, which conveyed no distinct idea. His own personal dislike to that young nobleman he felt was growing every day—he hated him because he conceived that his descent entitled him to play the petty oppressor—he hated him because he insulted him about the lowliness of his parentage—and he hated him because, in spite of all the art with which Dalveen covered his wishes, he felt that he had designs against his sister, whom he loved and admired for her openness of heart and firmness of mind. Paul, after silence had continued for a little while, sat seeking how he might direct back the current of the conversation to Lord Dalveen, when it returned of its own accord, and with a far deeper flow than he expected or cared for.

"Weel, lad," said Dame Gledhill, "I shall make nae mair moan about it—what maun be maun be—them that will to Coupar maun to Coupar—the tree grows with the green top up and the brown root down—the hawk loves gore, and the cat takes after kind, and sae will woman, be she black, be she brown. I sometimes think I have a knack at saying curious sayings. There's Johnie Crumbie; all John's fame for wisdom in the world has been earned by the dexterous use of twa of Dame Gledhill's queer expressions; the

world would not take them for John's were the world ony wiser than himself. Yet I would not have ye to think ill of the world for all that. There's some folk in it of whom ye may speak freely, words cannot wrang them—ye may paint them out of the black-paint pot of the bottomless pit,—their characters would sanction the colours. But, for all that, the world's a kind world—there's myself, for instance—see how weel I'm used—clad like a princess—lodged gloriously, in a holy place with all these bright lamps aboon me—seated like a queen o' the universe, upon my footstool earth—the gift given to me of conversing with the dead—the sight vouchsafed me of seeing what was, is, and shall be—and the power granted me of confounding that worm called man, whose mind is bent on evil continually." She turned suddenly to Paul, and said with deep earnestness,—

"Ye envy him—ye would wish to oppress like him—ye would wish to win and crush women's hearts like him—and ye desire to be handsome, noble, and far descended. Like him, ye would gladly fill the golden cup of iniquity till it overflowed—and ye would blithely have the hope of fame and glory in your hands that ye might fling it to the fiends. Ay, ay, I see it all—ye'll do it too—though ye'll never do it with half the natural ease and fiendish grace of Lord Dalveen. Ye will hold fortune and glory between your hands, and let them slip through your fingers—ye will be a scourge yet, man—I see the devil in your face—pride and revenge will o'ermaster ye—ye will think yourself a hero, and few will think ye a man. There's a prophecy for ye!—I wonder how it came into my head—but it did come, and I could na contain myself—yet, though clean aff loof, I'll warrant it a prophecy tight and true.

"Now, touching Lord Dalveen, he's his ain father's in body and in soul. Only the auld Lord was really less of a downright born devil—he didna go about polluting the young, and the lovely, and the pure,—turning the heads and breaking the hearts of trusting maidens. He was nae sae bad as that. He only lay

in other men's beds—he only cheered the hearts of young wives when their husbands were frae hame, as an honest man should. That way he was a kind man and a thoughtful, and no nice either, like his hellicat son, whom nane but the sweetest will serve. There was Christina Haffetlock, as brown as a berry—Jess Barberrie—blue-eed Jess, wha weeded a world's wonder of a bodie, though a prime tailor—there was the dame of Skipper Kimmin, counted uncanny—and what say ye to bonnie Prudence Paul herself—Proud Paul ye ken. They say her son John has a touch—a kind of a look as it were—but it's idle talking—a sheave frae a cut loaf's never mist—a kiss is but a touch, and a touch can do nae ill, as the daft sang says. But, alake and dool for a poor maiden! she has nae gudeman to shield her frae shame—she's down the deep stream of dishonour, and sunk in the sea of shame, ere she has weel licked her lips at the taste of the sin. But a wedded bodie's no ae jisp the waur—no, I'se uphaud her a' the tentier for't, and kindlier to her gudeman—she'll humour him and pettle him up with sweet words and kind looks, and she'll chuck him under the chin, and ca' him pet-names, and he'll close his een and see nane of her infirmities."

She started up suddenly as a passing owl screamed, and cried out, "I'm called! I'm called!—but take my blessing, man, for patiently have ye listened to the grand five lessons." She held her hand over his head, gazed steadfastly in his face, and said in a low voice, and not without tears, "Na, na, I cannot, must not, bless ye; there's something good, but there's more of evil in your looks, on which blessings can never light; and it is a sair pity too, for ye have a brow full of nobleness,—but there's the light of the devil, or of a Dalveen, in your eye, and I cannot, will not bless ye;" and she darted out of the old kirk of Siddick, and disappeared among the grave-stones.

"Truly, Paul," said Halliday, as his companion hastened from the kirk-yard, "you have a taste for strange counsellors,—a profligate mariner one hour, and a mad woman another."—"Halliday," said Paul, in a

voice of deep seriousness, "you are a happy man; your name is famed for valour, and for honesty, and the tree of your genealogy has no rotten branches. My name has never yet been heard of; though the wheel of fortune has a bright spoke for every name, and the day of Paul will come. But, alas! how can I desire it?—the brighter my deeds, the darker will the family stain be,—the reproach which I dare not name to myself, and which none shall ever name to me, will come upon me as an eclipse upon the moon, when tale and tradition are busy with my deeds. This is a pang which none can assuage,—which has made me desire death, and madly seek it. You gaze on me, my friend, not with eyes of wonder, but of pity,—you know it then, you know it. Halliday, she is my mother still, my noble, my lofty-hearted mother. Yet the thought haunts me like a demon,—it has been with me when the sea mingled with the heavens,—when my sword reeked in blood from hilt to point,—and when deep sleep came, it was with me in my dreams. It is my evil genius, Halliday, and though I sometimes doubt its existence, I oftener believe and weep. When you hear that, at the close of some bloody strife, I have been cast into the sea, with my mariners mourning over me, you may with truth say, that your early and steadfast friend ended a career of sorrow and wo, and that he fought less for victory than for death."

CHAPTER VII.

"A fearful shape seemed painted in the air."

When Lord Dalveen entered the Kelpie's cavern, he walked up to Captain Corbie of the Wild Goose, as he lay on the ground muffled close in his cloak, and shaking his shoulder with his foot, said, "Get up, man, don't shame honesty and innocence; show thy knave's

face to one that knows thee.—Come, start, be sober, and listen to my words."—"My Lord," said the Captain, "your hand's not too good for the work your foot has done; your haughty looks, and lordly way of waking a friend, won't pass muster for civility with honest Ned Corbie. If it do, may my left kidney bait a shark-hook, that's all;" and he pointed to his pistols, of which a pair were stuck in his belt.

"Arise," said Dalveen, "thou man of honesty and honour; get up, man; I come to speak to thee in the way of thy calling. I have a neat little job for thee, though thou art but a clumsy-handed thief; old Captain Grapples was worth a thousand of thee." "Old Grapples is at the bottom of Wigton bay," said Corbie; "if a dead man can do your work, he's the hand." "Nay, I shall make a living one do all that I want; it is but a quiet, calm, cannie piece of villany,—no storming of castles,—no picking of brides from beside the bridegroom,—no powder need be burnt,—and all the harm likely to befall will be a scratched face,—a lady's nails would improve thine;—so get up and bestir thee,—there's money to be made by it."

"And in what direction," inquired Captain Corbie, "must I go to do this piece of service? It is work, I confess, in my line; and, as your Lordship has been rather a kind customer, we must try to oblige you." "Why now," replied Dalveen, "you speak less like a knave and more like an honest man. But tell me one thing,—I have been on board your Wild Goose; the little blue cabin seems a secret nook; can it be mine for a week or so? and can you run your lugger to some unfrequented part of the coast, and send your men ashore for a night or two, after my cargo goes aboard? You comprehend me, friend Corbie?"

"I believe I do," said the Captain, with a knowing smile; "has your luck among the lasses forsaken you at last? You never had to woo in this way before. But has this Galwegian harpy claws? is she such an amazon that you dare not catch hold of her by some wood-side,—some cannie unfrequented nook, where you might win her good-will discreetly? Ah! I understand your

Lordship; you are weary of the monotony of love on land, and you desire to taste it by sea. When there's naught but sky above and sea around, a woman will not resist; she knows the rules on land, but she submits to be instructed at sea. They will melt on the water that are flint and steel on land. May I perish on fresh water if I baulk you!"

"Well resolved, Kidnapper Ned; wisely concluded, mine honest dealer in flesh black and white," said Lord Dalveen; "you speak like a sea-oracle, man; I want to prove the influence of salt water upon a certain haughty and scrupulous lady. It mends wine and heightens its flavour; and woman and wine, you know, my conscientious man of the deep, are kindred commodities."

"I'll tell you once for all," said the Captain, with a lowering look, "if you wish me to do your work discreetly and quietly, you will call me by my own name. These ornamental epithets belong to the nobility, you know; I court them not, and if I am called Kidnapper Ned again, by the deep sea if I don't mar our bargain by burning gun-powder about it."

"Why, how now, my critical friend?" said the nobleman, "I named thee but after thy profession, man. Many names, and significant names too, might be given thee beside that of Kidnapper Ned. By my faith it has a bonnie sound; an I were thee I would not discard it; I would found a maritime dynasty, and be recorded as Kidnapper Ned the First.—I speak in simple verity."

"Come, come, my Lord," said the Captain, with a smile, which had more of deep resolute hatred than pleasure about it, "let us proceed to business. I shall, however, think of your advice;—but, alas! I am afraid that my descendants may rise into eminence and renown,—a station from which the Lords of Dalveen have had the kindness gradually to descend. Dishonour comes on an old name, and fame comes to a new. I thank your Lordship for suggesting it." Lord Dalveen laughed, and said, "Bravo, my friend, I love thy spirit; and, to show thee how little jealousy mingles with my nature, I shall find thee arms according to the

character and dignity of the founder of the house. A vacant gibbet on a lone-shore, with a hooded crow perched and ruminating, and bearing this motto, 'Fortune hath defrauded me,' will, both by words and symbols, instruct the historian of the dynasty of Kidnapper Ned, how he may speak of the founder of the house."

A loud laugh from all the ship's company proclaimed the accuracy of the character expressed by those imaginary arms. "Whoy!" exclaimed one mariner, shrugging up his trowsers, "the gentleman must ha' sailed with us himself; he knows the Captain, and it's like enough they have been comrades,—like loves like, you know." "Hold your jaw, Jem," said another; "the gentleman is a land-knave, he don't need to learn villany by sea; he has it the natural way, and the Captain has it by inoculation; that's all." "And it would be a hard matter," said a third, "if the land service carried away all the knavery. I'll warrant the gentleman, if he comes to sea, from being drowned; he'll fill up our Captain's vacant arms with his own body some day, an there be any truth in a man's looks, and justice on land."

"Come, come, fellows," said the Captain, "enough said,—pull in, pull in,—a handsome offer should be handsomely treated. So turn we now to business,—I stay some three days or so here on a neat little errand of my own; the blue cabin is at your service,—none of my men mind the squall of a timid wench,—and when your Lordship has done, I suppose a trip with me westward will cool her and enable her to swallow her sorrow.—But now for the name, my Lord, and the recompense;" and they stept back into a recess in the rock, and a whispering commenced between them. A purse of gold was put into the Captain's hands. "Very handsome," he said, "upon my soul, paid like a nobleman;" but, when the name of the victim was named, his face darkened into doubt and even dismay, and he said, more audibly than he intended,—"Damn me if I can,—damn me if I dare—no, it won't do, it won't work." Another handful of gold seemed to stagger him rather than remove his doubts, and he murmured,

—"I suppose then we must do it; but I would as lief undertake to dive into purgatory and bring you the keeper's daughter. She has a spirit of her own, you know, which a man will not be foolish to fear; and she has a brother, and a friend or two more, who will make the salt-water into melted lead for me if they chance to know it. But come, I'll do't,—there's ne'er a churl on the Solway-side shall frighten Ned Corbie."

Lord Dalveen shook him by the hand, showered a handful of gold among the mariners, and left the cavern. The Captain glanced his eye after him as he went, and muttered,—"There you go, young smart o' the wit and thick o' the skull: I suppose now you think you have given me a little neat piece of work to do; that, when I have run the risk and pocketed the gold, I shall lay to with a girl that might be a queen on board, and wait the will of your Lordship? No, no, your Lordship's taunts were only made even with your Lordship's gold, and I am nothing in your debt. I'll teach you a salt-water trick, I will;" and, knitting his brows, he summoned his men, and went on board the Wild Goose.

The moon descended now upon the summits of the western hills, and her bright edge, touching as it seemed the surface of the heathy upland, set all the hill-tops in a glow. The stars continued to throw down their cold and twinkling light, and the valleys lay in a deepening shadow. The fall of the rivulet over the rock sounded like distant music; and, as it came softened among the thick green boughs of the woods, the call of the owl added a melancholy voice to that of the running stream. The voice of midnight solitude is a searcher of hearts; to him whose errand is not virtuous it whispers of the world's discovery and scorn,—the contempt of the mean,—and, harder yet, the pity of the benevolent. To him,—and rarely lurks such a form among the glens of Caledonia,—to him whose midnight errand is blood, the cry of night's lonely monitor, the owl, presents before his fancy's eye the ready gibbet, the vacant noose, and the eager multitude.

I am not prepared to say that any such thoughts or images were presented to the fancy of Lord Dalveen, by the long and melancholy whoot-hoo-hoo of the bird of solitude and rapine. It was perched on the grassy summit of a little lonely watch-tower, which once stood nigh the centre, but now nigh the limit of his estate; and, gathering itself together, and looking down into a deep and narrow valley into which Lord Dalveen was just entering, greeted him with three distinct welcomes of its fitful song. He stood still to contemplate the silent beauty of the scene before him,—the moon looked in, with a departing glance, at the western extremity of the glen, and gilded all the honeysuckled crags,—the bowers of birch and holly,—the flowers moistened in dew, which, finding its way through the green masses of boughs, dropped here and there on a slender and busy stream, that leaped from the upland into the vale. This little rivulet, emerging from the wood which filled all the upper end of the glen, wound its way round rock and stone, crept under the roots of the larger trees, and, re-appearing, again formed a number of little pools breast deep, sparkling like pearls strung on thread of silver.

When Lord Dalveen paused to look for a moment on this beautiful glen, he had reached the middle of the brook, that here formed a wide pool bordered with iris, through which three huge steps of sandstone carried the passenger who was willing to spring a fathom at a time. He stood on the middle step; the owl gave a scream and disappeared; the moon at the same moment withdrew her light, leaving a quivering ray or two on the tree-tops. He turned round to go on his way, when there stood before him the figure of an Old Man wrapt in a shepherd's cloak, a peeled rod in his hand, and his white hairs uncovered and straying over his face and temples.

The Form seemed in haste. He stood on the first step, and, motioning eagerly, said, with a voice feeble and hollow,—"Give place,—give place!" Lord Dalveen looked on him with an emotion which choked speech. He beheld, or thought he beheld, in him the

father of one whom he had deeply wronged and abused. The errors and the madness of the beautiful Grace Joysan had affected her father, now an old man worn down with sorrow; the loss of three sons in the wars, and the wreck of all his hopes, laid him on a sick-bed. The elders, and the minister, Seth Mackie, had each in their turns visited and comforted him; and, at the very moment when Lord Dalveen beheld him in the glen, his death was rumoured among the neighbouring cottages, and had reached the ear of the young Lord himself.

All this and much more rushed on the mind of the young nobleman; the joints of his knees were loosened, and a supernatural horror came over his heart; for he knew not to what world the form belonged which stood before him. Though one of the bravest of mankind, one whom no danger could daunt and no enemy appal, he felt himself unequal to the task of enduring the look or the presence of the gray old Shape. It waved its hand impatiently, and said, in a quick but murmuring voice, which seemed akin to the gurglings of the brook,—"Sinner, give place! I am on an errand that may not be stayed,—I am commissioned to warn the beautiful and the good against thee,—sinner, give place!"—and the Form bent forward, and moved like a man about to make a bound.

Thus menaced in a human tongue, courage, at least to endure, returned to the heart of Lord Dalveen; he gave his head a haughty shake, and said, with a voice scarcely audible,—"I give place to none, of earth or of air, in the body or not; I do not fear thee. Place I yield to no sordid peasant or mean spirit like thee." Before he had well done speaking, and while the last word still murmured in the air, the Form rushed or glided past him; and, gaining the other side, moved along the path with a speed to which wings could not well have added swiftness, nor for once glanced back to see what was become of him who made such ineffectual opposition.

Lord Dalveen was at that moment unconscious of what was past or passing. As the Form approached he

felt, or imagined he felt, himself touched by some resistless power which prostrated his strength as the storm does the stubble. With such force was he removed from the place where he stood, that he plunged into the stream like a lifeless thing. He sprang instantly to his feet—glared wildly round—but no form was there—without moving a step, and standing knee-deep in the stream, he shook the water from his dress, and uttered a brief petition to Heaven for succour and protection.

At this moment Halliday, having parted with Paul on the summit of a neighbouring hill, arrived at the ford; and great was his surprise to see Lord Dalveen standing as motionless in the rivulet as a statue on its pedestal—his hand at his brow—his eyes cast down—and his whole person bearing marks of wildness and alarm. He stood for a moment in silence, with the hope that the young Lord would give place. At last, weary with waiting, he said, "A fair good even, my Lord; I wish to pass onward." Lord Dalveen started, he looked up, and observing Halliday, leaped to the stream-bank, saying, "Pass onward, Sir—I owe you an apology for allowing my absence of mind to detain you."

When Halliday had passed over, acknowledging with a slight inclination of the head as he went, the courtesy of Lord Dalveen, the latter said, with a voice denoting the deep interest he felt in the question, "Did you see it, Sir—did you see it?"—"See it?—see what? my Lord," replied Halliday; "I know not how to answer you." He pointed to the way along which the other had come, saying, "Saw you nothing there?—one minute ago it stood by this brook side—I saw it, and I felt it—and along that way it went." "Along that way I came," said the other, "but I saw nothing better or worse than your Lordship and myself—I wish you good even." Lord Dalveen motioned him to stay, and, glancing his eye on him, said, with a low voice, "My name is Thomas of Dalveen—what is thine?" "Mine," answered the other, "is Thomas Halliday—but what mean you, my Lord?" Dalveen seized his hand, and shook it with much eagerness—his eyes

sparkled—his face brightened up—and he exclaimed, "What! a Halliday of old Corehead?—by the light of heaven I took ye for something less substantial. But what make ye here so late, my gallant borderer? Some two hundred years ago, had a Lord of Dalveen met a Halliday in this place he would have quaked for his castle-gate. I seize upon thee here as a waif—as a wandering knight within the enchanted ground of my old moth-eaten castle, and to my castle shalt thou go. There shall a certain sorceress give thee charmed meat and drink, and there shalt thou be held in durance till day-light. So come away, 'Tom Halliday, my sister's son so dear,' as the Wight Wallace says, according to the blind old minstrel who sang for food and raiment."

Halliday was pleased with this allusion to his warlike ancestor—"My Lord," said he, "you speak pleasantly and I thank you. You ask me, what make I here? —a man, my Lord, who has no land of his own must sometimes walk on his neighbour's. Now, some such light answer will you return should I ask you, what make you here, dripping like a water-deity—gazing wildly round you—your dress disordered, and a strange humour upon you for asking strange questions? To all this you will answer with some light and pleasant words —and so part we friends."

The young nobleman smiled as he replied, "Nay, now, Tom Halliday, I shall answer with no light speech. I have seen the dead—conversed with the dead—withstood the dead—and felt the force of the dead—call you that light speech, 'My sister's son so dear?'" "Your words are grave," replied the other, "but your manner is mirthful,—and yet I see now there is something serious in it. Do you wish me to understand you, Lord Dalveen? I am a poor reader of riddles—"

"This is no riddle after all," said his Lordship. "There was an old grey-headed man who died at sunset—he lived in the Howlet-howe, and had a daughter who committed folly with one I shall not name, and she went mad. Now this old man sickened and died, as I told you, and clerks would say, there was an end of him; but wise clerks may make mistakes as well as

others. For this grey old man met me on this spot, to-night, in person or in spirit. By heaven, Halliday, I saw him as plain as I now see you—heard him speak such words as flesh and blood utter, and felt him too—I could not have believed the rest without the assurance of touch. Touch, did I say?—it was a touch that struck me as powerless as a new-born babe, and hurled me into the brook with the force of a thunderbolt. I saw him as he came on, Halliday—a grim and fiery shadow—I sank, nerve and soul, and the spirit or devil passed on. Well, you see, Tom Halliday, the spirit is gone, and the hour of weakness with it. These airy shapes, which our consciences call up, are but the shadows of our fancy, or our folly and why should we fear the work of our own hands? When your fancy and mine, Halliday, are ridden post by guilt and remorse——"

"I beg, Lord Dalveen," said Halliday, "when you speak of fancies being attended on by guilt and remorse, that you will speak in the first person. I am not ambitious of admission into such fellowships—and more, I do not merit it. Neither spirits from the other world, nor those of a guilty conscience, ever follow in the train of a Halliday." And haughtily he drew himself up, and bent his eyes, of keen and kindling blue, on the darker eyes of Dalveen.

"Indeed, my hasty and conscientious friend," replied Lord Dalveen, "you mistake me. I wish not to offend the dignity of a nature which demeans itself to the unknightly office of tending sheep. I spoke critically—employing the critical *we* which modest men use when they hazard an opinion of which they are dubious—when they say some splendid thing which they wish to share with the community. I meant no offence, Tom, and so my apology is made and accepted. Well, and how promise the lambs for Lockerby?—and how looks the fleece under the sheers? You are desirous to be gone I see—no wonder, my pastoral friend; it is the hour when the night-fox comes abroad, and you tremble for your threescore lambs,—a fair inheritance."

"My Lord," said the borderer, in a temperate and even tone, though his blue eyes emitted an angry light

—"the Halliday lost his land, and was reduced to watch flocks that were not his own on the hills that once called him lord—his lands passed from him when the crown passed from the heads of the Stuarts to heads more deserving. He became poor but not unworthy. When did a Halliday commit such gross evil as makes the dead come from the winding-sheet—or brings spirits of injured parents from their place to avenge a daughter's wrongs? You have raised the dead, my Lord; beware how you stir up the living." And he folded his arms, and stood with a look determined and resolute.

"Upon my soul," said the young Lord, "I think all the gentlemen with whom I have the honour to meet have supped on gun-powder. For a hasty compliment which the plebeian could not comprehend, I was obliged to measure swords with a self-admiring peasant,—a seafaring personage, who was got behind the tapestry, and littered behind the hedge; and who, in a breath redolent of smuggled gin, spoke of honour, and twenty things else, with which he had no more ado than with the moon, and less—for the sea on which he sails is under her influence. That staved off, not settled, here comes a tup of the same flock,—a fiery man of the mountains, with his courage kindled by kitted whey; and he too must have his picked words and his chosen. I shall soon have affairs of honour with all the ploughmen in the parish, and receive regular challenges by the register-book."

"That was spoken my Lord," answered Halliday, "in your Lordship's ordinary scornful way; you are in the daily practice of insulting all with whom you meet; you presume too much on your old descent; men grow weary of hereditary insolence. I am yet to learn that superior worth gives you a right to be haughty. Be more meek, my Lord, be more kindly in your nature, and when you fall, you will at least be pitied, not despised. That is your way,—this is mine,—farewell."

He had gone a step or two, when Lord Dalveen laid his hand on his arm. "Halliday," said he, "you

have spoken honestly, perhaps wisely, and I thank you for your reproof, sharp though it be, and for your plain advice. I have, indeed, that folly which you have reproved,—a folly which I cannot master,—which comes upon me in the gravest moments as well as the merriest,—and, like a nettle among warm milk, curdles up all that is kindly in my nature, poisons all my friendships, and arms all men against me."

"And why, young nobleman," answered Halliday, "since you know yourself so well, do you not restrain your infirmity of temper? It needs but the exertion of the nobler qualities of your character. It is widely felt, that you have talents equal to the task of retrieving the fallen fortunes of your family: why misuse the boon of heaven? The army, the navy, the church, the bar, and the senate,—all are open to the lowest in rank. But when rank and genius go hand in hand, there is no resisting the union. You will be welcomed as never man was welcomed; the fame of your ancestors, ay their misfortunes too, will arise to aid and carry you on, and your name, instead of darkening the page of some wild tale, or adorning some fireside tradition, will shine in history—and no one would rejoice more in your change than he who speaks thus plainly."

Lord Dalveen made answer, "You have, indeed, spoken plainly, Sir, and you have spoken sensibly; your temperate enthusiasm, and your prudence and excellent good sense, tell me I see in you the restorer of your family name. With me it is far otherwise. When nature gave me the power which you have perceived in me, and which I know I possess, she cursed the good gift by giving, at the same time, a restlessness of spirit, which will never let me be at ease,—a thirst for knowledge, which makes me drink at every fountain, forbidden or blessed,—a scorn of man, and all his hopes and fears, pursuits and institutions,—a belief in the dispensing power of rank,—and an utter disregard of all that is of humble condition—of lowly estate. In me there is a bitter spirit which has left me without a friend, and without deserving one."

"Surely, my Lord, you wrong nature," rejoined

Halliday, "in loading her with the reproach of your acquired dislikes. Look well on the world, and you will find much in the peasantry of this land to love and to reverence.—But I have already said too much.—I wish you good even, my Lord, and a better errand than that on which you have been to-night;" and he went on his way, awaiting no more conversation.

"Mine errand he could but guess," muttered Lord Dalveen to himself, as he sauntered homewards; "and I shall not forego a long-settled purpose, because he suspects me. With what insolent license of tongue has he advised and admonished me!—what a capital idea he has now of his own sense!—a man alway arms his vanity in his own behalf, and makes pride render a bright account to conscience of his conduct and disposition. Here's a fellow with no more wisdom than may enable him to fall asleep in the church,—who imagines himself a wise man,—and from this time evermore will he go about inflicting his counsel on all who have patience and meekness like mine. This now is one of Paul's spirits, whom he is trying to work into a fine heroic philanthropic devotion; but Tom Halliday is of a nature far too stubborn to receive the impression,—he has a mind of his own, and will think for himself and for others too. Paul should seek for hearts and hands, and let the heads alone; and yet with all his courage and talents, his vision of liberty and equality will end in the realities of slavery and blood." As he thought this, he entered his castle-gate, hastened to his chamber, and, throwing himself on a couch, fell into a slumber, from which he did not awaken till the morning was advanced.

The sun had not yet risen; but his ascent was announced by innumerable quivering lines of golden light, which, gathering strength with every moment of time, began to illuminate sea and land with that refreshing and dewy lustre, visible only to those who rise from sleep, and see the hares retiring to the cover, and the wild birds, stretching their wings and pluming their bosoms, rejoicing in the returning day. A grey-haired shepherd might be seen gazing from his dwell-

ing towards the glowing east,—the glance of a half-dressed girl might be detected at the opening door, or the half-shut casement, while the sedater matron, emerging wholly on the little green before her cottage, blessed the fresh sweetness of the summer morn. A more inquisitive eye might have detected the lover gliding homeward by some unfrequented path, from visiting his mistress ; or observed the solitary bird of the lake, the long-necked heron, alighting on his accustomed stone, and, with a sluggish wing, but an active eye, watch the dartings of the trout, or the windings of the eel. Another glance, and the bird might take the eye, as he snatched his victim with a dart and a plunge, and soared into the air to feed his twin young ones, in some old and inaccessible tree.

There was one little solitary spot on which the morning light seemed always willing to break, where a small cottage stood, the thrifty smoke of which rose into the morning air before the smoke of other houses. A small window, too, facing the eastern sun, wreathed about with honeysuckle, white round the border as winter snow, and shining like polished silver, might meet the eye at the same moment that it met the sun. For those who looked through it on this morning with the sun, there was a sight so fair, so composed, so entirely innocent, and so inexpressibly lovely, as might justify the lingering love of the luminary. This was the home of Maud Paul,—and the window gave light to a little chamber where that maiden lay.

Those who see beauty attired in all the attractions of dress, her person adorned according to the fashionable humour of the day, with her patches, paint, and jewels on, see but half of her loveliness. Those who had seen Maud on this summer morning would have felt in a moment how surpassingly lovely simple beauty is. She was in her chamber slumbering on a bed with curtains of brown, and sheets like unsunned snow. Pressing the downy undulation lay the maiden herself, a smile dawning on her parted lips, her dark tresses gushing in clustering masses over her heaving bosom and naked shoulder and lying in an armful around,

while one of her feet, small and plump and white, and formed at once for beauty and activity, escaped from the sheets, and revealed an ancle such as visits the eye of Chantrey in one of his happy moments.

The disarray of the bed, the disorder of her head-gear, and the glowing agitation of her face, showed that her sleep had been broken and restless. The sun at first glimmered faintly on the wall, and she covered her eyes with her arm; but when he came broader and brighter, and filled all the little room with light, she arose and opened the window; while the sunny air, smelling of flowers, ran round the room. She sat down on the bed-side, and thus communed with herself.

"Was it a dream, or was it a vision, or was it the voice of man, which came crying in the dark and dead hour of the night, saying, 'Beware, Maud Paul, beware?' I saw, or rather thought I saw, a strange light in my chamber, my window seemed to open, and an aged man looked in, and said,—'Beware, Maud Paul, beware.'" She sat for a minute's space, then, falling on her knees and holding her hands before her face, she said,—"God of my fathers, I thank thee for this warning voice; thou hast sent one of thy blessed spirits to say that evil awaits me. I humble myself in thy presence, and I ask thy aid. A courage which comes but from thee has hitherto sustained me in sore trials; nature was strengthened and never quailed for a moment. Save me from vanity of heart, from pride of understanding, from self-sufficiency, which deceives the more the greater that our trust is. If it be thy will that danger shall overtake me, let it not overcome me. Take, O take not from me, in the moment of peril, that presence of mind, and firmness of purpose, which preserves the body from abasement and keeps the mind free." And, arising and binding up her locks, and attiring herself, she sought her mother, and found her busied by her in-door arrangements; and, assisting her with a ready and a dexterous hand, the house was soon set all in morning order.

Her mother looked on her with a sigh, and said,—

"Evil news, my daughter, will find us soon,—late yestreen I saw the sure messenger of death,—I sat on the bench of stone, just as the moon descended when I beheld it,—we shall hear of the decease of some near friend soon,—the messenger that came was a certain one and sure."—"Alas! mother," said Maud, "we have no relations in blood,—we have no friends in friendship, and for whom can the messenger of death come, but for one of us? Oh! my young, my gallant brother, alas! it can mean but you,—a raging wind and a faithless sea, and I behold you no more. Oh! many a comely face the sea makes pale and wan, and many a mother and sister it covers with sorrow as with a shroud. Oh! Dumfries, when I was lately in thy streets I saw the sweep of many a mother's mourning gown, and I beheld tears in many a sister's eye. Wo, wo to them whose hearts are on the deep!—the thunder-cloud,—the raging storm, the burning sun, the fiery air, the pestilent shores, and the fierce enemies,—wo, wo to them whose hearts are on the deep!"

"Daughter," said Prudence, "see that thine own heart wander not seaward. The messenger of death which came last night came not from the sea,—the sorrow, is a land sorrow and maun be borne since it cannot be avoided. I saw at first, a faint and twinkling light, come along the path to our door; but as it came nigh I beheld in the midst of the light the thin and uncertain figure of an old man, who waved his hand and made a feeble cry, and then passed like the passing wind."

"Mother," said Maud, "and what did he cry?—it is not for naught the messenger of death is endowed with speech."—"Its cry, Maud, my love, shaped not itself into express words; but we must profit by the admonishment,—by the warning which Heaven has sent to us; and, if we should interpret the cry into a warning for me to lead a life of holiness and self-denial, and to thee to beware of thyself amid the sins and seductions which abound in the land, we ought to obey the voice, and be thankful to him who sent it."—"Mother," said Maud, "I also saw a light, and the form as of an old grey man; and cold, cold he seemed,

and feeble was his cry, and his cry was,—'Beware, Maud Paul, beware.'"—"Now the God aboon forbid it, my child, that thine eyes saw, or thine ears heard, such a thing. Oh, wo's me, wo's me!—so soon to part with my pretty flower, even in the unfolding of its blossom,—so soon to lose the light of mine eyes and the life-drops of my heart!" And tears gushed down her cheeks, and her whole frame trembled.

"Mother," said Maud, linking her white arms around her neck, "why are you thus troubled?—the light was but some erring meteor, and the voice some imaginary sound. I am not sure that I saw it. I was surely slumbering when it came, and you know how full of wild imaginings broken slumber is."—"Ah! Maud, Maud," sobbed her mother, "when the messenger of death is seen by two of a house, it has a sure and a twofold meaning! It comes to warn them, when it comes at the dead hour of night, of a sudden separation. Oh! my daughter,—my fair, my lovely daughter born in sorrow and in joy, and nursed on the milk of my bosom, are we to be parted so soon! Parted by death shall we soon be, or by some evil chance. This world abounds in oppression and injustice; the weak aye comes by the wrong; and youth and beauty are beset with dangers as the thistle-bloom is beset with thorns, not to guard, alas! but to destroy."

"It was only a warning, mother," said Maud; "there is no assurance of death or other sorrow,—Heaven would never warn us of evil, unless it gave us power to avoid it, or foil it, if we wished. How do ye distinguish between sorrow which comes from the sea and that about to befall us by land?" "When death is to happen," answered Prudence, with a sigh, "we are forewarned by one of those spectral appearances which we call wraiths; sometimes it comes like a white shroud, sometimes like a wild and flickering light, but most frequently in the express image of the person who is doomed to die. If it tell of sorrow by sea, the shroud seems wet, and its colour is like sleet; but if it forebode evil by land, it seems dry and as white as snow. The warning light which announces death by storm, or

naval battle, has a watery gleam, is clearer and brighter than that which speaks of sorrow by land, and shines like the moon new escaped from a rain-cloud, and beaming through air filled with moistness and dew. The warning which comes in the likeness of the sufferer by sea rises upon us in the semblance of a shadow shivering and dripping with water. The warning of death by land—"

Here she paused; for a slow and heavy foot was heard on the stony pathway which connected the cottage with the fields. Prudence, without lifting up her eyes, said, "Here he comes, the confirmer of last night's vision,—now prepare for sorrow and tears,—oh, my fair son, my fair son!"

The messenger who approached seemed a man not overcharged with wo,—a hale and blithe old bodie, on whose easy and contented face sorrow had ever sat light. His blue broad bonnet had felt many a change of season,—his ribbed hose and well-patched shoes had gone on many an errand of wae and joy,—and lest he should be charged with waste of time as he walked from house to house with a funeral-warning or a wedding-notice, he knitted hose as he went, and the most perilous speed he thought prudent to exert never prevented him from lifting a loop, or casting the back-seam.

"Here he comes, mother," said Maud, "the district-messenger, old Archie Moffat; I cannot guess by his looks whether he bears tidings of mirth or wo. I rather think now they are of sorrow, for he seems pleasanter than usual."—"O whisht, whisht, my child, say naething in lightness!—some near friend is in misery, if we have escaped."

"A braw morning, Dame Paul," said the old messenger; "if this weather hauds, the fowls o' the air will soon have feasting;—I saw ripe rye at Thunderam. Ah, Maud, my bonnie lady, are ye there? Ye maun ken I was at Pate Macmurdo's yestreen, to ca' the crack and weave our stocking, as the fule man's rhyme rins, and wha should be there but Davie Dickson of Knocksting, a braw young lad wi' a wide inheritance,

—fine for the breed of mire-snipes, and the growth of cranberries. But I have looten down a loop in Peg Paisley's stocking, whilk I maun lift up again,—the quean's no so white o' the leg that she would like to show it through a fallen loop. Weel, we're tight and right again. What was I talking about?—ou aye—ye never saw a merrier bridal,—there stood the minister, and there the bride and bridegroom. I wonder Jenny Wilson took him,—but fate's fate. I was weaving my stocking at their lug, and saw it a'. The bridegroom took the bride's hand,—and tee hee, quo' ane, and snirt, quo' anither, and lang Tam Mackinnah laughed loud,—a capital gaffa,—even I crammed my stocking into my mouth, needles, and a',—it was wiser to do that than anger the minister. And what think ye they had done?—joined the left hand instead of the right; as bad as Jamie Steenson, that married the bride's-maid instead of the bride, and never kenned o't till Willie Rodan tauld him as he went to be kirked. But that's no a'; I'm tauld that it took three strong men to bed him, and that he was seen chapping before the cock crew at his mother's door, shivering in his sark, and part o' his raiment in his hand,—and that's twa dreigh miles from the bridal chamber. Trouth, folk say he took fright at something;—I think I'm daft myself,—I have missed to cast the back-seam as I'm a sinner." He corrected this mistake, and proceeded—

"Now I think on't,—now I think on't,—I'm sent to tell ye that John Joysan of Howlet-howe's dead. He fell into a dwam at five o'clock yestreen,—gat a gliff o' his senses and supped gruel,—read gude beuks till seven,—prayed with Robin Telfer, the elder, till eight,—fell into a slumber till nine,—wakened raving at ten,—talked o' naething but his bonnie haluket daughter till eleven,—then fell into a dovering sleep, and soughed on till twal, and then the spirit fled. And sae my errand's done, and I maun off like a flaff of wind to tell the tidings to John Corrie of Barnfloshan, and to Willie Rodan of Langbank, and to Andrew Lorimer of Langmire, and a score mae. The sun will be

on the sea lang before I've done, and I'm black-fasting, —a messenger like me should be a fowl o' the air, that stays his wing whenever he sees something to eat."

Maud Paul was in a moment at his side, and his eyes expanded with joy as he accepted from her hands a present of food equal to the rapacity of three mowers. "Now fair fall ye, my sweet lass," said the ancient messenger; "a white hand should aye be full, for it's aye weel gi'en. This mouthful now o' God's living will keep soul and body frae separating till I reach the house of Birkenbicker, where I shall have my seven-staved cog, with something warm and cozie;" and away he went knitting on his way, to spread the tidings of death from bower to hall.

CHAPTER VIII.

" And now they pass the rocky howe,
Where binwood bushes o'er them grow,
And move around the rising knowe,
Where, far away,
The kirk-yard trees are seen to grow,
By the water brae."

THOMAS TELFORD.

To the little lonesome house of Howlet-howe, standing in a green vale about two measured miles from the castle of Dalveen, a number of horsemen were seen riding about the eleventh hour of the day. Each man rode apart, and was dressed in black; they spoke not to each other, and their horses seemed not unconscious of the solemn errand on which their owners were bound, for they trudged sedately forward, nor arched the neck, nor neighed a recognition, but comported themselves by the example of their masters. Around the house purchased sorrow had hung out none of those external symbols of the grief within, by which the afflicted inhabitants of cities tell their sorrows to the

world, after the manner of a telegraphic despatch.—No hearse, plentifully showered o'er with tears larger than the eyes of an ogress could shed,—and no sentinels of wo, with craped hats and plumed staves, told that mirth was absent, and that John Joysan was laid out for the gaping grave. It required little sagacity to discover that the house was the abode of sorrow, and that an equestrian burial procession was about to begin,—a mode of sepulture still common to the lowlands, and peculiar, I believe, to the country.

In moments less grave than those of which I speak, the vale of Howlet-howe, narrow and limited as it was, possessed charms which few could resist the temptation of examining. During the flourishing days of the ancient church it had been a sanctified place; and the liberality of opulent pilgrims had adorned it with a little chapel of Saxon architecture, and had extended a screen of the richest carving over a well, which sprung out of a rock of lime-stone. The scanty stream which leaped from the rock was so slender, that it would have passed through a lady's ring; but it was caught in its fall in a small trough, once bordered with solid silver, and borne up at the corners by four winged angels. To this well the church of Rome attributed the recovery of a holy monk from a wasting fever; and its water, too, had slaked the thirst of the first preacher who brought to the people of Galloway the tidings of the gospel. This was fame enough. The rich man, and the man of sin, came for the comfort of a cup of its water, and the prudent priest, as he held the vessel to their lips, reminded them of the vanity of riches, and the good things of this life, compared to the health which the blessed fountain gave; and a large donation might either display their liberality, or a sense of the sin they sought to expiate, or the value which they put upon health. The church contrived to guard its riches with a spell more potent for a time than a man with spear and sword. The priests impressed the public mind with the belief, that whoso stole the offerings which the afflicted in body or in spirit made would be stricken with the like disease in body, and in the spirit

have to answer in fire for the same sin from which those who made the donations had been freed.

All this fabric of masonry and superstition fell to the ground: the rough hammer of reform was laid to the building while knowledge was applied to the belief, and both were crushed in the experiment. The little spring still leaped out of the rock, though the silver brim and the carved saints were gone; but the crutch of the lame, and the garment of the sick, still told that the superstition had not wholly departed, and that some of the peasantry believed in the holy power of the well. A vale richly cultivated, and the remains of an extensive orchard and garden, showed how wisely the followers of the old worship laid out their riches.

The house to which the mourners were proceeding stood within a quoit-cast of this ancient well. Silence reigned all around. The farm-horses were released from labour, the thrasher's flail was mute, and the cows came in a crowd to the byre-door to be released of their burdens of milk,—it was past the milking hour. The travelling merchant gazed for a moment down the road, then plodded on in quest of a better market; and the vacant-minded boy ceased his whistling, and went at a sedater pace; while a crowd of public mendicants, smelling the funeral abundance from afar, hasted, with many a forced cough and professional groan, to the burial of the goodman of Howlet-howe.

On the floor of the hall, or farm kitchen, milk-pails, pots, chairs, tables, basins, wheels, reels, ladles, and spoons, lay and stood in seven-fold confusion. A thunderbolt seemed to have fallen upon those who had the arrangement of the house; for universal disorder reigned, and the cat, sitting on the top of the settle, told by her disordered fur, her long and melancholy mew, mew, how much she disliked this unwonted sight. On one side of the projecting chimney sat an old female domestic, her mutch close pinned under her chin, and a fragment of a plaid fastened about her shoulders. An untouched piece of burial-bread lay before her, and an untasted glass of wine stood at her side, while her heart-stricken look was fixed on a vacant chair, under-

neath which lay an old chase-dog, grey and toothless with age.

On the other side, exactly opposite, sat old Archie Moffat; his bonnet was laid aside, a table stood before him piled with empty dishes, while at his feet lay bones and crumbs; and the grease on his chin, and the unsubsided foam on his lip, told that he had not been idle. A tankard emptied of its ale, and a cup of its wine, sat nigh this laborious personage, while his yet unsatisfied eye rested upon the wine-cup which stood beside the old domestic.

The chamber at the other end of the house was prepared in a different manner. The walls were hung round with linen as white as the gowans on which it was bleached, and the floor was strewn with herbs and flowers. In the middle of the chamber a small platform was raised; on this a coffin was placed, covered with a velvet pall or mort-cloth, and over it was showered the blossoms of flowers and the tops of the sweetest herbs. At the head of the coffin sat a venerable woman, as motionless as the body which she sat beside, her hands were clasped over her knees, and her eyes were never moved from the ground. Around, in various groups, were seated her female friends and neighbours, who proposed to occupy the chamber till the mourners should gather. The presence of death failed to impose silence;—they sat conversing in audible whispers,—a popular mode of communication when reputations, dead or living, are about to be handled. Out of such an ordeal few characters escape without loss,—leaving as a lamb leaves in the brier-bush, a handful of wool on every thorn.

"I think, neighbour Gladstane," said a wrinkled matron, "our neighbour John Joysan's won blessedly away. He hasna left mickle family happiness behind him: his wife is frail, and has the rhumatize, and is as deaf as the door nail; and his daughter Grace is a fule, besides ither faults. This drop wine's right gude, and that burial-cake's no meikle to be fauted, though baked o' heated wheat and saut butter."

"In trouth, Janet Stobbie," responded Dame Glad-

stone, "ye may weel say that. John Joysan's better whare he is, in Abram's bosom—among the blest—where dear Andrew Lorance, my last husband, is. He has had his ain troubles, poor man; his daughter's folly might have made dissension between twa bosom-banes. But I'se try this wine,—wine call ye it?—it's as fizzenless as skimmed milk,—and yet it may cure me o' the cough—it's gude for the fling-strings, and shortness o' breath, and they are all of a kin, ye ken." And, setting down a large glass, which she had emptied at a couple of sips, she said, "Fiegh, it's as sour as slaes. I wonder what makes fowk gie sic wersh dribs o' drink as this at a dredgie. But ought will gang down when the tear's in the ee. An' have ye heard ought, woman, of a sight seen—a spirit that appeared in a certain place? Somebody gat a douking, and somebody gat a fright. I thought the goodman of Howlet-howe was a douce man, who wad hae scorned to come back to scare the living like a long-nebbit thing. Nanse Candlish, have ye heard ought on't, woman?"

"Heard!" answered this third authority; "wha hasna heard? Here's Peg Purdie, wha has seen, or as gude as seen, and that's the same thing,—she'll tell ye a' about it,—she's no so bird-mou'd. Will ye no say awa, Dame Purdie?—It was chappit twal—the cricket had sung itself asleep—the light was dying in the cruse—when ye saw, or thought ye saw—Come, woman, tell the tale,—my certie, it's a queer ane."

"Ye may tell the tale yourself, Luckie Candlish," said Dame Purdie; "I'm no obliged to see visions that ye may take the tale out o' ane's mouth. If I did see an eldritch light on my chamber-floor, and a face glowr in at my back-winnock, wi' een like pewter plates, and teeth like harrows, I'm no obliged to tell the tale to ilka ane I see, nor will I. See sights for yoursel, woman; and if ye didna see them, ye can say ye have seen them,—ye have done that afore now, Dame Candlish."

"Say I see sights!" exclaimed Dame Candlish, "if it were not for the presence o' the dead I could tell a braw tale about the living. If naught kythed, Dame

Purdie, atween Edie Bazely the sklater and you, the greater was your sin. If ye had been an honest woman it would have kythed.

In the midst of this disjointed gossip, the widow Elspa Joysan, who sat silent at the head of the coffin, rose and said,—"There he lies cold whose heart was ever warm for me. For thirty years have I lain by his side,—soon shall I be united to him again; and in all that time have I never had an angry word from his lips, or an angry glance from his eye. In the vanity of my heart, I said such a man does not merit sorrow; but my vanity has been punished where I could bear it the worst; the frailty of ae fair creature has sent my husband's grey head with sorrow to the grave." A loud sob startled all present—no one could imagine from whence it came—and the widow went on with her wail.

"It is now seven months since our shame was publicly known; and my husband prayed that he might be strengthened, and he read Scripture, and fasted, and fell sick, and wandered by the burnbanks, and the wood sides, and on the wild shore, and the hill-tops; but no peace could he find. And he sat down in his chair, and spoke none for six days; and, when he opened his lips, he said, 'Oh! my daughter.' And then he rose and yoked the plough, and went to draw a furrow through the Wildrake-mire, and so we brought him home; but he got up in the night, and saddled a horse, and gallopped to Siddick kirk-yard, and called on the bedral to open the gate, for a corse was coming." Another loud sob startled the hearers. The widow went on,—

"And he waxed wild and wilder, and waur and waur, till the day he died, when his senses grew settled, and he took my hand, and we kneeled down together, and he prayed a prayer that thrilled through my heart, for he had a gift like ony minister. And he lay down on his bed, and fell into a deep sleep—he breathed free—a gentle sweat moistened his brow; and, as I was sair forefoughten, and sick of heart, I lay down at the bed-foot, and I dreamed a dream. I

thought I sat with my husband on a bank of flowers, and we looked in other's eyes, and were happy; and he said unto me,—'I am commissioned to preach unto the daughters of God the follies of the sons of men;' and he took his grey mantle about him, and his staff in his hand, and went on his way. And I saw him not for some time,—it was past midnight,—and I heard a groan, and my name named, and I arose; and, oh, the hand of death was upon my husband,—he was cold, and breathed not. Oh! soon shall this frail body wear the long linen garment like his."

The sound of horses' feet was now heard, and of riders alighting; and the chamber was filled by a score or so of the sedate old men of the parish,—the friends or coevals of John Joysan. The women arose, and retired to a small closet, from whence they might have the benefit of a speech from the lips of John Cargill the Cameronian.

This district-worthy placed himself at the head of the coffin,—the friends gathered round,—the old man uncovered a head white as December snow, and the starting words of the prayer were on his lips, when the door opened, and Lord Dalveen entered the chamber. He was dressed in a suit of costly black,—a mourning cloak was fastened around his neck, and reached nigh the floor, and all the external symptoms of seriousness were stamped on his looks. He uncovered himself reverently—walked up to the coffin—bowed his head for a short while, and appeared to pray. John Cargill eyed him with a look sharp and suspicious; he then closed his eyes, and prayed or rather preached aloud.

"And what came ye hither to see?—the body that contained the living spirit from God—the habitation that lodged a mind and a heart—it lies there in ruins before you;—the mind has ceased its functions—the heart can beat no more—and cold, damp, and unsavory, it goeth to rottenness and to dust. And is this all ye have come to behold? If this be all that the chamber of death can teach you, turn away and depart, for to

you I speak not. When the husbandmen chooseth his seed, and commits it to the well-cultivated earth, and the harrow hath covered it, and the rain hath descended upon it, what doeth he look for? If he hath done his duty, he may look for the green blade of barley to bear dew on the third day. This is the type of death—a figure of the resurrection. That body before you is the chosen seed—we bear it to the earth—we lay it reverently in—the spirit of the Lord cometh, and calleth with a voice which the dead alone hear, and on the third day it arises to judgment, and receives the reward of virtue. Ye come, then, to see what in three days will become a ministering spirit—one of those blessed shapes which the prophet saw clothed in immortal raiment, and bowing the head in meekness before the divine presence.

"And what assurance have you, that your fellow-worm will be one of God's chosen spirits? A meet question; listen, and I shall tell you. This mortcloth which I hold in my hand covers the body of John Joysan; seventy years and more has he sojourned on earth. Simple-minded was he and single-hearted; a lover of man—of woman—of stripling—of suckling—of bird—of beast—and of creeping thing. An adorer was he of the true God—a faithful worshipper and a constant worker in the way of holiness. He was no eye-servant of the Most High; one constant at church for the sake of the good name it brought; a lip-worshipper, because devotion was a thing profitable on the earth. He was pious by nature—pious by reason—pious by belief—and piety called forth all the charities of his heart, and made him happy and cheerful. Piety was unto him the balm of gladness and joy. He was sedate in his mirth, and meek in his humour; and he sang our pleasant sangs, and danced among the maidens when he was seventy, like one of seventeen. Judge ye, therefore, if I have claimed more than his reward when I claimed for him bliss everlasting. There he lies—draw ye all nigh and behold him,—how calm and holy like he looks,—quietly did the spirit go which

left the body so saint-like as this." And he laid back the mortcloth as he spoke, and showed the body, laid out cold, pale and placid. The old man proceeded:—

"There lies an honest and an upright man; look ye all on him. Beware that ye misdeem me not. I said not that he went in gladness and in joy to the dust, and that his home was ever a place of happiness and holiness. Alas! such bliss was not his portion. His home was haunted by an evil spirit—a demon flew into his little paradise, and plucked the last apple which grew on the tree of life. I speak in figures—it is a modest mode of reproach—an honest way of instruction and reproof. But if ye think I speak thus darkly from fear of insolence or of violence, ye know not John Cargill. Stand forth, Thomas, whom men call Lord Dalveen; I accuse you, before the judgment seat of God, of the death of him who lies before you. Behold that pale brow and those white hairs!—you have brought them to the dust in sorrow and shame; you have wrecked the holy man's hope and the good man's trust, and you come to gaze on the ruin you have wrought, and to glory in your iniquity. Look on him there where he stands!—the last of a brave and noble name,—believe not his manly look—trust not his elegant form—he has come as Satan came of old among the sons and daughters of men to mock and betray." He paused, his brow kindled, his eyes lightened, he held his hands up, and exclaimed, "O spirits of an ancient and warlike line, ye who founded the house of Dalveen in honour and in virtue, look down and behold to what it hath now come; the brightness of your day is descending into eternal darkness!"

During this bold speech, Lord Dalveen gazed alternately on the dead body and on the speaker; his anger, which all men expected to be fierce, burned neither on cheek nor brow; two drops trembled but fell not from his long dark eye-lashes, and a momentary convulsion shook him. All present were struck with his fine form, and thought how well the mourning weeds became him; their natures began to relent, (such is the influence of youth and rank,) and, before Cargill had con-

cluded, he was blamed internally for turning a prayer into an engine of denunciation and reproach.

"Old man," said Lord Dalveen, "you have spoken well, and you have spoken wisely. Well, because you have spoken wholesome truth; and wisely, because had you uttered only what was agreeable you had betrayed your trust. I esteem you for your courage and your eloquence. It would have been better for my unhappy house had such monitors been always at its side; and well would it be yet, if I had the grace, and the fortune, to lay up your words in my heart, and learn to be wise and prudent. Yet I come not, as you bitterly said, like Satan of old among the children of men to tempt them to perdition; neither do I come to insult an unhappy family with my presence after the wrong my folly has done it. But I come as one who has greatly erred,—I come with a prayer on my lips, that I may be allowed to follow the body of a good man to the grave, and behold him laid in the dust."

Something like a murmur of approbation followed this speech; and Lord Dalveen, placing himself at the head of the coffin, set his plumed hat on his head, adjusted his mantle, and seemed to wait in meekness the moment of removal. Two horses with sable furniture stood abreast at the door, with bridles interlaced, to receive the coffin; the other horses, two and two, stood ready, and a crowd of old men, old women, and children, stood motionless and silent, gazing on the funeral arrangements. The chief mourners had placed their hands on the coffin to lift it to the horses' necks, and the women had come forward from the little chamber to give their parting look and their farewell wail. They were stopt by a loud scream, and then by the appearance of Grace Joysan, who, with dishevelled hair and eyes wild and tear-wet, came from a small closet, and throwing herself on her father's coffin, clasped it in her arms and showered it over with tears.

"Grace, my own love," said her mother interposing, "why would you stay us now? See ye not that the funeral procession is ready, and know ye not—but, alas! ye know nothing now—that it is unsonsie—it is

ominous of evil, to stay a corse on the threshold. Come with me, Grace, my love;—alas! she heeds me not. Oh God restore her reason, that she may hide her head in shame, and not hold it up here as if it were as pure as the opening rose!"

Grace arose from the coffin, and looked in each face, —in the face of her mother the longest; a body laid out for the grave could not look more like death in eye and brow. At length she observed Lord Dalveen. If she was white as death before, she was ruddier than healthy life now—she went up to him and said, "And is this you? and am I not cheated with a shadow? Give me your hand, my Lord Thomas—Oh! not the right one—not the right one—it has been a faithless hand to me. But give me this innocent hand, it never did me harm; and I love it, and could know it among ten thousand." She took him by the left hand, and continued,—

"I knew your voice, for few voices are so sweet—o'er sweet for some one's peace they say. But then I hear ye speaking when folks say ye are far from home, and then they call me a carry't quean, and a daft lass, and other words that are less discreet. So I could not be sure that it was you I heard. Hearing deceives, so does the sight; but the touch—I never think ye touch me, save when ye are aside me." She then paused a moment, but still held him by the hand.—

"And this is him—it's he himself—I knew he would keep his word—I know him by this little finger; often have I held him by it when he was willinger to go than I was to let him.—Well may I laugh, for my own love's come at last—and what shall I do with him, mother, and where shall I put him? I'll put on my best bonnet and my flowered mantle, and the veil his own hand gave me, on a night I mind too well. O sweep the chamber, and strew flowers on the threshold, and put on a glancing coal-fire on the floor, for my own love's come, and well may I be merry. Go, cover the table with the white bread and the brown, for he was aye hamely, and let me pour out the drink with my own

hand, for well he knows it's a white one, and meikle has he praised it."

"O Grace, my sweet bairn," said her mother, "hold your peace,—such talk is awful. Be silent, and follow me into the chamber; there is a neck-lace there with which I must deck ye—your love has come hame, Grace—come, my bairn, and be decked to meet him."

Thus humoured in her madness, Grace let the hand of Lord Dalveen fall, and, following her mother, said, "The neck-lace was my true love's gift—and he said I looked like a lady in't as he laid it round my neck with his own hand. Meikle he praised my swan-white neck and my lily skin. I wish sometimes it had been less white, that I might have been happier. But I am to be Lady Dalveen now—here are the bridal folk come—and old John Cargill the Cameronian's going whigging away as blithe as if he were going to a hill-preaching. This now is one of my Jo's freaks—he laughs at douce John—and he laughs at the Bible—I wish he would not do that—he believes in nothing but the grave—so he has gathered two or three douce folk together, that our bridal might not be wholly heathen. But I'll go deck myself, and busk myself, and put on my catlets and petlets, and camrel-heeled shoon, and my lugbobs, and finger-rings, and my veil, and my neck-lace; and where shall ye see such a bonnie bride, or bridegroom either? Ah ha! what will Jane Crake say, and Jenny Jardine, and Phyllis Maxwell,—Lady Phyllis. But John Cargill—douce John, ride not off without me, else we may have to dive for ye in the darkest pool of Nith." She disappeared—the coffin was placed on the horses' necks—and the funeral procession went on its way.

The name of Joysan claimed descent from a family long before extinct in the parish of Caerlaverock; and their memory was preserved by two monumental stones, from which time and the folly of school-boys had obliterated a book and sword, and the chief part of the inscriptions. To sleep with his fathers was the wish of the old man; and, in order to accomplish this, it was

necessary to cross the Nith, some ten miles below Dumfries, or go by the town itself. As the tides in the Solway are strong, and the channel dangerous, from pool and quicksand, it was resolved that the mourners should pass over as soon as it was low-water: but the time was consumed, as I have related; and, as the motions of funerals are slow, and haste indecorous, the tide was on its way back ere the funeral descended the bank of the river. Lord Dalveen, who rode side by side with old Cargill the Cameronian, rose in his stirrups, looked around him, and remarked, "I warn ye, my friends, to move more rapidly—the Nith is no brook, but a dangerous and bloody stream—we have miles to ride before we touch green ground—the tide is already returning—I hear its murmuring afar off—let us speed across, else we may provide other morsels for the grave than the one we carry."

"Tell it not in Gath," said John Cargill, "that we carried the body of the wise and the good to the grave at an unblest trot. Is it a bridal we are bound to, that we must ride at a hand-gallop?—Are we to have the country's scorn, and the reproach of our own hearts, because we are afraid of a wet foot?" "Will you persuade us," said another of the mourners, "to the open folly of hurrying a corpse? There were sax steeds burst at the burial of the muckle Laird of Lamintone, and a' because they galloped with the body—for the mourners were mad with drink." "Besides," said a third personage, "Lord Dalveen will persuade us to spur forward, and then he will mock us, and make it matter of reproach, that we indecently hurried the dead. He is a mocker of all that is sedate—heed him not."

"My friends," said Lord Dalveen, "ride as slow as you please,— to me it matters little where or when I die. Those who will not ride for their lives are men of courage as well as obstinacy; I love such virtues. So let us move at the pace ordained for us, and the Solway may come if it dare." As he spoke, the funeral procession entered the water in a line, pair succeeding pair; they were seen passing onwards by many peasants

whom curiosity had brought to the rocks and knolls. Those acquainted with the dangerous nature of the ford, and who saw the swell of the coming tide in the distance, urged them onward with many a wave and shout; but, fortified in obstinacy by nature and superstition, they disregarded all warning, and moved on at a slow funeral-pace, though the water already stood nigh their spurs.

John Cargill, to whom the face of danger brought no fear, seemed to have a kind of secret satisfaction in detaining the procession. He suspected the sincerity of the young nobleman, and believed that he only accompanied them to observe character and pick up fresh matter for mirth. He had watched every motion of his head, and every glance of his eyes; and he imagined he saw a lurking devil of quiet enjoyment in his face, which his Lordship expected he had concealed under an exterior of deep gravity and sedate thought. All this displeased the old man, and he resolved to punish the scoffer, and lead him where he would find little matter for merriment. This was to be accomplished only by an obstinate adherence to what was in keeping with his own character; and his resolution he had already begun to put into practice. As they entered the stream, he said,—

"I love to go down, my Lord, into the deep stream,—into the rushing of many waters. But what do I see?—The stream runs backwards,—the little bubbles pass upwards,—and see that feather new dropt from yon cormorant's wing, it floats onwards to Dumfries, instead of going downwards to the ocean. There is a meaning in all this. I have heard my grandsire say, that, for a whole week before the battle of Bothwell-bridge, the stream shuddered and bubbled up blood, and ran backwards many a mile."

"But there is neither miracle nor omen here," said Lord Dalveen; "the coming tide presses the waters of the river back; and, if you will look steadily towards Barnhourie for a moment, you will see, beneath yon flock of sea-fowl advancing on the wing, a deep and foaming line of tide, out of which, with many a plunge,

they are picking a morsel. I can hear the deep murmur of its coming,—the swelling of the tide of Solway is a beautiful sight."

"Yes, young man," answered Cargill, "the ocean, whether swelling or falling, is a beautiful,—nay, a terrible sight. As the deep waters whirl around that little feather, so deal they with the mightiest works of man. Go, when the wind is awakened in a tempest,—when the lightning darts from the cloud, and the big rain descendeth, and look on man's mightiest works; even those floating towers, those magnificent palaces, called ships, they are but as grains of chaff amid the terrible element,—they seem placed there to show how great God is compared with the noblest works of man. Surely this river grows deeper as it grows older,—I have ridden in my youth through Caerlaverock ford, when the water did little more than moisten the dust on my horses' fetlocks; now it flows up to my spurs."

Lord Dalveen now began to think that the surest way of extracting amusement, worth the pain it had given him to personate repentance, would be to plunge the Cameronian into deep conversation, out of which he could not well escape till such a time as the tide had cut off his retreat,—trusting to the activity and vigour of his own horse, and his skill as a rider, to bear him safely through. With this charitable resolution at heart, he proceeded to try the experiment.

"It has been matter of wonder to me, John," said Lord Thomas, laying his bridle on his horse's neck, and moving onwards at a slow and tardy pace,—"it has often been matter of wonder with me, why the children of the covenanted church continue to worship God on the mountain-tops? It is a fair sight indeed to see devout people worshipping on a wild hill-side, with the bright heaven above them, and the wide world spread at their feet. But then, my friend, there are such casualties as wind, and rain, and hail. I have seen a black thunder-cloud shedding its mercies on the Faithful Remnant, as if they had been the nine grey stones of god Thor himself standing at Lincluden."

"You are a considerate and a sensible youth," said

Cargill, slackening his pace, "and speak well according to your own light. Descend from the hill of the covenant?—such a thing can never be. It is a beautiful thing to worship Heaven beneath the bright sky, and amid the free balmy air, compared to doing God homage in a painted chamber. Ah! little is his devotion who sits on a cushioned seat, and hears the gentle words of a well-powdered priest, with a carved roof above him and a carpet under his feet. If ye will worship God in spirit and in truth, leave your luxurious temples, and go to the wild desert. Kneel to him on the hard rock and on the hill of heather,—sit and hear his word preached with the green sod for a seat, on which it hath rained three nights and days. Then will men believe in your faith, and not till then."

"Of a truth," said Lord Thomas, "you have spoken as a devout man and a good poet. To hear a holy psalm come sounding down from the green hill-top,—to hear a devout man uttering a prayer by some romantic stream,—and to listen to a sermon scriptural, argumentative, and eloquent, preached when the lark and the plover are in the cloud above you, are to me far more moving and impressive, than when heard under a roof the work of man's hands. There it but one thing which hinders me from becoming a Cameronian."

"And what is that, Lord Thomas?" said Cargill, with a glance of mingled sincerity and suspicion.—"Why, simply this, my friend,—The persecution of men drove ye to the hills and to the caves; and while evil men ruled in the land, among the hills and holds it behoved ye to abide. But when the blessed long-prayed-for days came,—when the reign of the saints commenced, why came ye not down from your wild places, and why do you still expose your own grey hairs to the winter blast,—to rain, and hail, and snow? Age looks for a sheltered place and a soft warm pillow. Yours is a religion that requires health, and strength, and constant youth. As I cannot hope these blessings will abide with me, I am no Cameronian."

"The reign of the saints, Lord Thomas?" said Cargill,—"alas! kings reign, but not saints. My king

must be a covenanted king, and till him on the throne signs the covenant I have no king save Him of heaven. It was this which drove us to the mountains, and it is this which keeps us there. Keep your carved roofs from above me while I worship the God of the covenant."

"But," said the young nobleman, "this is a penance which seems not to be required of you. Nay, have I not often seen that your covenanted festival, instead of obtaining one of the brightest and balmiest days of June, was favoured with rain after its kind, and hail, while thunders muttered and lightnings flashed, and the bald bare heads of the old and devout were shining and smoking with the descending storm. Let me advise you, my friend to build a place of worship into which you can retire when the season forgets to smile, and shelter your grey hairs. And I, Thomas Lord Dalveen, will give you a plot of ground for your church,—even a little entire hill—free and freely, now and for ever."

This nearly overcame the suspicions of the Cameronian. He made a full halt in the middle of the stream, now deepening with the tide, and said,—"Now bless thee, Lord Thomas, for thy kindness to a poor and despised people,—may the curse pass from thy name, and mayest thou be the restorer of thy father's house." And he held out his hand to bestow his blessing, when in spite of all the extreme humility which Lord Dalveen assumed the sharp and keen Cameronian observed a scornful light glimmering in his arrogant eye; he drew back his hand, and continued his journey.

"Now, in the names of all the Scottish worthies," said one of the mourners who overheard all this discourse, "why linger we here, preaching sermons and building imaginary kirks, while the advance-couriers of the Solway's tide are coming upon us swelling and foaming? We are drowned men unless we use the spur." "And what is worse," said another, loud enough to be heard by Lord Dalveen,—"that eternal taunter, and doomed sinner and sower of mischief,—that top shoot of the black tree of perdition, is blinding and deluding

douce John Cargill with havers and boss holiness, for no better purpose than to see us squattering in the foam like sheldrakes. I never saw ony body, short of a devil, take such delight in grave and deliberate knavery as that Lord; and then he kens fu' weel he'll never drown,—when ye can burn Satan ye may drown a Dalveen. Their doom is of old standing—hemp and steel —hemp and steel."

The funeral now moved at a quicker pace, and it was beginning to be time. The tide was seen chafed into a line of foam at half a mile's distance,—the pellocks, black and unwieldy, came wallowing on, starting a foot above the water at every bound, while over them hovered a multitude of water-fowl, uttering a short shrill cry as every minute they descended on their prey. John Cargill neither quickened his pace, nor eyed the augmenting waters with the least appearance of alarm.

"The cry of these devouring birds, and the sough of these coming water," said he, "are each of them pleasant after their kind. It is an instructive sight to see the might of the Most High returning twice a-day to this little river. To behold it, Lord Thomas, start up at once from a narrow brook to a broad ocean—and from bearing bulrushes and the leaves of the forest on its bosom, bear those mighty creatures that feed upon fish, called pellocks, and those floating houses, bearing sugars and spices, called ships,—to behold it do all this is a sweet sight, I say, and an instructive." And, uttering those remarks, he moved on at the same dilatory pace, allowing the other mourners to gain ground on him two hundred yards and more.

To the bold and reckless heart of Lord Dalveen something like apprehension began now to make its approach. He felt the cold water mid-leg high, and he saw the first bar of the advancing tide coming four feet deep abreast, urged on by the wind, and sending before it a hollow sough and heavy murmur, which sounded from Arbigland to Caerlaverock. Lord Thomas stood up in his stirrups and shouted, "Ho! ho! you in the front there, keep in a line, and ride for yon green brae, where men and women stand waving their hands—keep

all together—I remember now this is a high tide, and, with the wind assisting it, we shall have moist saddles ere we reach Caerlaverock." "Whenever he speaks in that quick keen way," said one of the mourners to the rest, "Lord Thomas is in earnest, and what he says is gospel—but when he speaks slowly, and carelessly, then he has his mockers on, and wishes to scorn us." And they hastened onwards as they were directed.

"Thy counsel of hastening the funeral through fear of the coming waters," said Cargill, "savours little of the confidence which men should have in God. He rides by thy side who never lifted his hand against mortal man, and was never chafed so much in mood that he wished to smite and slay. He rides by my side whose hands, though young, have shed blood, and who, brave himself, has the fame of a brave race upon him. Now, I am old and thou are young—I am a man of peace, and thou art a blood-spiller—I am one against whom thou hast plotted to-day, in thy pride of heart, saying, 'Go to—let me see how this grey peasant will face the presence of death—let me lead him into the dark and hungry waters, that I may enjoy his fear, and find mirth in his terror, to shake the sides of my boon companions.' This thou saidst in thy heart, for most surely I saw thee—lo! now, Lord Thomas, I dare thee to the proof—I shall show thee to-day that I can face yon dark array of waters as firmly as ever thy ancestors of yore withstood the steel pikes, war-axes, and arrow-flight of the Southron." A light, as he spoke, danced in the old man's eyes, and he prepared himself for the contest with great composure.

Lord Dalveen, though internally smiling at the religious chivalry of his companion, admired his calm resolution and courage. "My friend," he said, "let us not tempt Heaven by defying its might—we may as well stand in the rain with the belief of not being rained upon—in the tempest with the hope that it will not touch us—and go into the fire with the belief that we shall not be burnt, as face yon heavy tide and not be over-whelmed. Let us hasten—our horses are fleet and good."

"Had man sworn this," answered the Cameronian, "I would not have credited it. What! having dared one to the field, wilt thou, when the weapon is prepared and the ground meted, wilt thou confess thy fears and beg thy life?—out upon thee, craven! Thy grandfather, whose hands were red in the blood of the righteous, will start from the grave and spurn thee. I have endured the challenge, and I shall meet it without a murmur."

Lord Dalveen muttered, "This is a new kind of madness which outrivals military chivalry ten-fold. To spur against ten spears, when the blood is up to the brow, is naught compared to this calm, cool, temperate, religious frenzy, which goes gravely to war with the ocean. But we have dallied so long that there seems naught better than to face it calmly. I will never mock the meekness of a Cameronian again." There was no leisure for farther comment—the sea came dashing on with the speed of a spurred horse, and the first deep rush of tide bore them for a moment from the sand, and drenched their saddles in water.

"Now, my good steed," said the Cameronian, patting the neck of his horse—a rough untrimmed creature, of an iron-grey colour, strong, active, and obedient—"now mind what I say, and thou wilt bear thy companion worthily through the deep waters. Keep thy head towards the land, and be steady and stumble not, and thy food shall be winnowed corn, and thy bed shall be fragrant hay and never shalt thou labour more, but bear my ae daughter and me to preaching and market." The horse, as he spoke, turned his large eye back on his rider—gave a low neigh—directed his head to the shore—moved surely and steadily on, and soon got upon firmer ground; yet the fierce onset of the tide rendered their situation eminently perilous.

Lord Thomas, though an excellent horseman, and with courage of heart and presence of mind equal to any casualty, was, in one material matter, less fortunately circumstanced than his companion. His horse, a fleet, and young, and lively animal, was unacquainted with such perils as now impended; and, dismayed at

the sound of the rushing tide, and smarting in mouth and nostrils with the salt brine, plunged and startled, and refused to face the foaming tide-bar which every other minute came sweeping from side to side of the wide river. It required all his skill to keep his seat, and preserve himself and his horse from being swept away. The Cameronian, on the other hand, had a horse which counted the water but as a field of rye-grass and clover;—disciplined and taught to obey, and treated with a tenderness which falls to the lot of few animals, it had learned to execute its master's wishes without advice from either whip or spur, and people scrupled not to say, that Archbishop Sharpe (for so the steed was called) possessed some of the cunning of its celebrated namesake.

The mourners, with the body, had now reached Caerlaverock bank—the horses shook the water from their flanks, and the riders, turning round and blessing themselves on their narrow escape, lamented their inability to aid their companions for whom there appeared no chance of life. "The dead," said one, "cannot wait the follies of the living—let us go bury the body"—"And the living," said another, "will soon be with the dead, else I tine all trust in deep waters." "We," added a third, "have waited longer than it is sonsie already,—for to those who linger with a corse there comes early sorrow." This was decisive—the mourners proceeded towards the burial ground.

CHAPTER IX.

"Love flows like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide."
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

MEANWHILE she whole sea of Solway, from shore to shore, was moving in life and beauty. Against the going and returning sails of many ships the sun threw

its splendour, and made ten thousand moving mirrors amid the swelling and dimpling waters—the sea-fowl sailed or flew skimming along the foam in flocks—while, following the salmon, which sought the pools where the groves of Dalswinton, Friar's Carse, Blackwood, Closeburn, and Drumlanrig are shadowed, the porpoises appeared, raising their coal-black heads and glimmering eyes above the mass of waters. The moist and sandy space between the stream and the greensward was rapidly diminishing—the tide, in its march, filled up many chasms and creeks which were unsightly in its absence,—and three or four stranded vessels, half sunk in the quicksand, were now alone visible by the fragments of their masts and the whirl of the surrounding sea.

Within two ships' lengths of the shore, yet still struggling with the tide, Lord Dalveen had arrived with his Cameronian friend, when the horse of the former, waxing furious and altogether ungovernable, wheeled round, and plunged backwards into the deeper waters. "It is a demon that horse of thine, Lord Thomas," said Cargill, with his usual coolness; or is possest with one at least, and will be thy destruction. Here"—and he moved his own horse beside him—"quit thy saddle, and come behind me; the Archbishop can carry double, and will take us as safe to land as if thy twelve-oared barge were under us." The young nobleman left his saddle, and, dripping from plume to spur, mounted behind the old man; while his horse, left to its own will, plunged about and waxed furious from the smarting of the salt water in its spurred sides and galled mouth.

The horse of the Cameronian swam slowly towards the shore with its increase of burden; while its owner said,—"The offer made in lightness, Lord Thomas, when danger was afar, may be made in seriousness now—what wild knoll wilt thou give our broken remnant to build a house of worship on? I have thought on it, my Lord, and we will act wisely in accepting it; for the youths of this age are grown corrupt and degenerate—they dress lightly and gaudily, and hang over

their heads, when mercy descends in the shape of rain, a green canopy, called an umbrella. Ah! they cannot endure a six-hours' sermon, with seven hours of rain, on the Wardlaw-hill, like their patient forefathers. We must build us a house of worship."

Lord Thomas was astonished at the composure of his companion. "I promise thee," he said, "the little green knoll, called Cameron-knowe, measuring two Scottish acres, for ever and ever. Alas! look at my poor horse—he has borne me often to scenes of folly—he will do so no more." "And so his moan is made," said Cargill,—"that friend is naught who forsakes us in danger. I tell thee, thou art well off his back—he meant to do thee an ill turn—the creature is possest. And—patience, patience, my good steed,—thou art indeed wearied. This horse will barely bear us to land, Lord Thomas, though it is within a penniestone throw." Lord Thomas in a moment quitted his seat,—"I cannot, will not, cumber thee to thine own destruction." The Cameronian grasped him by the collar, saying, "Nay, nay, stay with me—we shall gain green land assuredly. See now how the boats come starting over the water to our aid—praise be blest! my horse's feet are on solid ground again.—Look, Lord Thomas, yon is your own barge; it comes like a winged thing—nay, it will be on us before we gain the bank;—and see too at that little cockle-shell of a boat, how it comes scudding with its sail and its oars;—the hand that guides it is the best on Solway, and the head is little worse;—he'll be a muckle-made-off lad yet, an' he lives, that Johnie Paul." As he spoke, the horse bore them to the shore—they leaped quickly down, and led the faithful animal staggering up the bank.

The Cameronian regarded little the congratulation of his friends, who gathered joyously around him; but, casting his hat aside, and unwinding some three yards of black silk from his neck, he wiped down his horse, with many a word of kindness; then, throwing his coat over him, and leading him to one of his friends, said, "Here, Elias Henderson, be kind to my

steed for two hours." The Archbishop was led off without a word by the obedient Elias.

"You are worn-out and wet, my friend," said one of the good people of Caerlaverock; "come and comfort you, and change your wet clothes." "Samuel," said the Cameronian, "the youth who shared my peril is of God's workmanship too." "Enough said—I understand you," answered Samuel; "but to this youth I hold myself not indebted. He is a mocker and scorner—come with me yourself, but think not of him—he crosses not my threshold.—I have one fair child, and, though she be twenty and nine years old and upwards, with a lame foot, and a thought ferintickled, it shall not be told that I took the tempter near her." John Cargill smiled internally, and inquired, "Does that good and singular woman, Martha Gideon, still dwell here?—I shall prevail with her to compassionate this youth—will you come with me, Lord Thomas?"

The cottage of Martha stood a little way off—Cargill, accompanied by Lord Dalveen, lifted the latch and entered. The owner sat at a small window which looked upon the river;—a large black silk hood covered her head and shaded a face that was still beautiful in its decay,—a distaff was in her hand, from which she drew, or seemed to draw, a thread, for her eye was fixed on the page of "The Crumb of Comfort," an ancient favourite among the lowland peasantry. "Peace to this house," said Cargill as he entered. "And peace be to thee, John Cargill," said Martha; "I beheld thee even now in great tribulation—the waters seemed once or twice to prevail against thee—but God is good, and man should be thankful." And she resumed her intercourse with the Crumb of Comfort.

"Martha," said her visiter, "look on this youth, and give him dry raiment, else men may say as they pass thy door, 'There liveth Martha, the spouse of Josias Crawford, who allowed God's image to die with cold ashore after he had been saved by a miracle from the sea.'" "Let me look on this youth," said the spouse of Josias; "ay, a goodly tabernacle—a fair presence." And then she resumed her seat and began

to spin. "Woman," said the Cameronian, "I ask of you dry clothes for this young man, and I ask the like for myself. Are we strangers, and unknown to each other?—Have we not sat on Quarrelwood-hill from sunrise till moonrise hearkening to the gifted Zedekiah Fairlie—sighing as with one heart, and looking as with one eye?" "Ay, now I understand you, John Cargill," said Martha, rising and selecting a large key from a dozen of others; "for yourself there is raiment, though I reckoned a wetting unto you was but as sport, seeing we have sat out six hours of a perpendicular teem amang the broom of Langbank, when worthy Andrew Rowet preached. But, for this youth, know that ye have done an unwise thing—this day was doomed to be his last—those waters were to overwhelm him—the fiend who rules him tempted him into the danger, and then entered into his steed, and the steed refused to be ruled by his rider. Ye have done an unwise thing; and Gedaliah Glasse, who lives among the ruins, and among the tombs and the caverns, and whom men call mad, told me of it even as ye began to struggle with the waters. Take this key, and in my raiment-chest you will find a suit of clothes, of raven-grey, even put them on;—they were the bridal suit of my first husband, handsome Andrew Paton;—for this youth I have a mantle and a petticoat of a white ground and a blue stripe—."

There was something of suppressed humour in this proposal, which Lord Dalveen caught up with a grave alacrity. "I care no more for water, Dame Martha," he said, "than the wing of a wild duck,—I give myself a shake, and youth carries off the rest. When I see you, dame, my memory runs some sixteen years back, and seats me at your fire-side with my mother, who is now where I may never be,—when we tasted your white bread and your honey, dame; and you were younger then too than you are now; but your person is not so much changed as your mode of speech and apparel. Often did my mother say, that nature had been kinder to Martha Gideon than to many a born lady."

"Ah, my child," said Martha, "these were days when I wore shoes with red heels, and curled my hair, and carried feathers in my cap; and a' for the pleasure of handsome Andrew Paton,—skipper Paton,—ye'll mind him weel. A prettier man never crossed Dumfries causeway; it was a delight to look at his weel-made leg as he gaed to the kirk before me. But he was a waster of gude gifts—a fast-living man, and drank from Wednesday till sermon-time on Sunday with black Ned Neilson the wheelwright, and Brandy Jock, and the Deil's Rab, and Davie Gellock the gauger. He fell into a fever, and the fever carried him to the grave. And I was seven years a widow, and my eyes were opened,—I saw the folly of my ways, and frequented hill-preachings; and then I wedded Josias Crawford—a good man doubtless, and paragal at a psalm;—but, hegh sirs! he could na' haud the candle to handsome Andrew Paton,—I never saw sic a leg—But who in the name of wonder have we here,—with their feathers and their puffed silks, and their round tirings, and their crisped ringlets,—shut the door, Josias,—such vanities are no for my fire-side."

Before I introduce those ladies, whose finery alarmed the prudent wife of Josias, it will be proper to "look back on prospects drear," as Burns did when for his pains he had to pass under the saws and harrows of iron

"Of toothy critics by the score."

When the funeral of John Joysan entered the river, it was at once seen by the peasantry, who crowded cliff and scaur, that nothing but diligence and the speed of the spur could carry the procession over before the return of the tide. With many a shout, and many a cry, they urged them on; the tide was seen coming foaming past Barnhourie with the speed of a race-horse;—but the mourners moved onwards at a slow and protracted pace,—the spectators then gave them up for lost, and their speculations were characteristic.

"Ye'll no drive it out of my head, neighbour Lingles," said a rustic, whose bronzed face and brawny

arms spoke of a worker in fire,—"it's as firm in my head as if it were screwed in a vice, that there's to be more corses than one among yon funeral folk. That thong cut frae the hide o' Satan—that wild young Lord will count it a pardonable bit of devilry to taigle them wi' queer stories till the tide comes. Only see now,—yonder's him and that sour crab-stick, Cameronian Johnie, laying their heads together for a set speech of an hour. If ye once set John on the covenants, ye might shoe him with red-hot nails. He rings away on spirituals as loud as my study at an owre-hip heat."

"I'se uphaud ye're right, neighbour Tewairn," said his friend, whose stained hands, staring locks, and clothes spotted with black rosin, announced a son of Saint Crispin. "I doubt not but ye're near the truth,—yonder comes the tide dancing and boiling like a kettle o' rosin. God, if the Solway comes on them, they'll be lying a' like barket hides in Convener Primrose's tan-pints. I wish, however, that the daft young Lord may escape; it's a pleasure to make boots to sic handsome legs as his. As for his companions, they're friends neither to the foot-fang nor the forge. They harrow their hills wi' wooden-teethed harrows, and gang seventeen miles to a sermon barefoot. Let them gang."

"Gang! I'll warrant they'll gang," said a third spectator, Abel Macghie by name, whose square squat frame, broad abutments, and body ever in motion, marked him out for a weaver. "They'll need shrouds,—their last linen has left the loom,—their thread of life is come to the thrums,—their last pirnfu' is nearly exhausted. Waes me, monie a bonnie black and white plaid have I ca'd through the loom for some of them, and monie a web of tweeled plaiden and hodden-grey. But death comes on them as swift as a fly-shuttle, and scattereth them as the wind of Quarrelwood-hill scatters thrums."

"Alas! the poor creatures," said a ploughman, "they gang as slow as if they were breaking up our brekan croft, and ilka horse had a heavy Scots plough at its tail. There's some yonder who will never stride

o'er the new-turned furrow mair, nor scatter the white seed-grain before them."—"Their net of life," said Johnie Gaffstick, a fisherman, "has mair lead than cork at it. But, hilloah! who have we here?—Friend, what dye they call thee?—the boat's mine. He heeds me as muckle as the deep sea heeds prayer. My boat's o'er heavy for ae man's handling; sae ye may, my lad, —damn her, she's moving as if she were a cockle-shell, —she starts into the water as if she had wings and life, —up goes the sail, down dip the oars, and away gangs my bonnie bit boat through the foam like a feather. He'll be in time to pick up a life or twa."

"Hurrah, for Johnie Gaffstick's new boat!" shouted half-a-dozen peasants at once; "there's a loon awa with her. Ye'll lose her, Johnie, as sure as salt water's no fresh. He's a reckless customer that has ta'en the loan of her,—see an he disna' catch a coup. Faith he has darted through the line of the tide like a flaff of fire,—see how he scuds away. He'll win siller. Saxpence for saving the young Lord, and a grey groat a head for the lave,—they'll bring nae mair in the market,—fools are no sae scarce."

"It's no for sake o' the siller, lads," said old Gaffstick, "that my boat has taen the water; the lad that's in her is a credit to the sea of Solway—I spaed Johnie Paul's fortune ere he was cock bird height—he'll be heard of yet, lads. But an I were him I would let the young Lord taste salt water; it's gude for the constitution, and if he dies in the experiment a' the better; wherefore shouldna the sea slay its patients as weel as other physicians? The world's a gull and a goose to make folk lords that are no worth weeting ane's feet to save from drownin'. I have caught fish on Solway these sixty years, man and boy, and filled mony a hungry wame of provost and bailie, and street-commissioners nae less, and I maun gang to the grave with simple Johnie on my back. There's little's justice in the way titles are dealt.—I'll tell Bailie Ringworm to have the act amended,—he's the lad can settle't."

A general shout now announced that some other object had offered itself to the notice of the crowd. This

was a barge ornamented with figures of gold, covered with a canopy of silk, and its benches filled with active rowers, which darted suddenly past a high headland on the more southerly part of the coast, and stood direct for the part where the funeral procession was struggling with the tide. Two ladies stood directing the barge, and their anxious exhortations made the rowers pull and strain till the sweat steamed from them like smoke from a meadow in the morning sun.

"Oh pull, pull!" said Lady Emeline; "the blood of those that perish be upon the lingerer's head. Phemie, my love, speak to them.—Pull till your sinews start;—I can—I will reward ye all. Oh, my sweet child,—my handsome child—the last of thy race—thou only son of my beloved Lord Edward, to perish thus, nameless and unknown, and in a brook like this! Oh lay your bosoms to your oars, and instead of water sweat blood." Thus exhorted by one whom they all loved and reverenced, the rowers toiled at the pitch of human strength; the tough oars were nearly doubled with the strain, and the barge glanced over the waters towards Caerlaverock like a beam of morning light.

They had flown more than half-way over, when Lady Emeline said, "Look again, Phemie, and tell me what ye see—my sight is dim; but I have heard no death-shriek, and I can hear a pin drop in our marble-hall." Lady Phemie stood with her white arm shading her eyes, and her tresses dancing on her temples with the agitation of the barge. "Eighteen men and horse have gained the side—I counted them two by two as they reached the bank. Two yet remain behind, and far are they from the shore. O! row, if ye are men, and we shall be in time to save them." "Be men and more," said Lady Emeline; "if you save, by your strength, my child's life to-day, each of you shall have a house and garden free while you live.—See you ought more, Phemie?"

The young lady suppressed a shriek, and said, "Mercy! O heaven!—his horse swerves and rears—he is down—I cannot see him, the waves foam and whirl around

him.—Oh! he is saved—he is safe mounted behind his friend—and his horse goes flashing backward into the waters.—Two men on one weak steed, and that foaming sea to breast through;—it may not be, they will sink ere we reach them." So eagerly had the young lady kept her eyes fixed on those who were in danger, that she had failed to observe a little boat, which, coming darting from a different part of the coast, and, urged by wind and oar, shot pass the less manageable barge, and made for the place where the Cameronian and Lord Thomas still contended with the tide. She gave a shout of joy as it flew past. "They will be saved now if courage and skill can save them—deliverance is at hand—the boat is within two oars' length of them;—but they need no aid, they have gained the bank—slack your labours, Lord Thomas is saved." "Heaven has not left him yet," said Lady Emeline,—"and is my sweet child saved—are you sure he is saved?" "I see him now walking up the bank towards one of the cottages," said Lady Phemie. The rowers slacked their speed, wiped their brows, and proceeded slowly towards the shore, where Lady Emeline was welcomed by a general shout of the peasantry who crowded round, all glad to get a glance of her eye, or a kind word from her lips.

Lady Phemie walked a little way up the shore, where she saw Paul with his boat moving towards the bank, holding the bridle of Lord Thomas's horse in his hand. As soon as the horse found his feet, Paul threw the bridle over the neck, and, giving him a blow with the flat side of his oar, said "Go to the grass, ye faithless servant; ye deceived your master." The steed rushed ashore; and the boat flew back into the stream and began to move across. Lady Phemie waved her hand, and gave an impatient stamp with her foot. He instantly put back the boat, and, nearing the bank, said, "What would the Lady Phemie with me?" "My will is this, Paul," she said with a smile, which would have brought the sun from behind a cloud; "leave your boat and come ashore; your kindness this day commands our thanks.—Come, must I bid you

twice?" Paul leaped ashore, received a very gracious look from Lady Emeline, and followed to the cottage where Lord Thomas and Cargill were seated with Martha."

Lady Emeline fell on her grandson's neck. "He lives, thanks be to heaven, and to the brave hand that helped him, and to the good steed that bore him to land." "Now," said Martha, "the humble is exalted: this good and brave man saved my young lord, even when the deep sea gaped to devour him; and my lowly roof is honoured by the presence of a wise and noble lady,—let me be thankful. But who is he that stays on the threshold,—neither in my house nor out of it? A bold look and a fearless spirit,—a subtle bosom and a considerate head,—come in, young man,—an honest woman's house is worthy of holding the proudest heart that ever leaped in a bosom."

"And into a worthier woman's house, Dame Martha, no man can hope to come," said Paul. She looked on him anxiously, and said, "What a fool my eyes make of me,—that's a face I ought to know,—I would be tempted to say that my own Johnie Paul was come again—but that can never be."—"And wherefore, Dame Martha, should he not come again?"—"Because," answered she, "the John Paul whom I knew was one forward and ambitious,—who loathed the lowliness of his lot, and never spoke, save about the deeds that daring hearts could do. I had numbered him with the dead; for short while do the brave live, and when did the lowly rise; The proud trees of the forest overshadow the stripling oak, and it cannot rear itself to shelter the wild birds of heaven and the deer of the waste."

"There is a wind awakening, Dame Martha," said Paul, "which will strike those old cumberers of the earth,—the fresh green plants will go deep down and ascend high, you will live to see the storm too; and when you see it, you will remember that John Paul foretold it."—"If all the trees of the island were blown out of the earth to-morrow," said Lord Dalveen, "the sloethorn and the bramble would never grow into

ship-timber." "I protest," said Lady Phemie, "my wise cousin and my friend Paul are become professors of the ancient mystery of using many words and meaning nothing. What may all these dark figures of speech denote?—Come, come, speak like honest men and good Christians, and leave allegory to those who cannot make themselves understood by the common language of the land. When my prudent cousin entered into his late battle with the entire tide of Solway, no one was more ready than yourself to come scudding in your little witches cockle-shell to his assistance; and yet no sooner is this over, than out bolt some words of prophecy,—I suppose I must not say words of folly, since I don't understand them,—and then you stand glaring on each other, like two adverse planets. I wish you would have your battles in allegory as well as your words."

"Tedious girl!" said Lady Emeline. "And was it you, Paul, who directed the little boat so deftly over the waters, and sought to save Lord Thomas? Well, come home with Phemie, and we shall give your mother a better house and a fairer field, and find out some present for yourself,—some antique sword,—a weapon that will please a curious fancy like yours,—and Phemie will think of your sister Maud too,—what say you, Lord Dalveen?—what gift shall we give to Maud Paul, to make her think of the courage and kindness of her brother?"—"On that very matter had I turned my thoughts, Lady Emeline," said Lord Thomas; "and since you have named what you will give to her mother and brother, I shall think on some acceptable thing for my pretty Maud."

The prance of horses was now heard at the door; eighteen mourners stept over the threshold and said,—"We bore the body of John Joysan to the grave, and laid him with his fathers. We stood and heard the black earth fall hollow on his coffin-lid; we saw the green sod laid over him, and as we stood and looked, there came to us an old man from among the tombstones. Grey was his apparel,—gray was his visage,—grey was the hair on his head: he held a peeled staff

in his hand, and stood at the grave and said,—'Twenty horses bore him from his door,—twenty horses bore him into the Nith,—and eighteen horses and no more stand bridled at the kirk-yard gate. Who shall read the riddle unto me?' And we made answer,—'We lingered by the way, for it is unseemly to hurry the dead, and the waters of the sea had well nigh closed over us; and two horses with their riders were detained amid the waters, and we wot not whether they have perished or no.' And the old man said,—'I know it, ye selfish children,—I know it,—the two riders are saved, for I saw it. But go and say to those men whose wilful natures made them tarry with the dead body in the bosom of the water, that for neither of them shall kirk-yard turf be ever opened. The river flood shall find him with the grey head; and for him with the black, the doom is this,—He shall plot and succeed not,—he shall fight and win not,—he shall have the sorrow of sin without its pleasure,—and over the world shall he go in quest of a moment's happiness, and die without finding it.' And the old man vanished when he had done speaking, and we came on our way; but no river shall we tempt more, so long as Devorgillas bridge spans the Nith at Dumfries,"—and they rode quickly away.

"Nay, look not sorrowful therefore, Lady," said Dame Martha; "the old man who said this is not always master of his own mind: it was Gedaliah Gass, and he but guessed what was to befall,—a man who is always guessing may hit the truth by a time."—"Ay, woman, and say ye sae?" said Josias, her husband, who had not before spoken,—"Gedaliah is more than a guesser. Did he not say that a sore wind would scatter the fruits of the earth, and before twenty-four hours flew by, did not a storm shake down of ours a forpet of the fairest bere ever grew with a top to the sun? And did he not as good as foretell the death of Christie Edgar, the smuggler, whose, mysterious fate is yet a matter unexpounded?—His horse stood grazing by his side, and there lay the body, with the breath gone, and

two empty brandy bottles beside him. Ay, woman, Gedaliah is more than a guesser."

To all this Martha paid no regard—the memory of handsome Andrew Paton was generally uppermost in her remembrance—and the meek and quiet Cameronian whom she had admitted into fellowship was glad to engage her attention during the evening by singing long psalms and praying interminable prayers. "Since it hath pleased Lady Emeline," said Martha, "to honour the house of her handmaiden, it will be unsonsie if bread be not broken and drink tasted under my humble roof." As she spoke, she placed a table of shining oak on the floor, and proceeded:—"Here is a cloth woven in the loom of honest James Macghie,—saw ye ever a lily of the valley whiter?—and here is bread,—the corn grew on Corncrake-croft,—fairer never was wet with water;—and here's milk milked by my ain hand frae my cow Hurleydodie, the daughter of Hawkie, frae the grass-crofts of Killielung;—and here's butter kirned in a kirn made by the pious hands of James Macrabin, whom a sense of sin made into a Cameronian in his seventieth year;—and, lastly, here's honey frae the sunny hip of your ain Criffel, sweeter was never sucked from heather-blossom, purer was never drappit through fine linen,—come all and taste if my tale be true."

And she stept a pace back—looked at the well-ordered table—but no entreaties could induce her to be seated. "Na, na, my Lady," said Martha, "though it becomes one of noble birth and blood as auld as the Bruce's to be humble and kindly, it disna become ane like me to be forward and vain—thank God I ken what is due to them aboon me—I wasna three years wi the Graemes' o' Glenhowan for naething;—na, na, my Lady, had ye been haughty, I might hae been high—but ye show nobility of nature mickle mair by sic frank condescension than if ye had rustled me out o' temper wi' yere damask'd silks;—I ken what's due to noble blood, that do I." "Woman," said her husband Josias, "this kind of world-worship displeases me—clay is clay—flesh is grass—man is a worm, and woman a worm too, only

she hath the wings of the moth—this worship of the creature displeases me." "It's naebody but my man Josias," said Martha, in answer to a glance from Lady Emeline; "a good kind of a man, and an obedient—but naebody minds him mair than me. And yet he has gude points in his character too—he looks as I look—says as I say—rins when I bid him—and can be controlled in all things, except putting in his word when no one wants him—and in that he resembles mair my ain auld handsome Andrew Paton than in ony other gift."

Having refreshed themselves with Martha's simple cheer, they went into the open air. As soon as Lord Dalveen saw the declining sun and the receding tide, he said, "I have had my fill of horsemanship to-day, and so have you, my friend of the Covenant—we shall send our horses through when the tide is out, and in the mean time let us waft ourselves down in my barge till we come before that old moth-eaten mansion of the Maxwells, Caerlaverock castle;—let us enjoy the splendour of the setting sun from its ruined walls—await the rising of the moon, and see her looking down upon us with the bat and the owl;—you will sanctify the place with some pious words—I will scatter before you many sayings, wise, prudent, and sagacious, while my fair cousin will gladden us with her bright eyes and her witty tongue—and with the return of the tide we shall see Dalveen castle again."

As they approached Caerlaverock castle, Lady Emeline observed, "This is the forsaken mansion of many a chief renowned in Scottish story." "It is a beautiful ruin," said Lady Phemie, "and was once the most elegant baronial residence on the southern border." "It is now the dwelling-place of the bat, and the owl, and the unclean birds of prey," interrupted John Cargill, "and gives a lesson to earthly hope and human vanity—he that runs may read." "And what says my friend Paul?" inquired Lady Phemie; "I have known him, on a time when wit grew dull, step dexterously in, and brighten us up with a happy word or two. Has the muse never descended upon you, man, when yo

came into the Solway with a snoring breeze, and saw this majestic old hall towering before you? He heeds me not—now, what in the name of marvel sees he yonder? Why, Paul, friend Paul, yon is only a sloop—it is no heaven-descended thing—but a sea-wagon, which runs on the curled billows."

Paul stood on the castle-mound—the sun was setting, and the sea gleamed bright from shore to shore. Holding his hand over his eyes to shade the beams, he looked closely and intently upon a vessel which lay in the middle of the bay, and his clutched hand and contracted brow denoted that what he saw excited suspicion or gave him pain. Lord Dalveen advanced to his side, and observed, "Why, it is a sloop after all, as my fair cousin has most sagaciously discovered—I'll warrant her a gallant smuggler from the Dutch coast, and the sobriety of our people will be endangered. Paul, you seem to have a quick and an eager eye; what would you think of a situation in the excise?—you would flourish, my friend, and I am the man that can help ye on."

"I look at yon little vessel, my Lord," answered Paul, "and I wonder what it is doing there—it ought to have been in a distant place;—you know it right well, and you probably know the reason why it is painted green now where it was orange before. No matter, I shall know all presently, and that before the moon is an hour on the water." He awaited no answer, but entered the castle-porch.

The noble ruin, into the court of which the party entered, has long been a sea-mark to mariners, a refuge for smugglers, and a sanctuary for birds of prey. Though roofless and time-flawed, and its walls sapped by the rains of three hundred years, such is the solid construction of its masonry, that it seems yet capable of carrying a roof, and worthy of having its walls hung with tapestries and paintings, and of throwing from its narrow and innumerable windows the splendour of many a festal light. The outward defences are thrown down, and its moat nearly choked up; while over much of its walls the ivy crawls close and verdant, and the honeysuckle, sown by winds, or planted by birds,

descends, from many a chink and rent, in long and fragrant tassels. The wall-flower, during the progress of spring, gushes out of every joint in one wave of blossom, scenting the castle round and round; while a wild hawk, from the summit of one of the tottering and inaccessible pinnacles, sends, annually out four new destroyers of the linnet and the lark.

An evening mild, and balmy, and warm, succeeded the day, and the party having climbed, and looked, and examined every wall, and tower, and chamber, with the patience and minuteness of a deputation from the Society of Antiquaries, seated themselves at the entrance to await the coming tide, which was already heard murmuring in the middle of the bay.

"Now," said Lord Thomas, "here is a silent spot, a wise and patient audience, and a venerable ruin at hand to supply suitable embellishments for a moral tale. Tempted thus, let me deliver unto your anxious ears and understanding hearts, a discourse on man and his deeds." "Nay," said Lady Phemie, "fair cousin, why take so wide a field as the whole race?—a capital subject is beside me—take your own folly for a text; or, as the taste of the times leans to the marvellous, and as I am in a fine believing mood, give us an account of your wondrous voyage this morning, and of the fight you had with the whole Solway, which charged you a fathom deep abreast."

"I would remind my child," said Lady Emeline gravely, "that a discourse such as he promises doth not become him to utter. Alas! look on that crumbling tower, and see how man and his hopes fall to the dust. The noble house of Maxwell, with all its counsellors and warriors, is silent now in history; and unless repentance, and prudence, and wisdom, awake in the noble house of Dalveen, it will soon follow. Pride, sternness, wilfulness of mind, and impetuosity of temper, have warred against us, and will at last prevail. See! —Where are the seven earls of the Douglas?—Where are the wide domains of the gallant Kirkpatricks?—the lordly inheritance of the house of Charteris?—I have

seen three hundred saddles filled with gentlemen of the house of Maxwell—Can it fill fifty now?"

"Lady Emeline," said Lord Dalveen, "you are preaching the exordium of my discourse on man and his deeds. I divided it into three heads—pride, luxury, and lasciviousness, the three fates which preside over our house. But go on; it matters not from whose lips it comes, providing it be uttered in sincerity of heart."

"Alas! my fair child," sighed Lady Emeline, "thou speakest in the very spirit which I dread—which I have prayed on my knees that Heaven would chasten with a mild hand and a soft. Cast away that pride of manner, that lightness and insincerity of speech; demean thyself courteously among men—the love of the poor is worthy of all price. Wilt thou shut thine eyes to the state of the earth? The peasants of thy country are better educated than were barons of old. Education has added wings to their strength, and knowledge is among them, arming them as with spear and sword."

"What, Lady Emeline," said Lord Thomas, "would you have me to do? Have I not humbled myself, and do I not demean myself to the mendicant multitude like one who comes to crave alms? Since you desire more, more will I gladly do. I will pray long prayers at sick-beds—help to carry cripples—listen and applaud rustic songs though long as from Caerlaverock to Dalveen—play on the fiddle to a charity-dance—learn the pedigree of the shepherds' dogs—know the time of the moon for setting a brood goose—learn the mystery of making cheese, and the art of extracting butter from cream—hear every old woman's story to an end, and lament that it is done so soon. Who shall sing so loudly as me at a psalm—listen so seriously at a sermon—and shake the head so woefully at the sins of the land—or say such melting and moral things about the foul stool of repentance?

"Much of this, and far more than this, you may learn," said Lady Emeline, "without lowering your dignity, or lessening your claim to the love of mankind." "If you hearken unto me," said Cargill, "I

shall direct you into the certain way of winning many a man's love—a far surer way than by singing loudly at a psalm, for that is vanity; or learning the pedigree of curs, for that is frivolous; or playing on the fiddle to wanton queans flinging on a floor, for that is profanation, a bowing of the head and a wagging of the elbow before that Ashtaroth woman. In thy father's hall hang many banners; won from the mighty when blood flowed of old for the weal of old Scotland. Among them hangs one, the banner of the Covenant; it was borne by my ancestor at Bothwell, and thy ancestor cleft his head in its defence. Take it down, I say, Lord Thomas; restore it to our scattered people; and when we unfurl it yearly on the hill of Quarrelwood, we shall bless thee and thine, nor remember the wrongs we suffered of old at Pentland and Bothwell."

"Well and sagely counselled, my comrade of the Covenant," said Lord Thomas; "your wish shall be fulfilled. Come to-morrow to my hall, with the dignitaries of your church, and into your hand, and no other, will I deliver the sacred banner which my ancestor took." "And your reward shall be great," said Cargill. "O! how pleasant it is to do a deed of kindness! and how beautiful in history an act of mercy shines, compared to acts of oppression and blood!"

During this conversation, Paul sat apart, and seemed thoughtful and moody. The beauty and wit of Lady Phemie, the matron and lady-like nobleness of Lady Emeline, and the quiet simplicity of the Cameronian, were neglected.—His eye-glance stole hastily and secretly to the face of Lord Dalveen, who, in his turn, marked every motion of the other, though he scattered his words about in heedless glee, and seemed the only careless person present. It was otherwise with Paul,—an undefined dread of impending evil came over him,—scenes of violence and wrong were present to his fancy, his frame became agitated, and the sweat-drops stood on his brow and temples.

The moon had been some time risen,—the bats were flitting thick about,—the owl gave now and then a cry from the castle-wall,—while the Solway, with a deep

and a deeper sound, gave notice of the flowing of the tide. Paul had advanced a few steps before his friends, and was under the castle-porch, when, without the sound of a footstep, or any intimation of approach, a man stood before him, and said,—"John Paul, the home of your fathers is in a bright flame,—it lightened me over the Solway to seek you. Your sister is carried away,—I heard her shrieks on the shore, and not one hand was lifted to save her. Men came from a ship in the bay who did this,—I saw their sails white in the moon as I came over." As he said this, he vanished among the ruins.

CHAPTER X.

"But fortune can at any time o'erthrow
"The projects of a hundred learned clerks."

PAUL uttered a deep imprecation, and shot through the gateway like one winged with fury and despair. He felt for his pistols, and he found them safe,—he put his hand on the haft of a small dirk or dagger which he carried in his bosom, and muttered, as he left the castle behind, "They may buy her dearly yet." He reached a small inlet into which the tide was fast rushing; a boat lay there half in water and half on sand; he snapped the chain in two, pushed it into the tide, leaped in, and scudded towards the opposite shore with a rapidity which astonished Lord Dalveen, who followed slowly in his barge.

Paul heeded not the hailing of passing vessels; but toiled at the oar till the sweat dropt from him like rain, and his hands glowed like fire. He observed, as he hastened along, a ruddy light streaming over the hills and woods which lay between him and his home, and, when he reached the shore, he saw the dying gleam expire on the waters and the tree tops. The evening

cloud which hung over it still reflected a gross and a glaring light, and presented to an experienced eye all the characters of a conflagration now growing pale and indistinct.

The boat flew back into the surge as Paul leaped out, and, setting his face homewards, he heeded no intervening obstacle, but took the straight way through a field of corn: over a rocky brook, and through a bushy woodland, he passed like a hunted deer. He skirted the hills which lie, like chained hounds, at the foot of the giant Criffel,—he passed through a morass, the quagmire scarcely bending under his feet,—he reached the honeysuckle knoll where his sister's seat stood, and in a moment was at the walls of his father's house. The walls alone remained,—the roof and all that the house contained lay in one molten mass of fiery embers, beside which his mother stood a fixed image of despair.

"Mother," said Paul, "who hath done this, and where is my sister?" She fell on her son's neck, and sobbed,—"Alas! I know not,—I know not!—This evening a false messenger came, I left my home and my daughter, but found the young goodwife of Wearscales afoot and laughing. As I returned, a sudden flame arose,—I hastened home—but, alas! there was no home for me, and no daughter.—She is lost, she is gone!—houses can be got, and plenishing may be had for money; but, my fair, my good, my noble daughter!—she was match for a duke or a prince. Alas! men from the sea have carried her away, and never shall I behold her more."

Paul stood by his mother's side; his blazing home glanced not more fiercely than his eye and brow. "Mother," he said, "be comforted;" and saying that, he rushed through the morass, and ran with inconceivable rapidity down to the seashore. The tide was nigh the full,—here and there a vessel moved along the English side of the frith,—the genius of its merchants had not then awakened the enterprise of Dumfries from centuries of slumber, and a single sloop only moved seaward from her ancient port. Paul skirted along the

shore till he came to the seven caverns of Colvend,—he explored them one by one; but all was silent, nor did it appear that any person had recently been there. He passed a little onward to another pile of rocks, and entered a large cavern called Moodie's Den, from affording shelter in ancient times to a robber of that name, and to whom the peasantry ascribed the murder of a lady of rank who was shipwrecked at the cavern's mouth. To this tale of blood the terror of her spirit is ever added; and, lately, when the Lady Ann foundered with a cargo of rum in the Solway, the form of a young lady was seen flitting about the cavern with wet garments and dishevelled hair, by two revenue-officers, and it was only from the courage which liquor bestowed that they were enabled to watch till morning. By those who measured the terror of her appearance by the extent of the gaugers' drunkenness, the spirit of the lady was considered as one more than usually appalling.

Into this wild place Paul precipitated himself from a hanging rock, and with a wary foot, a cautious eye, and a cocked pistol in his hand, he entered the cavern. The moon shone brightly on the fine white soft sand which bedded the entrance, and he could plainly observe the marks of men's feet recently imprinted, accompanied by the print of a small and lighter foot, which measured to his glance like that of his sister. This foot he traced from the cavern some twenty yards along the shore, to the edge of a small platform of rock against which the sea beat to the depth of several fathoms. There he found certain proofs of his sister. The slender feet were all at once dinted deeply into the sand,—the outline of a man's body was marked along the shore,—he had fallen on his face, for his buttons had left their impression, and a stream of blood had gushed from him, dying the sand and shells for a yard around. A small comb ornamented with pearls, his own gift, and with which Maud bound up her hair, was trampled into the sand, and the marks of a violent struggle were visible to the edge of the rock, against which a boat had lately chafed.

Paul gazed on the spot, uncocked his pistol, and re-

turned it to his pocket, and said, with a voice half choking with despair,—"I dreaded this, and I ought to have prevented it,—and yet how could I imagine that such a craven as him dared to imagine aught against the sister of one of whose courage he has had such experience?—he knows I never forgive till I have punished. But for this there is no forgiveness. He dies,—I swear it by that flood which but now has helped him to achieve this villany. He dies,—I swear it by yon bright moon which now witnesses my sorrow. He dies,—I swear it by that power who rules both element and planet, and he shall not hide himself though he fly to the uttermost ends of the earth." He continued in a lower and more composed voice; "In some lonely bay of Galloway shall I find him at anchor, waiting for the coming of his lordly employer. He can be but short way gone. Oh that I had my own ship and her gallant men here!"

In such mutterings as these he indulged as he hastened along the shore? and it was plain that he imputed the burning of his home and the loss of his sister to the captain and crew of the Wild Goose, instigated and employed by Lord Dalveen. To this conclusion I know not how he arrived, unless a dark hint had been given him by some of Captain Corbie's crew, by whom Paul was esteemed as well as feared,—or from a train of little circumstances which are oftentimes as certain evidence as the most loquacious witnesses. The very thought of this was a relief to his mind, he believed that a dozen at least of that lawless crew would protect Maud Paul, as his sister, from the violence of their captain; and with respect to Lord Dalveen, he resolved, with returning light, to cast such impediments in his way as would bar him from profiting by the activity of his instruments. He arrived at an open part of the coast, where the cottages of a few fishermen communicated a rank smell of fish to the midnight air. He undid one of their boats, fitted up a small sail, and, favoured by an easterly breeze, proceeded rapidly along the coast, looking anxiously into every creek and bay,

with the hope of seeing the well-known ship which carried away his sister.

The morning was already filling the eastern sky with its cold and quivering light, when Paul observed a small boat coming slowly towards him, guided by one person, who seemed careless how idly he managed his oars and sail, and who appeared to be lost in some serious meditation. Paul aroused him with a hail, and was cheered with the voice of Halliday, who called out, "Turn, turn—it's all in vain; I have followed them from the cliffs of Colvend to the crooks of Dee, but they have forsaken the Scottish shore, and sailed right into the great ocean under a press of sail. I was never in love with your sister,—but I never thought her half so lovely and so noble-minded as I think her now, and I always thought her the flower of the eastern side."

"O! Halliday!" said Paul, "you are a leal and true friend, and much did my sister esteem you. The treasure I have lost this night is worth a prince's ransom. I know, too, through whose villany I have lost it; and may all that lives between my hat and shoe go to perdition, if I am not fully—terribly avenged."—"Paul," answered Halliday, "be sure before you strike,—suspicion alone is an unsafe witness in a matter of men's lives. I can help you part of the way,—and you may judge of the head by the hand. I happened to be sauntering on the honeysuckle knowe, when, all at once, I saw your sister borne off from her mother's house by six men. She was carried for a little space, and then she walked quietly but slowly along; and I could not observe whether she went from force or free will. I followed unobserved, and when I reached the shore, I felt the smell of fire strong in the night air, and saw the gleam of a burning house dancing brightly on the growing tide. I never heard her utter a sigh or say one word. At last she was borne to the wateredge, where a boat with armed men lay rocking and ready. She started back—one of the mariners seized her—and just as as he seized her, a pistol flashed in

his face, and he dropt at her feet. She would have escaped had not Captain Corbie sprung out of the boat and caught her by the long hair;—a second pistol flashed,—the ruffian yelled, and put both his hands on his face, and said, 'The young brimstone has done me,—may Satan wed her, and improve the breed of devils.' She was borne into the boat, the captain staggered after her, more frightened, I fear, than hurt, and put her on board the Wild Goose. Now you know all that I know."

"O! Halliday, Halliday!" said Paul, "they have robbed me of all I admired in this world,—but it is useless to lament. Had we been but together with our weapons in our hands;—but it is best, may be, as it is; for against desperate odds all valour fails."

"I was without weapons," said Halliday, "else her rescue had been attempted. But what do you intend to do now?—shall we not raise the country, arm a ship, fill her with resolute men?—such a cause will make warriors of peasants,—you know the force of the Wild Goose, and let us save her or die." Paul grasped his hand, and said, "The avengement of this wrong shall be talked of when that sapling twig is a hoary tree,—when the blood of the name of Dalveen has ceased to flow in a human vein. The head which plotted is far from the hands which executed, and on that head shall a brother's vengeance first fall. When the head is cut from the serpent, you may set your foot safely on its writhing body."

Halliday made answer, "Is it likely that Captain Corbie would do this deed without being first paid?—he knows the world too well for that,—and is it probable he will keep faith with his employer when he has no more to gain? I fear, I fear, Paul, that your sister is on her way for a foreign shore; for the ship put up every sail, and bore right away into the middle of the ocean." Paul struck his thighs with his open palms, and exclaimed, "O Halliday! you have but expressed the fears of my own heart. I dread it must be so. The captain would know, too, that my hand would instantly find him, did he remain on this shore; and, villain

in every thing, he has fooled the head that employed him. But come not with me, my friend; I am on a desperate errand, and I wish not to involve you in what may cost me my country or my life." And, quitting the shore, and setting his face towards his native hills, he hastened through moor and morass, and the morning was far advanced before he saw the green knolls of Colvend before him.

The sun was some four hours up, when the trampling of horses was heard on the stony avenue that led towards the tower of Dalveen, and a motley group of riders advanced, at a slow and careless pace, to the ancient gate-way. One rider preceded them, in whose eye a grave humour twinkled, as from time to time he looked back on the array of his companions, and heard their conversation. This was the elect of the Cameronian congregation, headed by John Cargill, on their way to receive back their ancient banner from Lord Dalveen. Their present leader was chosen from necessity rather than affection; for, after an hour of solemn deliberation, they concluded that he alone, of all the brethren, could speak and act like a man of this world; and, moreover, that it was unlikely the wayward Lord would deliver the banner into any other hands save his own.

It was not without reason that their leader had tokens of internal enjoyment in his eye. "Let us lift up our voices," cried one in the rear, "and let our notes of gladness awaken this youth from the lap of silken dalliance, so that he may remember his promise, and restore us our banner, even as the ark was restored of old to the chosen children." "Even so let it be, Mark Macrabin," said another of the faithful; "let us lift up our voices, so that a trembling may come upon those who dwell in strong-holds, and that the banner of our hope may return out of captivity." And before John Cargill could interfere, they set up a song, so strange, so wild, and so tuneless, that the ravens flew from the castle top, scared with a noise more discordant than their own. "Peace, brethren," said their leader; "this is ill-timed, and may be ill-taken,

—we must work warily in this matter if we wish to have our banner,—the fowl is still in the fox's mouth."

Lord Dalveen lay in a small chamber in the western side, where the clamour of his Cameronian visitants was drowned in the massive thickness of the walls. He had been out all night, and the horse on which he rode stood in a foam in the stable, the mouth bloody with the curb, and its sides raw with spurring. His dress, which lay scattered on the chamber-floor, was stained with sea-sand and with mire, a brace of loaded pistols were on the table, and he lay himself in a deep sleep, from which the outcry of his visiters failed to rouse him. In his sleep he was busy with the actions of the night, and the scene which was presented to his fancy was one which had lately dwelt much on his thoughts.

A little lonely bay, with an armed ship rocking amid the tide, rose on his sleeping imagination, and the decks were filled with busy mariners, and the sails were ready for the breeze. He saw a beautiful face, with dark tresses, and eyes sparkling with love, look out on the waters from the cabin-window. He had glided, he knew not how, to the ship's-side, and was putting out his hand to seize the ladder and leap in, when the vessel vanished from his feet, and the mariners laughed, and he fell into a shore-less sea, where none were near to help him.

Lord Dalveen started up in his bed, and as he gazed wildly around him, his servant Airngray entered the apartment, and said, "He waits your will, my Lord —it is nigh nine o'clock." "And—stay a moment, Airngray—come near, man—and where in the fiend's name then has he moored his sloop? A cockle-shell could not have escaped my search last night—he was no where to be seen. Show him up privily, Andrew —I must see him in private,—thou understandest?" "Will your Lordship wish to see him here, horse and all," answered the servant, "with fifteen wild Cameronian carles at his back, to sing hallelujahs and seven-league hymns?" "Why, what the devil mean you, man?—your wits are witch-ridden." "I suppose the

same witch has been astride of me that rode your honour's horse yestreen—a wicked limmer—she has been from Colvend to Kirkcudbright, and to the moon, for ought I ken—poor Killiecrankie will never gallop mair." "Andrew," said Lord Dalveen, "tell me what you want !" "Want!" answered Andrew, "I want naught —but here's auld Ramoth Gilead the Cameronian, and a whole hill-side of psalm-singers- -ye never beheld such an array—broad bonnets that fended showers when Cromwell herried Hoddom,—grey plaids, ye never saw such offerings—one of them covered a potatoe-bogle when the root first came amang us. Ye'll see them—if ye dinna laugh now ye'll never laugh mair."

"He cometh with the banner, he cometh," was the eager shout of many a Cameronian, as Lord Dalveen hastened to meet them ; while Cargill, conscious of the mirth which his motley accompaniment would create, advanced before them, and, bowing with an air not at all rustic, said, "Good morrow, my Lord Thomas ; we come to remind you of your promise—we come to receive the banner won from our fathers. That we come not on fine horses with silver trappings, and that we ourselves are but in homely apparel, blame our poverty, but not our will. We are poor worshippers among the hills ; our houses have no marble floors, our wives have no embroidered mantles, nor bodices of rich silk, and we live by our hands, and win an honest penny."

"You are welcome, my kind, my brave friend," said Lord Thomas, "and all who are with you are welcome for your sake. The banner won from your ancestors I shall gladly restore ;—it has long hung honoured in our hall, and has ever been regarded with affection and with awe. I know it goes into a safe sanctuary, else with me it had remained. I will bring it from its place, and pray you to accept of it from one who loves and esteems you."

His Lordship went and soon returned, bearing the ancient banner in his hand, carefully rolled round its staff of black oak. He unrolled it a little way, and said, "But dismount, my friends ; my hall has still its

ancient fame for hospitality, and the sharp air of the morning awakens hunger." A Cameronian, who had hitherto sat silent, advanced to the front, and, with a preliminary cough, said Lord Thomas, I say unto you, that such a thing may not be. We have vowed a vow not to alight from our steeds till we have borne our blessed banner from Dan even unto Beersheba—till we have fanned it with the winds of the far Wardlaw, where we gave praise and thanksgiving of old—till we have waved it thrice in sorrow over the graves of the martyrs who lie in the kirk-yard of old Dumfries—in the wild moors of Irongray, and in the moors of Closeburn —even until we have shaken it in triumph over the grave of him who lieth in the old kirk-yard of Dunscore —even the homicide Lagg. When we have accomplished this, then shall each man return to his dwelling, purify himself with solemn prayer, and taste such creature-comforts as were given to the righteous of old—bread of affliction and water of affliction."

Lord Dalveen suppressed a smile with difficulty, and, unfurling the banner, shook it upon the wind, and said, —"There it is—it has suffered nothing at our hands since the day it was taken. This deep cut on the shaft was given by my ancestor's sword—and this deep stain is the life's-blood of the valiant bannerman who died in its defence." John Cargill hid his face in the fold of his plaid, and each of his companions uttered a groan.

The banner was still in Lord Thomas' hand, and the Cameronians sat mute on their horses before him, when Paul came suddenly to his side, his face inflamed, and his whole frame animated with indignant anger. Lord Dalveen, though come of a race whom danger never daunted, did not see Paul so near him, with all the tokens of wrath and vengeance in his face, without stepping a pace back, and gazing on him with eyes of confusion, if not of alarm. He seemed about to speak—but turned away as if the matter was unworthy of his tongue.

"Lord Dalveen," said Paul, "where is my sister? —look me in the face—last night my mother's house was burned to the ground, and Maud Paul carried away.

I will have an answer, else the refusal shall be written in blood. My house is burned to the ground, and my sister borne away—as sure as yon sun shines in heaven—you plotted this—and as sure as there is a God above us, you shall answer for it—and now."

"Paul, my friend," said Dalveen, without change of look or symptom of emotion, "you do me injurious wrong. You insult me with your suspicions as well as menace me with your looks. Your sister Maud is a lady of a lofty spirit—she scorns all minds not of her mark and element; and I confess that the man must be of a romantic turn of mind who would put himself to the trouble of burning a house, and the expense of freighting a ship, to carry her away."

"I thank you for the confession, my Lord—so some one freighted a ship and carried my sister away? It is as I judged, and as I was informed by one that dared not deceive me. Stand back there—Cameron, Cargill—what's your name?—this Lord and I want a little room. I say again, villain—or worse—Lord—where is my sister?" "I say, insolent peasant," answered Lord Dalveen, "I know not—your sister was a commodity much more purchaseable than you imagine—but she was not the metal for me—I deal with more ductile clay. Am I to be accused of all the indiscretions of the district?—is the repentance-stool only kept for my accommodation? You shall be judge of this matter, Cargill. Here is a young woman very vain—very beautiful if you will—of a romantic turn of mind—fond of the moon—of the lonely sea-side, and so forth. Well! she wandered out—her home caught fire, and, thinking that to be the true moment to elope with proper dramatic effect, she forgot herself somewhere with a swain as visionary as herself, and is now missing. On the back of all this up comes her meek and benevolent brother, with fury in his looks, and arms on his person, demanding his sister from me—and that is a discreet view of the case."

"Have done with this idle and insulting talk," said Paul, "else I shall strike you where you stand. I know not what withholds my hands from striking you

dead even now—you have sought for it anxiously, you have plotted for it, and you have deserved it thrice over."

"I will tell thee why thy hand is withheld from doing an act so rash and sinful," said John Cargill. "It is withheld, because whoso striketh before he judgeth shall surely perish basely. Forbear this profitless strife, I pray you, and let me judge this matter calmly between you. He heeds me not!—he heeds me not!—but with this steed will I abide between you, that evil may not happen."

"Let him come, man, let him come," said Lord Dalveen;—"he shall have his wish—no man ever begged blows from me, when he deserved them, and got them not. Here, Airngray—bring me a couple of swords, and give him his choice;—or, stay,—I have the tools about me will do—see that these pistols are well loaded, with balls to fit, good flints, and sure priming. I will indulge this rustic in his desires. I remember, now, my cousin Phemie praised his handsome limbs in the dance some evenings ago—I shall spoil his dancing for him. Now you will approve of this, my Cameronian friends—the dance, you know, is a device of him of the evil place—I love not to name sinful names—it is the duty of a Christian to overthrow his devices. Come, Airngray, thou snail—were it to do mischief you would be ready enough. Come—that is my favourite pistol, but either will do good service. So, now give him his choice."

"This is all according to character, my Lord," said Paul; "but let me tell you, your acting is not from the impulse of honest nature. Your tranquil look and calmness of speech are proofs against you. Villany has not yet so far poisoned your heart, that you would have heard of my sister's wrong without emotion, had not the wrong been done to serve you. Come with me to the garden-ground—nay, the spot whereon we stand will do. From this spot one of us shall not depart in life."

"Cargill," said Lord Thomas, "I will settle this matter in a moment—cannot you manage to draw off

your Cameronian scarecrows a little? you have a brain, and a shrewd one too, under your bonnet. Here, take the banner; and, harkee, I have ordered the plot of ground to be given to thee for thy kirk. Come, Airngray, what says he? what's his choice? Pistols.—Well, one fool of the twelve millions who infest the surface of this little island will make his exit soon."

"I can shake this tranquil insolence," said Paul. "Him whom you employed to carry off my sister, and await your coming in one of the Galloway bays, has proved you a fool as well as a villain. He has carried her away for himself. In a distant sea he is smiling at having outwitted one so wily as your Lordship."

"Slaves!" exclaimed Lord Dalveen,—"they dare not. In some wild bay I will hang up their bones to whiten in the winter blast." "They have taken a curious precaution against such an accident as that," said Paul. "And what may this precaution be?" inquired Dalveen.—"Only this, my Lord; they have left her brother here to visit her wrongs on your head, before he seeks for revenge on any meaner person."

During this fiery discussion, the Cameronians sat on horseback in utter astonishment at the enormity of the imputed offence, at the coolness of the young nobleman, and the presumption of the peasant. Some of them, however, began to consider the quarrel as one of those unexpected blessings which promised to diminish the numbers of the Amalekites, and prepared to regard the issue as a fulfilment of old prophecy—as the coming to pass of one of the forgotten prophecies of Alexander Peden. "These youths," said one, "are about to do evil—but mine eyes shall not behold iniquity;" and he turned away to contemplate the distant hill, the site of their new kirk. Another held his plaid before his face, saying, "So the children of this generation perish;" while a third uncovered his head, held his face in his hat, like a shepherd asking a blessing over his kitted porridge, and continued to mutter what he might intend for a prayer—the conclusion alone was audible, "And for the spillers of blood there are fires in Tophet. Amen."

John Cargill alone seemed desirous of peace. "Why, young men," he said, "will ye brawl and talk of the stab and the shot? A young and modest maiden has been basely carried away; will you not pursue with the vassals of your house? Will you not go down to the sea in an armed ship after them, and seize on those men of rapine and iniquity?"

While Cargill spoke, Lord Thomas retired a little way, and Paul, freeing himself from the impediment which the Cameronian had placed between them, confronted him at some six paces distance. They looked at each other—they raised their right hands at once, and the double flash and knell made the horses rear and the riders start. Down sprang Cargill with all the alacrity of youth, and threw himself in between them. They both stood—their pistols reeking at touch-hole and muzzle. When the smoke flew up, Dalveen dashed his pistol on the ground, and exclaimed "Eternal God! have I missed him?" He pulled another pistol from his pocket, another was ready cocked in the hand of Paul; but Cargill exclaimed, "Ye shall find each other's hearts through me;" and seizing the right hand of the young nobleman, held him with as sure a gripe as an iron manacle.

All the castle windows flew open, and down the stair came Lady Phemie; while, with her antique silks rustling like frozen sails in a stiff gale, Lady Emeline tottered after her, crying, "Oh! run between them!—hold them!—bind them!—are they hurt? Oh that I have lived to see this!" And, with eyes glistening with tears, she threw herself on the neck of her grandson, and said, "This pride, this unhappy pride of thine will be the ruin of thy house." She grew deadly pale as she spoke, and added faintly, "He's wounded, mortally wounded!—there's blood flowing down his neck." All gathered round, while Lord Thomas smiled, and said,—"A drop, a mere drop—a touch, only a touch"—and, putting his hand to the place, he drew it back covered with blood—his colour changed when he looked on it. "Stand back, madam," he said, "and keep back, you devout asses; this blood must be atoned for;

—back, I say, else by the fiends I'll fire my pistol upon you." He cocked a pistol as he spoke, and, stepping up to Paul, said, "Back to back—step two paces away —wheel round and fire—that's the Dalveen distance." And each of them had taken a step, when Lady Phemie caught her cousin in her arms, and sought to master his right hand;—he snatched the pistol with his left, and held it out. His better nature overcame him—he flung the weapon from his hand with such velocity, that it sung through the air, and went off as it struck the bough of a large chesnut tree.

John Cargill, though offended at the insolent way in which the brethren were treated by Lord Thomas, busied himself in the work of peace. "Scotland, God wot, has plenty of enemies, without her own children spilling each other's blood. There's the gay and the insolent French—the Spaniards, who bow to idols of gold and silver—the Pope of Rome, who keepeth the profitable toll-bar of purgatory, and taketh his fifty per cent. from souls;—and, nearer home, there's the swollen and luxurious southron, whose God is his belly, and who worships in the larder and prays on the ale-vat. And if ye will fight at home, go and war with the enemies of the covenanted church. Go and overcome that profane person, Duncan Macraw, who raiseth music without scripture-warrant from twa boss sticks and a bag of leather. Go and pull the Pope's gown from the back of Haman Crosket; who baptizes God's bairns with a shot-bag on his shouther and a fowling-piece in his hand. Go and pull down the Pope's mass-shop, of which Lady Devrgill keepeth the key. Go,—for these are godly acts—whereas spilling blood will call for a sore reckoning from man, and a sadder from God."

What solid and wise counsel fails to produce is sometimes accomplished by lighter means. The speech of the Cameronian caught the fancy of Lord Thomas, the gloom began to lighten on his face, and ere it was concluded he was laughing outright. Something of the kind was perhaps expected by the wily son of the Covenant, who lived among his brethren in the suspicion of worshipping those delilahs, wit and humour, and of not

believing in all the traditional doctrine of their church. His knowledge made him respected, and his ready talents made him useful;—but even while he was uttering the above speech, one of his companions shook his head, and owned with a groan that Cargill's call had not been effectual, and that some parts of him were not yet wholly won to grace and the Covenant.

"He speaketh words of mingled jest and earnest," said one,—"and serves Mammon the one minute and the Most High another." "He has been long known," said a second, "as one who overleaps the sheepfold and and tasteth the grass of profane pastures. I saw him, with mine own eyes, dance with a dozen maidens at Gawin Nisbet's bridal, and kiss the bride when he had done." "He shaves himself on Sunday," said a third, "and carries over him, when the rain falls, a fantastic cap, called an umbrella, which is a mistrusting of Providence." "Moreover," said a fourth, "when that soul's weel-wisher, Richard Rowett, preached his annual sermon on the Persecution, was not this man found reading a profane book, called the Gentle Shepherd, in the crown of his bonnet; and did he not say, that ae half hour of the book was worth sax hours of the sermon; and hath not many people fallen asleep during that precious person's preaching ever since?" "It is enough," said several voices at once; "let us depart with our banner and leave him." And, with solemn brows and sullen eyes, twelve reined their horses back, and moved away without a parting word.

Five or six men, well armed, now came from the castle, and, advancing to Paul, proceeded to seize him. He had stood till now silent, and holding a cocked pistol in his hand; but when he felt the hand of Airngray, he disengaged himself by a momentary exertion of strength and activity; and, placing his back to a tree and his foot to a stone, menaced all who approached him. Lady Emeline looked at him and said, "Thou evil son of an implacable race, how hast thou dared to lift thy hand against my child,—against one of the nobles of the land,—against one whom thou wert but

born to defend, and whose ancestors' bosoms the bosoms of thy own have bucklered abroad and at home? Heaven be praised the harm is but little! The ball has grazed his neck, shredded a ringlet of his hair, and razed the skin. Speak, were it but to rue thy treason."

"I entreat you, Lady Emeline," said her grandson, "ask no questions at him—then you will have no arrogant answers—nor have insult added to injury. I care not for his feud—I despise and defy him—I resent this matter no farther."

"Nay now, my fair son," said the Lady, "you have leapt so high that you have fallen on the other side. I know thee and the race thou art sprung from too well to trust thee in this. When a saint sits on the brow a demon rules in the heart. Come, come, there is some mystery in all this which I would fain understand. Who can tell me how this has chanced? Something must have chafed John Paul beyond all human endurance, before he would have come to my threshhold and thirsted for blood of mine."

"Of a truth, noble Lady," said the Cameronian, "the whole seems a matter much too romantic for my understanding. It happened while I sat on horseback, with some fifteen or more of our people, that I saw this youth—this son of the woman who lives in the little morass—a kite of a fierce kind—I saw him coming, I say, with the speed of an east wind, and when he came where we stood he stood also. And he stept before thy son, and said, 'Ye have carried away my sister, and consumed my mother's house with fire; and, Lord Thomas, you are a villain.' And, without many more words, and before I could quote blessed Job, and cry patience, they snatched out their pistols,—and, noble Lady, ye know the rest as well as I."

"Now God in heaven forbid such a chance!" said Lady Emeline. "Say, young man—say, John Paul—and dread no one's frown and no one's arms—say how is this? Is thy house burnt down and thy sister carried away?" and she looked him anxiously and steadily in the face. "Noble Lady," said Paul, "you have been

told truly. Armed men came from a ship in the bay, burned down my mother's house, carried my sister by force away—Lord Dalveen can best tell whither."

"Speak yet more plainly, young man," said the lady; "fear no man's force or no man's frown—I see you can tell me more. Oh! I dread I understand you too well—yet speak without fear." "It is long, Lady," said Paul, "since fear and I were fellows. I am without fear, and against ten men's might I would defend myself in a slighter quarrel than this. I have told you nearly all. I followed the ship which carried my sister away many a mile along the coast. I obtained sure and certain intelligence of the authors of this outrage. I armed myself, and came to demand of Lord Dalveen satisfaction for the grievous wrong which he has wrought. But the hour of satisfaction is only postponed—'those who shed a drop of Dalveen's blood must repay it with ten of their own'—I know the Nithsdale proverb; I shall match it with another, 'Those who do Paul a grievous and deadly wrong, shall answer it with blood ere the sun sets that saw it.'"

"But how can all this have happened?" questioned Lady Emeline; "My Lord Dalveen was in his castle late last night—nay, was in thine own company when thy mother's house was burnt and thy sister borne away, as I now learn from those around me. How do you mean to implicate my grandson?" "O!" said Lord Thomas, "know ye not, Lady that our house has intercourse with evil spirits. This devout gentleman will tell you the same." "Yea," answered a Cameronian from the moorlands of Carmichael, with great readiness,—"yea, and with the prince of the devils likewise, even Belzebub. Your house has long been a trafficker with the realms of darkness. Cosmo, the first of the race, founded this same tower by magic. Shoito, the second, cut the deep moat around it by a spell. Basil, whom men call Basil, with the bright sword, surrendered it, tower and wall, to the dominion of Satan, that he might make it good with ten score men against seven thousand men led by Lord Dacre; and so well did the auld enemy keep his word, that

Lord Dacre might as well have sought to scale the mid-day sun, or undermine Criffell. Then came he whom men call Thomas with the beard—but whom we call Thomas the bloody Persecutor ——."

"Hold thy insolent tongue, peasant," said Lady Emeline; "I ask the for no idle and vulgar history. How comes it, I ask, that my child is charged with committing a crime done while he was absent, and in the company, too, of him who brings the accusation?"

"I tell you, Lady," said Lord Thomas, who had no wish that Paul should be more explicit than he had been,—"that wise young gentleman believes, with this devout person, in the evil spirits who protect the house of Dalveen. He believes that certain of our spiritual equerries threw fire on his mother's house, and carried his sister to sea. And this, I confess, seems likely. All things possest with the devil have taken to the sea, from the herd of swine in scripture down to John Paul and his sister Maud."

"He has spoken the truth," said Paul; "it was some of the spirits—the evil spirits who await the bidding of Lord Dalveen, who burned my home and took away my sister. But though worthy of the pit, they belong not to the place; they are only candidates for perdition, and under such patronage they cannot fail. They are mortals—with bodies sensible of lead and steel. Yes, he was away, Lady—he was away—inferior hands and duller heads completed his wishes—and he will soon find they have gone farther. I shall say no more—he abides challenge—and though he has wronged me grievously I shall seek no odds against him, but let God defend the right. If he denies me the meeting, wherever I find him he dies."

"It is enough, young man," said Lady Emeline; "much wrong has been done, and though I have my doubts, I know not directly who to blame. Your mother shall not want a house while this castle covers my grey hairs; and for your sister, I shall stir earth, and air, and sea, but she shall be found and restored. For yourself, measures of safety are necessary—you have threatened vengeance against my child—he fears you

not, for he is of a race to whom fear would be a new feeling—you are of a nature prone to fulfil such threats, therefore shall you go before one of the rulers of this land, who will winnow the truth from the falsehood. My child shall go too—the accuser and the accused—so that justice may be done between you, and none shall say, I screened my own blood when an oppressed person complained. Much am I grieved that the noble Douglas of Selkirk dwells so distant—of his wisdom and his justice no one ever complained—he would have weighed this serious matter prudently—we must seek a meaner presence, one of whom no man knows the descent—but it is his majesty's pleasure to work with vulgar instruments." "A good day's work may be done with a dirty spade," said Cargill, "and a foul hand makes a clean hearth-stone."

CHAPTER XI.

"Tear forth the fathers of poor families
Out of their beds, and coffin them alive
In some kind-clasping prison, where their bones
May be forthcoming when the flesh is rotten."

Patrick Macmittimus, Esquire, to whose magisterial tribunal Lord Dalveen and Paul took their way, was then in the prime of life, and his official situation had stamped a double portion of pride on his brow, and infused an equal quantity of arrogance into his heart. He had held a commission in the army during the peace; but when the sound of war approached, and true soldiers began to think of hard blows and quick promotion, he was seized with a laudable aversion to the spilling of human blood. He became what men call a patriot,—quoted Scripture concerning swords and ploughshares,—talked of the agricultural interests and

the pastoral wealth of the land, and sold out of the regiment on the week before it embarked for the continent. He had heard of a Roman of old who retired from the army to the plough, so to the plough he retired; but he imitated none of the mildness and simplicity of his prototype; for he demeaned himself with such military insolence, that all who knew him longed to kick him,—and one or two did so.

But what he chiefly prided himself in was his breed and management of poultry, and his relish for the labours of the saucepan and the spit. Indeed, except in the matter of valour, he closely resembled Lucullus, and laid all the district-dainties under contribution for his table. His capon-cavies, his duck-ponds, and his turkey-roosts, were filled with the fattening and the fat. Through among them he daily walked, weighing the inmates one by one in his hands, and devouring them in idea to an improved sauce of his own invention. He was terrible to wandering mendicants,—to boys who plucked forbidden fruit,—to fishers out of season, —and to poachers in the season. To the whole class of wanderers—gypsies, tinkers, and maimed soldiers and sailors—his mildest word was the whip and the prison. Wo to those who approached him as a magistrate when he was hungry! and double wo to those who ventured upon him when his table smoked, and his appetite was half appeased!—his decisions then were quick and harsh. In his happier moods he was sometimes known to do an act of justice and even kindness. Those who knew him believed his few wise decisions came rather from good fortune than good sense.

The mansion in which this Galwegian man of justice resided bore around it marks of the character of its inhabitant. The cry of poultry and the grunting of pigs became audible before Lady Emeline's antique coach approached the house nearer than a quarter of a mile. In every avenue were boards threatening men's limbs with steel-traps and their bodies with spring-guns; while, fastened to a tree by a gorget of iron, stood an old white-headed beggar-man, who had that very morn-

ing, with hunger in his heart, but without the fear of the magistrate before him, entreated the justice, in the words of the merry old ballad, for

"A nievefu' of meal, a handfu' of grotts,
"A dad of a bannock, or pudding bree."

Lady Emeline looked out of her carriage when she saw the old man; for she was of unbounded kindness of heart, and knew every candidate in the district for the penny and the crumb. "Charlie," she said,—"Charlie Cavell, come here and tell me how you are, and if Justice Macmittimus be at home?"—"At hame! ay, troth and atweel is he," said Charlie, with a laugh, and bowing as low as the iron restraint would allow him; "I'll warrant him at hame. I saw Jenny Caird, his henwife, thraw the necks of twa as fat capons as ever lap at a grozel; and as a farther token, he has given me this braw cravat, the wark of Tam Waldenheat the blacksmith. It's no of silk like bonnie Lady Phemie's there, but I'se warrant it an enduring ane."

"Fool man!" said the Lady, why stand ye making ridiculous faces there? cannot ye come to the carriage and get a piece of silver?"

"Indeed, my lady," answered Charlie, "I'm no saying but what Justice Macmittimus is a right gude fallow. Other fowk give me the bite and the soup, and the handsel to take hame, but he gives me a braw dwalling under the greenwood tree. Here's the green and flowering carpet under my feet; all the wit of Jamie Macghie the weaver couldna marrow it, I trow; there's the walls of undefiled air, through which I hear the sang of the bird, and feel the smell of the rose and the birk, and see the green beauty of the earth. Could Tam Macaig, wi' a' his skill, build me sic a mansion? Then look at the roof, Lady,—look at the roof:—the simmer sun, that writes the wonders of light on the deep-blue sky, cannot surpass it. It has ae faut howsever,—those that get in canna weel get out. This vile Macmittimus's cravat sits sae tight, that I maun do my devoir at a distance."

"Ah! I see how it is with you," said Lady Emeline, with a smile which had something of sorrow in it; "but, Charlie, keep up your heart; I shall soon free ye from that encumbrance. And go down to the castle when ye are loose; I have something to give ye." —"Mony thanks, my Lady," said Charlie; "naught but what was good ever came from your hand, and naught but what was kindly from your lips. But gin ye wish to speed with Pate Macmittimus, slip ye a bit of gowd below his thumb,—it will work wonders for ye, Lady;—ane tauld me that tried it, and got a braw decision for his pains.—Oh to be roaming free again on the bonnie howes of Kirkmahoe, the green hills of the Keir, or amang the hazel groves of Glenae!"

"It is right," said Lady Emeline, as they proceeded on their way, "for the man who is clothed in the King's authority to deal out justice to all—to the poor as well as the rich. Here is one of those miserable men who seek alms from door to door,—one of those quicksilvery characters who commonly run readily through the loop-holes of the law,—yet justice hath fitted itself to his situation. When the mean are thus open to the operation of the law, what must the noble be? When the poor cannot get away, how must the rich do, who cannot escape, and who dare not do now as they did of old,—defend themselves with spear and bow against law and laity?"

"Ah! my noble Lady," said Cargill, who rode at the window of the carriage, "but the thread of the law is too slender to tether the rich and the noble in this little princedom of Galloway. This man, whom certain of the land call a justice, thinks that to be rich is to be right, that men of rank can do no wrong, and that poverty is a mark of God's anger, and a certain assurance that its owner is both knave and slave. In his eyes a gold-laced jacket covers naught but what is honourable and reputable; while, under a bad coat, you are sure to find a good thief. It was but last week he put his coachman, a swag-bellied southron, into prison for refusing to sup porridge. That I dinna blame him so much for; it set weel a knave like him to twist his

gruntle wi' a glunch at such a lordly dish; but then he put Jenny Mason's son Jock in the jouggs for casting his cap at a hare that was eating his mither's kale last Yule."

"I thought," said Lady Emeline, "that this Justice was reckoned a good sort of a man, was liked in his station, and thought honest and kindly."—"As for his honesty," answered Cargill, "he never stole aught of mine; but, as for being liked, six-pence would feast all the folk who like him from Dalswinton-hill to the crooks of Dee. There are none but what would eat all they love of him, and no be accounted cannibals when done. Take this as a specimen:—Here, friend," said John, addressing himself to a peasant, who was retiring from the presence at the hall, "tell me, is that worthy man the Justice in a merciful mood to day?"—"Wow, man! where came ye frae to ask such a question?" replied the peasant.—"Ise say nae ill of him sae near the house, and him at the window, and airn for neck and heel in the neighbourhood;—but roose the ford whan ye ride it;—Justice may be a cannie beast, but she's no to ride the water on. I could tell you mair if I dwalt on the other side of the Nith; but this thing called law has a damned lang arm."

The coach stopped at the door; and Lord Dalveen and Paul, Lady Emeline and her grand-daughter, with Cargill and another Cameronian, were ushered into the hall of justice. The official personage was seated in another room, employed on a roasted fowl, which he moistened with a bottle of wine,—two excellent auxiliaries in a long discussion. "Davie," said the Magistrate to his attendant,—a man who was clerk, butler, and gamekeeper, and had swollen out his person according to the importance of those three dignities,—"Davie, man, who in the fiend's name's come now?—Oh, I see—get me twa warrants ready; I will commit these scrupulous worthies,—these Cameronians, Davie. They are a dour race, and honour not where honour is due; ye may as weel ask Criffel to take off its cap of snow in December as expect one of them to move his bonnet when I pass. They would come and pray with

me if they thought me dying, Davie; but damn the one of them would do me a day's work, by way of forespeaking kindness, or send me a barn-door chuckie as a grace-gift, were it to save me from dissection. But I'll deal with them, Davie; I'll deal with them." Here the Justice applied himself to the fowl and the wine for a moment, and then continued,—

"But who have we here besides?—As I live by flesh and no by feathers, here's Lady Emeline, and that young laughing lass of Siddick, Lady Phemie. And what wild gallant's this?—Lord Dalveen, as sure as cocks come from eggs and capons from cocks.—I'm in for a dinner, Davie,—four fat capons will never excuse me. Go to the cavie, number six, Davie, and make the mistress of the poultry thraw the necks of the iron-grey capons and the one that's of a silver hue;—and do it discreetly, and don't frighten the other fowls from their meat, Davie. There's another skellum yet,—one that would gulp a turkey at a down-sitting, or a brace of ducks, and set them swimming too in three bottles of claret.—But I'll make brief work of them, Davie. Now, Davie, how looks my new coat,—my thunder-and-lightning-coloured ane?—And how do I look in my new wig on the judgment-seat?—wise and terrible, eh Davie?"—And, without waiting for an answer from knowing what the answer would be, he took his seat in a large chair, with a small writing-desk at his side, and confronted his applicants.

"So, my friends," said the Magistrate, addressing the Cameronians, "you and justice must be acquainted at last! I have looked for you.—I knew your natures would not be long obedient to law.—I expected to have had the pleasure of doing the needful for your necks and heels two summers sooner. But come,—let us be brief: you listen so long to a sermon it would be a shame to make you listen long to law. Come, who complains of these men?—come, out with it.—Ah! Lady Emeline, I bow to the floor;—Lady Phemie, I am still a bachelor: beauty has no mercy on a poor labourer for the public weal.—I must sit on the judgment-bench while others sit in the lady's bower.—My

Lord, I am yours to command :—there are some black game on Macmittimus Moor, my Lord, and you are fond of a shot. But don't shoot at my chicken-cavies, like Sir Hugh Gordon, and shoot six capons at a shot. And this young gentleman too,—is he fond of a shot? Oh, I see,—I understand,—you have the eye ;—I would not be a black cock before you for all the holms of Dee.

"Mr. Patrick Macmittimus," said Cargill's Cameronian friend, justly incensed at this official rudeness, "you are a wise man doubtless, yet there are things that even wisdom must condescend to be informed about. Ye needna bend your brows at me, man ;—I wish ye kenned how little I regard them. Now, ye see, we Cameronians are neither fautors nor complainers,—and that ye'll think a queer thing."—"And what are you then, friend, and who are you," said the Justice, "if ye are neither culprit nor complainer?"—"What am I?" said the Cameronian, "I am a witness of folk's folly:—and wha am I?—Ane that your grandsire, auld Grippie Macmittimus, kenned fu' weel; for monie a day he herded my father's sheep on the hills of Airnaumery. My father was a keen carle, with a weel-steeket nieve, but auld Grippie fu' weel could open it. We aye ca'd him Grippie, ye see; and the way he came by that to-name was this: In the great drouth of the twenty-aught the sheep were driven down from the parched mountains to the green vales, and——"

Up started the Justice with fury in his face, and with a voice like a blast of a post-horn :—"Silence, I say ;—under pretence of speaking you begin to preach :——peace!—You Cameronian,—Cargill,—what's your name?—you can tell a plain tale when it suits your purpose,—say what all this is about ;—only forget not yourself among another man's sheep, like your companion there." Low bowed Cargill, and said, with a look of perfect simplicity, "It was your grandsire, Grippie, wha forgot himself among his master's sheep, your honour, and no my neighbour, Elisha Hall. I see your honour disna like the subject; but as ye have

got a brent new carriage that wants the family-arms, I would advise ye to take three sheep-cloots on a field, tar-marked——But I'm nae daub in heraldry,—so, touching the complaint——"

"Ay, Sir," said the Magistrate fiercely, "keep to the subject; let me have no more wanderings, else there are jouggs that are little better than the thumbikins of old. Come, Sir, what complain ye of, and against whom?"

"It's something of a crooked tale," said Cargill, "and I'll uphaud it's a dark ane. John Paul said Lord Dalveen had burned his mother's house to the ground, and carried away his sister by force and no by free will. This deed of evil Lord Thomas seemed not altogether to deny, and he made answer scoffingly; and so hard words and vain words passed between them, and ere your honour could cry, 'chuckie!' they popt off two pistols, and Lord Thomas lost some drops of blood, and the other a button off his bosom. And so my tale's told. Now, your honour maun just tie the twa loons to civil behaviour; and I'll be bail for the tane;—and if better mayna be, I'll be bond for the tother; and sae we'll wag awa hame, and your honour will hae done a wise, a kind, and a civil act a' in the same day."

"And who is he whom you call Paul?"—thus questioned the Justice,—"who is he, that he has presumed to break the King's peace,—to swagger with a loaded pistol,—present it against the body of one of the nobles of this land,—one of the sworn lieges, and unlawfully pull the trigger thereof? Who is he, I say?"

"Hout! your honour kens Johnie Paul," answered Cargill, "the son of the widow Prudence, who lived in the Snipe-mire, where she will live now I canna weel tell ye. But as your honour says, it's a fearful piece of presumption to insult a Lord for burning ane's house about their lugs and reaving away ane's sister. Now, an I were the lad, I wad down on my knees and bow to Lord Dalveen three times,—then bow thrice as often to your worship,—and confess my indiscretion in being in wrath about the firing of an auld clay bigging, and

carrying away a daft lass, wha would like the ploy weel eneugh as soon as the first squeal was over. Conscience! I would be amenable to reason,—that would I now."

The Justice eyed him, and thought he observed the glimmer of an ironical smile in the old man's eye. "And who may you be, friend?" said Macmittimus. —"Who am I?—why my name is John Cargill,"—"a laird of two acres of peat-moss on the hither side of Lochmaben, and God's gude servant and your honour's."—"Then, John Cargill, laird of two acres of peat-moss on the hither side of Lochmaben, I command you to be silent. There is more presumption in your affected meekness of spirit than a magistrate is bound to endure. I will proceed roundly in this business." He then collected himself in his seat, concentrated, as it were, his whole force into one look of magisterial penetration, and said,—"John Paul, listen to me. You are charged with slandering a young nobleman, imputing to him the ravishment of your sister and the burning of your house. Now, with regard to burning the house, the house was his own; and it would be a sad law that hindered us from destroying our own if we so chose. So that part of the complaint is closed. With respect to the carrying away by force of the young woman, what is the fact? The fact is, that the young woman is handsome, and has the gift of knowing it;—Lord Dalveen is a handsome young nobleman, and of this she was not insensible.—'They made a paction 'tween them twa;'—Justice, in a merry case like this, may be excused in helping out her wisdom with the line of a mirthful sang,—the lass ran away and my Lord is blamed, as some young man must be when a young woman is foolish. And thus have I got to the bottom of this case.—I have seen to the bottom of many a dark business in my time."

"Sir," said Paul, "I am carried before one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace I am told—Will you have the goodness to be silent in behalf of Lord Dalveen till some impartial magistrate comes to aid you?—it may save you the trouble of mistaking the law and perverting the truth."

One of his own turkey-cocks never swelled out and fluttered his feathers so furiously at the sight of a scarlet cloak as did the Justice at this taunt. "Sir," said he, "rein in this insolence. Am I unknown in the land?—My name, Sir, is Patrick Macmittimus of Macmittimus Hall, Esquire, Justice of the Peace to our Sovereign Lord the King,—the scourge of vagrants and mendicants and idle swaggerers. And what is more, Sir,—were you as high as the hills, Sir,—were you the king on the throne, Sir,—nay, were you the provost of Dumfries himself, Sir,—I would make you obey me."

Paul, with a look of grave humility, made reply,—"I knew not that I was in such a presence; I took you for one of those bustling and ignorant persons who, with all the insolence of rank, have none of its courtesy,—who have only as much knowledge as enables them to go wrong,—and who have a natural alacrity at doing deeds of injustice and oppression. For such I took you,—it remains to be seen if I have judged amiss."

"Sir," said the Magistrate, "your folly shall not mislead my sense. I will judge impartially, though you undervalue my judgment. Now, Sir, since, by the law of this land, Lord Thomas had a right to burn his own house to the ground whenever it was his pleasure, and since the deforcement of your sister was beneath the dignity of a nobleman, and unlikely to be at all necessary, as all the world knows Lord Thomas' good fortune that way, I shall consider all that as disposed of, and proceed to inquire for what purpose you bore arms about you. Come, tell me that, my quick-witted friend?"

"Sir," said Paul, "I accuse Lord Dalveen of what has been very clearly told you, of burning my house and forcing away my sister. I can prove, that, though he went not to work with his own hands, he paid others for doing it. Base as this conduct was, I wished to deal honourably; I met him and I challenged him, and we exchanged shots. That we were interrupted I lament; for he has done me mortal wrong, for which blood can only atone."

"Son,—son!" said Lady Emeline, "if you have done this you have done a base and an evil deed. Let the young woman, to whose worthiness I can bear testimony, be restored to her mother's bosom; and for a house, I shall give one of twice the value, and plenish it at my own cost."—"Lord Thomas," said Lady Phemie, her brow colouring as she spoke, "do what Lady Emeline requests; I see it is in your power. Come, cousin, be wise for once, and take counsel." She stept up to him till her face nearly touched his, and said in a low decided tone of voice,—"Be merciful, Thomas, and be just,—you will lose a friend else—one, who has overlooked many of your follies from the hope of your repentance." He returned no answer, but stood in all appearance enjoying the anger of Paul, the anxiety of his cousin, and the solemn stupidity of the Justice.

Meanwhile, Macmittimus sat drawing his mouth together like the gatherings of a sack of corn,—moving his head to the left and then to the right,—turning his eyes to the ceiling, then casting them on the floor, like one in quest of some wise and difficult conclusion. He took a pen from the table, and, dipping it in the ink of judgment, muttered,—

"Firstly, He goes armed with unlawful weapons,—commit him. Secondly, He goes armed, and accuses one of place and dignity of doing an unbecoming thing,—commit him. Thirdly, He challenges a nobleman of the land,—commit him. Fourthly, He fires a pistol loaded with powder and ball, and draws blood,—a drop or more, from the neck of the said noble person,—commit him. Fifthly, He is a person of mean descent; and his mother at the judgment-seat, where she was once a witness, told me that capons were owre good for coofs,—for coofs, consult Jamieson,—her meaning supposed to be wicked,—commit him. Sixthly, and finally, He has offended one clothed in the sacred authority of his Majesty,—one at whose bidding prison doors fly open and the gorgets are unloosed. He has offended me, therefore he stands committed, and so I sign the sentence."

At this moment the door opened, and the wisdom of the bench received a re-enforcement in the person of Justice Colanson, one of the district magistrates, and a gentleman of old descent, whose fiery and impetuous mood the influence of eighty years had not much subdued. He was a hale, healthy old man, with a strong frame and well-knit limbs, and with his long white hair flowing plentifully on his shoulders. His dress was of the cut of the times of the good Queen Anne, of that mixture called pepper and salt; his hose were pearl-silk, and his shoes red-heeled, with large gold buckles shining like the morning sun.

In the creation of William Colanson, nature seemed to have said to herself, "Come, I will collect all the oddities, and caprices, and whims, which I ought to scatter among the new-born of the whole district, and, mingling this strange mass with some absurdity, some benevolence and kindness of heart, I will make a kind of mortal merely by way of experiment. I will then put it into the world, and see what men will make of it; it has a chance for a mitre or a coronet, else I have lost all knowledge of mankind." But nature threw in one particle of sense more than she meant, and her work was not worthy of such distinction,—sense bore it down to the moderate altitude of the county magistracy. Nature, in a few of her future experiments, was sparing of the superfluous materials which compose the understanding, and half a bench of bishops, half a batch of baronets, and lords and earls without number, were the fortunate results.

"Ah, Patie Macmittimus," said his unceremonious associate, "you are busy in the magisterial vocation. Lady Emeline, your grey head is not so familiar with the morning sun as mine. I was on the road before the light was on the dew this morning. Ah, and here is a fairer flower than ever dew fell on;—my fair Lady Phemie, I hope, has done some little piece of harmless mischief, enough to justify me in carrying her home to prison in Colanson-hall, where a priest would make me her keeper. Ah, girl, you may smile,—but it is only these grey hairs which protect you. An I were as

young as I have been, I would be as great a fool as ever, and that's I believe a wise saying. Well now, Pate Macmittimus, what's this ye are about?—a warrant, as I protest,—armed,—(reading,)—challenge,—duel,—blood—Let me see the two gowks, that I may know them again. Ay, likely lads enough for mischief, though I cannot say I can name them. We gentles of the inland see little of you seaside bodies. Well, bairns, were there no orchards to rob,—no hawks' nests to herry,—no chamber windows to scale,—no piece of harmless folly that became your capacities, but that you must take to the green sod with cruel hearts and with cocked pistols? Patie, man, ye have made out a warrant for one, I'll make out a warrant for the other. They'll cool and come to themselves between cold walls and behind iron stanchells. What's the name of the other mad callant?"

"My name," said the young nobleman, "is Thomas, Lord Dalveen,—a name long seen in the stream of Scottish story before that of Colanson had become as a bubble for an hour on its surface."

"Weel, man, weel," said Justice Colanson, "there's no use in being peevish about it. Dalveen is an auld name, and I trow a bauld name, and has had more weight in the world than it stands for now. Thomas, Lord Dalveen, alake, the last lord of the name that I wot of, got his head and his title chappet off in the same second of time in the year of grace and rebellion fifteen. Thomas, Lord Dalveen, by the condescension of country speech, but plain Master Thomas by act of parliament."

"Sir," answered Lord Dalveen, "your white hairs protect you, else I would strike you on the judgment-seat. Know that I am Thomas, Lord Dalveen, not by grace, but by right,—not by favour, but by blood,—not by kingly courtesy, but by deeds of honour and daring done upon the foes of Scotland. It is a title purchased with blood on many a sanguinary field,—it cannot be taken from me any more than the blood of heroes can be discharged from my veins, and the puddle which stagnates in yours be put into its place. My gallant

ancestor lost his life on a scaffold, because he loved his native princes better than aliens; and I should hold myself unworthy if I allowed his title to be extinguished but with my life. When my country can blot from its history the noble deeds done by those of my name, then shall I consent to become plain Master; and I shall willingly salute with the titles of your Lordship and your Grace, any pimp, parasite, usurer, keeper of chambers, and comptroller of close-stools,—any gilded moth of the moment who may have crawled into favour by inventing a new coat-collar, or by adding a tassel to a pair of pantaloons."

"All this is little to the purpose, young man," said Justice Colanson, "and your argument is nothing worth. Your blood, once rich, is now become poor,—even as land becomes lean by producing large harvests of weeds. Come, come, young man, be grave, and try to rebuild your ruined house; avoid folly and shun wanton sin, and when you have sobered yourself down to modesty of thought and propriety of conduct, why, truly, I shall be tempted to call you Lord Dalveen myself,—though, for the present, plain Master must e'en serve the turn."

Lord Dalveen smiled,—but it was a smile of bitterness and scorn, as he replied,—"To hear you speak a stranger would think you wise, and to look on your person he might take you for one of the district-oracles. But there is the wisdom of words and the wisdom of deeds,—if you could unite them, I might admire you. Your looks are the looks of wisdom, but your actions are those of weakness and caprice. He who transplants his fruit-trees twice a-year, and wonders why he has not an increase of fruit, is not in a state of mind to give counsel to others. When the old women cease to mock you as you pass by, the children to make mouths at you, and the mendicant who halts on a crutch ceases to bless God that he is not like the daft Laird of Colanson, then, and not till then, shall I think your counsel worthy of practice, and submit to receive Lord from your lips."

The old man's whole frame quivered with anger,

and his white hair rose and fell on his crown like the arched back of an incensed cat. He rose suddenly, and struck the young nobleman a blow with his cane so earnestly, that it flew out of his hand, and Lord Thomas staggered where he stood. In a moment, Lord Dalveen snatched up the cane, and aimed a blow at the Justice. The staff was descending on his white head, when Paul interposed his hand,—his hand was beat down with the violence of the blow, and it fell, but not severely, on hairs eighty winters old. Paul wrenched the cane from his hand, and threw it at his feet. "O shame, shame, my child!" said Lady Emeline; "alas! alas! what will my house come to!—Often have I been told that I was fated to see its fall, and now I begin to believe it."

"Young man," said Justice Colanson, "I have been rash,—I have transgressed on the judgment-seat, and I ask your pardon; no one can say to me in reproof what I feel not myself. But if you wish to live long and be reverenced, learn to respect age; short will that man's prosperity be who forgives not a head so white as mine. But I came not among you to judge or to minister justice—my time is meted—and I am now journeying from house to house among my friends, to see them face to face before I die. I have dropt a tear over the noble house of Herries—over the noble house of Dalzell,—they are both gone before me, and the house of Dalveen is soon, soon to follow. To twenty-seven gentlemen of the noble name of Maxwell—to the gallant Gordons—to the wise and the good Selkirk—to the heroic house of Kirkpatrick—to all these have I bid farewell, and now I go to Colanson-hall to lay me down and die. Farewell, Lady Emeline; you have few years to live, and much sorrow to see. Farewell, fair Phemie; the canker-worm is already under the rose. Farewell, Thomas, Lord Dalveen—think on a blasted fame and a foreign grave. Farewell, young man—Paul, I believe, is your name; you have good and evil in all their strength about you, God designed you for something great; see that you let not your vanity mar you. Farewell, too, Patrick

Macmittimus—forsake the judgment-seat, look after your capon-cavies, improve pig-troughs, introduce hen-roosts on a new principle, fatten and eat, and go to the grave the heaviest hog in all the north countree." And, humming the lively old song of the 'Wakerife Minnie,' he left the hall; his old carriage, drawn by four black horses, with their flowing manes, and tails unshorn, was soon seen moving down the avenue.

As the coach moved off, Justice Macmittimus recovered his composure, and said, "A cracked old man that, my Lady Emeline, a cracked old man. I have endured him often, my Lord Thomas, I have endured him often—he is a wilful man, and far too fiery for the calm deliberation of justice. He knows nothing, besides, of the law of the land; an ignorant old man, and some what positive, but he has a fair estate, and good wine in his cellar. An eccentric old man, Lady Phemie; I have known him damn an act of parliament and the heads that framed it, and dismiss a fellow for snickeling hares, because of five ragged brats. There was a case came before him, Lady Emeline—ye will scarcely credit it—a young fellow, who stole honey-pears out of the garden of Glengavel, was seen, followed, and taken with six of those rare productions on his person. The case was new, the fruit valuable, and I went twenty miles to Colanson-hall to hear and help in the decision. Well, the matter was plainly proved, the young fellow—I remember his name—Jamie Grieve, he dwelt in Howboddom—he never denied it; and I expected that the army or the navy would have been augmented. The young boor said, that he only took what money could not buy, and that he would not have touched them, had the trees been gold and the pears entire diamonds, had he only followed the counsel of his own teeth in the matter. 'And whose counsel, man, did you follow?' said Justiee Colanson. 'I'll tell ye, if ye'll no laugh. Aweel, it was all to please bonnie Grizie Gedshole of Foulgutter. I would steal a peck ony time for a blink of her black ee.' 'And I would help ye to do it, man, myself,' said Justice Colanson; 'ye are a curious chield, and a romantic ane—

sae gae hame, and just come to Colanson garden ony night ye like, and steal a peck, and please her.' There's another story or two to tell—for he's a strange old man, my Lady."

The patience of Paul began to fail—he addressed Justice Macmittimus:—"Sir, will you please to turn your thoughts to the charges before you—my time to me is precious—my stay in this country must necessarily be short—I have wrongs to avenge by land and by sea." "Short!" answered Macmittimus; "young man, to be an ignorant person, you are a shrewd guesser. Short, ay, shorter probably than will be for your pleasure. What would you think, now, of going on board a ship this evening, and sailing for the West Indies before the moon rose? Eh! my friend, would you like such a sudden voyage?" "Such a voyage," said Paul, "it is my intention to take. But I cannot well be gone so soon as you have the goodness to propose. I have some little matters of honour—of affection—of friendship—or of hate to settle—and as I have lately been in the habit of having a good deal of my own will in these matters, it is probable that I may not think of sailing till it suits me."

"Ah! but my dear young man," said Macmittimus, "you must oblige me in this matter. Besides, you will sail under a tutor chosen by the magistrate—a careful measure and well meant. I am something of a wilful person too—not much accustomed to be contradicted in my orders; and so you must be a good lad, and go,—ay, and that this very day." He paused, and added sternly, "My sentence is, that you are to be taken from this presence to a boat, and from a boat to a ship of war, called the Wasp, Captain Pollock commander, there to remain during his Majesty's pleasure and mine. And I hope you will return an older man and a better subject."

Paul exclaimed with a voice that rung like a tempered hammer on a steel anvil, "And is this your sentence? and do the king and parliament give such men as you the power over the bodies of the people? Return! ay, I shall return—I am cast out from my mo-

ther's bosom, like one unworthy of longer feeling its warmth, for daring to resent a gross and a shameful wrong. Oppression throws me away, and shall I come back in calm and tranquil mood, and bow to this petty oppressor—this upstart misinterpreter of the law and the truth, and say, 'Honoured Sir, you are a wise and a generous gentleman—your sentence, seven years ago, was righteous and fair, and for my good. Your magisterial pruning-knife lopt off an unwholesome bough, and the whole tree has grown the freelier for it.' If I come back with so soft a speech as this, may the dead rise from the dust and upbraid me, and may the king deem me worthy of being a county magistrate."

"Hold your uncivil tongue, fellow," said the district-dignitary—"make no rude allusions to our station, I counsel you—I have not exerted my whole power yet. I have such things as gyves, and jouggs, and hangman's whips—all of which you may merit, and when you merit them, they are ready."

Paul smiled, and his face lightened up, as it was ever observed to do when the moment of danger came. "Sir," he said, "I give you fair warning; it is not for a trifling offence against me that I vow eternal revenge, and resolve on blood. But, by the heaven above and the earth beneath, if any personal violence be offered to me, you will do well to look to yourself—you will do well to hide your own contemptible head where vengeance cannot find it." He paused, and looked around him—strode from side to side of the hall with the measured pace of one accustomed to the quarter-deck—then stopt, and added, "So, you determine to send me to a floating prison? Remember this is with no good-will of mine; and be assured, that the time is at hand when such grievous wrong shall be sharply recalled to your memory. I repeat—I demand justice for a grievous wrong; this is not only denied me, but I am banished from my country, and condemned to punishment as a slave and a felon. Think on your infamous sentence—there will come a time when you shall rue it."

"And remember you the gyves and the whip, young

man," said Justice Macmittimus. "Come, come, my lad, you will soon like the sea-service: you will be one of the gallant crew of an unconquered British ship-of-war—one of the lords of the ocean, whose colours are never vailed. Every land you visit will pay you tribute; every ship you meet of other nations will lower their pennons to you; you will find free loves in every port, and gold on every wave; your king will thank you, and your country will applaud you; and even I, Justice Macmittimus, will nod to you as I pass; and the finisher of the law will laugh, and cry—'A stouter back never obtained the benediction of my taws.' You will be honoured, man—you will be honoured!"

There was one face present which could not maintain a cold tranquillity during this singular scene—a face which, pale at first, began to colour and glow as the business proceeded, till it fairly kindled at last with indignation and contempt. It was the beautiful face of Lady Phemie; she had risen from her seat; her eyes were bent one time on the Justice, and another on Paul; and the light which filled them showed how anxiously she felt. Her heart leaped with such vehemence, that its throbs could be counted; and the flush which overspread her brow and neck communicated to her bosom, and lent a hue to the embroidered cambric which enclosed it. She looked at the Justice, and said—

"So you think that this young man is unworthy of living any longer in his native land; that he has forfeted the rights of a freeman, and must be sent into a ship as a felon, to endure ignominious stripes; this you think the law authorizes you to do, and this you do accordingly?"

"My fair Lady Phemie," said the Justice, "you are a clever expositor of the law; it is even as you say. There are duller heads on the county commission than yours, I assure you; there's Rimmon of Coulter—a lump of lead—a lump of lead; young Corncrake of Crakecroft—saltless sowens—saltless sowens; old Colanson of Colanson-hall—a flaff of fire—a flaff of fire; Sir Robert Rouphall—hot and heavy—hot and heavy;

Sir Michael Morison—a verse of an old song, and a bundle of old proverbs ——."

"I have no doubt," said the young lady, "of the stupidity and ignorance, general and particular, of the justices of this happy land; but are you sure, Sir, that your present decision will redeem the imputation? Here is a young person who complains of two serious calamities into which it is your business to inquire. Instead of inquiry—instead of compassionating his state of mind—instead of endeavouring to assist him, and do him an act of bare barren justice, what do you do?—You make his defence of his sister's honour a crime; you transport him from his native country—from his mother's bosom, as he well expressed it—from those he esteems and from those who esteem him; you rob his country of his talents, and you brand him as a felon. This must not and shall not be;" and she stamped with her foot, the blood mounted to her brow, and the light of courage flashed in her eye.

Paul gazed on his fair advocate with surprise and with awe. Lady Emeline stood silent, while Lord Dalveen laughed outright at his cousin's defence of Paul, and her attack on the Justice. He smiled to see the rage and confusion of Macmittimus, and enjoyed in hope the general dissension which he expected would presently abound. Cargill regarded her with looks of admiration, and said,—"The young lady's words are inspired; she is one of those spirits whom Providence calls up, in his own proper time and way, to chasten she petty tyrant, and uphold the head of one unrighteously smitten and afflicted.

"Hark ye! young Lady," said the Justice, "you wish to teach me sound law and good manners. The law, Lady, is an art that is not to be taught; it must be born with him who wisely dispenses it. Man was made for the law, the law was not made for man; therefore its professors are highly honoured, and intrusted with a power little less than kingly. With respect to good manners, Lady, it hath been the practice of the world, since it was a week old, to pay homage to woman; and therefore I hold, that usage rules the matter.

The first great authority for man's deference to woman is Holy Writ; and the first example of chivalrous submission was set by Lucifer himself in presenting to her fair hand that desert-apple of hell, the forbidden fruit."

"Well and wittily said, Justice," cried Lord Dalveen; "I did not think such a sparkle was in thee, man. Justice, thou art a witty justice; and I verily believe thou hast said a fortunate thing without being aware of it,—a worthy justice!"

"Go home, therefore, young Lady," continued the sage Patrick, "and make jellies, and scold servants, and talk scandal, and subscribe to religious tract-societies, and paint your cheeks like a May morning, and dress yourself out to make the eyes of young men sin. Do all this, but leave law to me, Lady. Did I sit seven years member for the boroughs, all the while saying nothing, but listening to the wisdom of others, and laying it up for my own use?—did I serve seven years in the army, and sell out, Lady, when men of sense were wanted at home, and fiery fools went abroad to be shot for the sake of having their names in the Gazette? and have I sat three years on this bench, Lady, the terror of randies, mendicants, and all that lawless, pennyless rabble, with rags on their backs and brats in their budgets, that I might be schooled, Lady, and fooled, Lady, and driven out of my way, by a pair of bright eyes and a shrill tongue? Am I to be baffled with breast-knots and high-heeled shoes? Go to; were it but for this alone the youth shall to sea, and that before the sun is down. It is Patrick Macmittimus, Esquire, who says it, and—there is my name, written by my own hand, to a warrant that such shall be done."

"Hear me, Sir," said Paul, with a voice that might have been heard from stem to stern of a seventy-four gun ship during the tumult of a sea-fight. "Before yon sun goes two hundred times down, a sight shall be seen in the south of Scotland, which shall rival the image of desolation foretold by the persecuted preacher. Thirty miles shall ye ride in Galloway, nor see a reeking house, nor hear a crowing cock. You banish me! Be it so. That flood, now swelling in the Solway, which

carries me away, shall bring me back, not with praises on my lips, and with a pardon in my hand, for presuming to demand justice, but I shall come back to burn your houses with fire—to shake your cities to their foundation-stones—to choke your commerce and fill up your havens. Him whom you banish shall return ere long with his heroic hundreds behind him; and wo to those who insulted him, and oppressed him, and drove him from his country!"

"O, Paul, Paul," said Lady Phemie, "be composed; chafe not because of this fool's folly; why should you waste breath on an object so utterly contemptible?"

"You say, fair Lady," said Paul, gazing on her with eyes in which tears were dawning, "why chafe I myself for the folly of such a man as this? and why do I waste words on one so utterly weak and contemptible? My doom is sudden, I have no friends—and to whom can I address myself? There is no bold and generous Kirkpatrick near to intercede for me; no resolute Maxwell to command my liberation; no noble, and wise as noble Douglas, nearer than Saint Mary's Isle, to whom I can complain of injustice, and obtain redress. The King is too remote to hear me; the doors of his palace are choked up by insolent lords and surly grooms, and one so humble as I can neither approach him in person nor by letter. To this man his Majesty has delegated his authority; I am now to feel how he uses it; and before a tongue, save thine own, young Lady, is moved in my behalf, the deed of separation is completed, and Scotland has lost a son, and found an enemy."

"The sea is the only place for such a firebrand," said the Justice; "away with him. Hear ye me, Cleland and Macourtie? see that ye keep a-hold like a couple of fish-hooks, on this young desperado, and take him to sea according to the terms of this warrant. Your fury there, young man, may be useful to your country; and as a cock is fit only for clapping his wings, and crowing, till he be cut by a cunning hand, and fattened, and roasted, and set reeking, and dripping, and savoury before me; even so, in like manner"——. Here the

Justice made a full pause,—this image of epicurean enjoyment triumphed over his power of pursuing the simile. The moisture rushed to his mouth, and he could only add—"Away with him—away with him to the Wasp,—and now, gentle Ladies, will ye come to dinner?" And he vanished from the room, leaving Paul in the close custody of two active ministers of oppression, without chance of escape, save by his own courage and address.

CHAPTER XII

Adieu, adieu! My native shore
  Fades o'er the waters blue;
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
  And shrieks the wild seamew.
Yon sun that sets upon the sea
  We follow in his flight.
Farewell a while to him and thee:
  My native land,—Good night.
LORD BYRON.

THE period of which I speak was one in which the personal liberty of the poorer classes of the lowland Scotch community was less secure than at present,—our army and our navy were frequently recruited by acts of violence and oppression, and our colonies were sometimes supplied with youth and with beauty stolen from our friths and our bays. Young men of humble birth, who kept late hours, wild company, and involved themselves in quarrels at fairs and times of festivity, or those who were made fathers contrary to their wishes, and compelled at the same time to acknowledge their folly and provide for its consequences, were often induced, by a judicious mixture of threats and advice, to join some armed ship, or some marching regiment, and were hurried away to a burning climate or a bloody grave. The peasantry knew not then, as they now

know, of the ample shield which the law extended over them; something like the power of the heritable jurisdictions still influenced their minds, and induced them to submit in silence to acts of grievous oppression on the part of the lords of the soil. Commerce had not then filled every bay and every harbour with our going and returning sails; nor had the naval vigour of the nation grown up into that tremendous power which saved of late our country from ruin; many lawless mariners roved securely about our coasts, and plundered houses, and carried children away to slavery in the plantations.

To the ears of the statesman or the noble these events were seldom told. Of the natural protectors of the people many needed protection themselves, or were following pleasure or fortune in distant and foreign lands. All the ancient names that had sway of old in the land were extinct, or forfeited for rebellion, or had sunk into a private condition. The Knight of Closeburn was shorn of his domains; the Charteris, the descendant of the gallant Longueville, was confined to an ancient tower and a few acres of land. Grierson of Lagg, a name of old renown, was till contending with fortune, and with the obloquy which the persecution had cast upon it. The once powerful house of Dalzell had, like the house of Maxwell, experienced, in dignity and in territorial wealth, the ruin and ill fortune of all who supported the house of Stuart. There were, however, two Douglasses left, shoots of the old and illustrious stock; but the Douglas of Queensberry loved better to hear an English mouse cheep than the Scottish laverock sing. The greenest and freshest branch, the Douglas of Selkirk, with a kind heart and an active spirit, lived remote from the shores of the Nith or the Annan, and no one remained of all the names famous in the history of the eastern border to protect and aid the people. They were therefore left in the ministering hands of such spirits as floated for the time, like bubbles on the top of the stream—men enriched by gambling in the funds, or in private banks—money-changers, commissioners, usurers, agents, forestallers

of trade, all those who had climbed to fortune by any of the nine hundred and ninety-nine ways by which people become opulent in a land where every thing is purchaseable from the pulpit to the peerage.

I left Paul in the hands of two officers, who had a warrant for conveying him on board the Wasp, which lay at anchor in the frith. It was nigh sunset when they took their way to the sea, which rolled in sight at some two miles distance, glittering in the departing sun.

Paul accompanied them in silence, with a moody brow, a red spot of wrath on each temple, and eyes kindled with a sense of oppression, till they gleamed like those of a bird of prey. Without any dread of an act of violence, or an attempt to escape, the officers conducted him along an extent of green upland pasture, nibbled close by innumerable sheep, and joining company with a small quiet stream, they followed its winding course till they approached the sea, when the rivulet lost itself on a wide plain, called, in the dialect of the country, the Merse. Here the little stream discharged its tribute of waters into the Solway by as many mouths as would have done honour to the Tweed or the Thames. In truth, the sea had assisted in forming for Siddick burn this capricious variety of outlets; for the violence of the advancing and receding tides had ploughed the Merse with many a fantastic loop and link. Among these furrows the stream had distributed its waters—here it trickled along, and there it ran—while, in another place, it filled a large pool or basin brimful of water, which the tide had scooped out of the loam, and through which no one might pass without swimming. The banks were slippery and steep, and fringed with low willows, on the branches of which the tide had left the tokens of many a visit.

Into this plain, and among the winding mouths of the rivulet, the two officers entered with Paul, and proceeded towards the sea, now distant about a quarter of a mile. The sun had set, and man and beast, released from labour, were returning from the hill and the plain. The larks had left the sky, the bats were all

abroad, and, along the banks of the streams which meandered over the green sward, the water-fowl had stationed themselves till, like so many stranded boats, the tide should return and float them.

Paul had not yet spoken to his keepers. As he entered upon the Merse he began,—"Now, my friends," he said, "will you have the kindness to inform me what you intend to do?—the ship destined to receive me lies at a distance—night is fast approaching—and, if the tide finds us here, I know enough of the nature of sea-water to be aware that it is as headstrong and tyrannical as any justice in the land. Unless therefore we can swim like these water-fowl, we had better proceed to make signals for a boat at once;—that is to say, if you really intend to take me on board, for I am not without a belief that you have private instructions to let me go after alarming me with the powers of justice and the terrors of the sea. If such be the case, I confess my alarm and your kindness at the same time—and so we part—there's a piece of gold for your civility."

Cleland eyed the gold, then shook his head, and replied, "It winna do, it winna do—and yet I'm no the man that's aboon doing the civil thing to a discreet lad like you. Gib," he said to his companion in a whisper, "we had better take the gowd as civility-money, and send him a-sailing to —— he'll talk loud when he's in fifty fathoms of salt-water if he makes them hear him. Aweel then, lad, if you could make it a bit of gowd a piece, just for the easiness of the division like, we will try what can be done." But Paul's ear was too acute, or his knowledge of character too accurate, for the shrewdness of these men, whetted, as their faculties were, on the set-stone of the law, till their looks were as sharp as scythe-blades, and every finger clung to its prey like a barbed hook. "Come, come, my friends," said Paul, "deal fairly and above board—none of your tricks—I know the justice himself has his price, and so have you—like master like man. Say at once what you will take—and be moderate.

"Here's a sweet fellow, Gibbie!" said Cleland to

his comrade; "he would gar us trew that Patrick Macmittimus, Esquire, sells justice to them that can best buy it, and that we have our price just like dyke-delvers and other mean folk. Shame fall me then if he gets away now, and just for that word, ae plack below ten gowd guineas—sax of them to keep Pate himself civil, and four for you and me—less winna serve. D'ye hear that, friend?—ten gowd guineas is the sum—deil aboddle less—and ye maun be seen but on the sly for a week or twa till the thing blaws owre;—ye have that sum and mair about ye—but we're civil people moderation is a great virtue, as the Justice says."

"And suppose now," said Paul, "that I should be so poor or so obstinate as to refuse to purchase a wink of the eye of justice at such a price, how then?—will ye make no abatement?"—"Abatement!" answered Cleland, "that's a word now he has picked up from Justice Macmittimus—abatement!—blast the doit!—damn the boddle!—come, come, birke, ye maun take the sea, since ye don't know what it is to be civil. Ye have had but owre clement treatment already—justice has been meted out t'ye wi' a lenient hand—wi' a saftness of heart on the part of the magistrate—yere right hand should have been chappit off for daring to fire a pistol at the body of a noble."

"Hout, now, Hugh Cleland!" said Gibbie; "ye should speak with sugar between your lips to a poor lad who is about to take the last long look of the sweet hills of Siddick. Od, Paul, lad, ye'll find the green savannahs, and the citron groves, and the apple on the pine, and the liquid honey of the sugar-cane, grand composers of the mind and the heart. There was Nathan Geddes—the deil's Nathan, ye ken, as we aye called him—he was sent to the plantations for stealing three grey Leadintons out of Lady Marley's orchard—he has flourished like a prince—three wives—there's nae limit in matrimonial comfort across the line—three hundred slaves—good workers and special-breeders—and seven ships to trade with all nations—and who's like him in all the Leeward Isles? Now, I can tell ye

mair, man—if ye have a constitution that winna melt when the sun's perpendicular—if ye can fight tightly, and fear neither fire nor flag, nor human blood, nor God nor devil, nor dangling on a gibbet, ye'll do brawlie westward. But here's the landing-place for the boat, and yonder's your friend the Wasp riding in the bay—shall I make the signal, or will ye shell out the siller? —ye maun make your election."

Paul stood for a moment, and, putting his hands in his pockets, said, "My resolution's already made. Go back and tell him who sent you, that John Paul was too strong to be kept—too dangerous to be pursued—and too good a fighter to be retaken. Tell him that the day is not distant when he shall hear of me again, and that in the darkest night of December he shall distinguish my face, though I should burn his house about his ears for the purpose. Tell him to choose some far-inland spot where he may batten in quiet, and commit injustice unpunished; for if he stays within fifty miles of the coast he is a gone man. Now, one word to yourselves—step one step after me, and the hand that never missed an enemy will leave you dead or maimed on the spot. Here," and he pitched a couple of guineas to them, "take these, and drink health and good fortune to John Paul till he comes again." At the same moment he drew out a brace of pistols, and, cocking them, walked along the banks of a little pool. They looked, but dared not to follow. When he had retired about fifty paces he suddenly exerted that youthful agility for which he was remarkable, and, bounding over a deep lagoon full eighteen feet wide, disappeared along the shore. "What a born deevil, and what a damnable loup!" said Cleland,—"it's weel he went off so easily—he's a handsome young fellow too, and chucks his gold about like a baron;—we'se drink his health, Gibbie, it's weel our parts—he might have left us for the water-corbies to pick—we'll put a bottle of Kate Rodan's brandy under our belts, and then we'll whig awa up to Macmittimus and tell him of this escape.—Escape! God, Gibbie, it's we that

have escaped—something should be said frae the pulpit about our deliverance—we'll think on't when we have the brandy afore us."

It was nigh midnight when a loud knock shook the door of Macmittimus-hall and awakened the Justice from a dream in which his drowsy fancy mingled the events of the day with the cloudy future. He imagined that he had passed sentence on Paul, and dismissed him from his presence to receive it. He followed him with his eye down the avenue, and saw him approach the sea-shore. A gradual change took place on the culprit's person—his common dress gave place to one shining with silver and gold—the trees on either side became armed men—a little green knoll, with its crest of wood, grew into an armed ship, and Paul drawing his sword, which flashed in the dreamer's eyes, marched with his men towards the hall. The Justice heard their heavy tread on the gravel walk, their more articulate tramp on the scale-stair, and, springing half up in his bed, exclaimed, under the influence of the dream, "Oh, help!—murder!—a king's magistrate will be murdered!" The servants, alarmed with this shrill outcry, flew to their master's chamber—they found him half asleep, and wholly stupid, groping for the door to escape by at the wrong end of the room, while from every hair of his head the sweat distilled in drops.

"Lord love your honour!" said an English domestic who had been tempted into his service with the prospect of good cheer—Lord love you, Sir! here be no murder done on either man, capon, turkey or goose. Here be two folks whom your Justiceship sent to put John Paul on board the Wasp for being sorry for the loss of his sister, and the burning of his mother's house. There be folk, your honour, who think the law has been as hard as flint to the young man, and who say that John's no the lad they take him for, if he comes na back before he be's welcome, and makes naked walls of your house, and a capon of your worship. But here comes Cleland and Macourtie; they'll tell your honour more than what's pleasant to hear—they are in a duced taking somehow."

"Well," said the Justice, wiping his brow and composing himself, "have ye done my orders, Cleland?—have ye shipped the young man fairly away, Macourtie?—have ye given him to the wide inheritance of the waters?" "Cannot just say, Justice, that we have done all that answered the latter official." "Well, man," said the Magistrate, "and what have ye done?—something very wise I'll warrant—come, out with it—come, Cleland—what looks the fool down on the floor for?—are you clecking a lie—hatching a falsehood?—come, man; falsehood or truth, it must chip the shell and fly some time;—let's have it. Ye put young wild-blood on board the Wasp—damme, you can answer that?"

"Wild-blood!" said Cleland, glad to get hold of a good starting-word for his story; "Lord, your honour—he's of the devil's blood I think, else how could he have escaped from Gibbie's cant hooks and my steel pinchers?" holding up his hands, large, and bony, and brown,—"we held him as fast as if he had been grip-pit in Andrew Shank's steel vice;—but he just glided frae us like glamour,—and ance gane and aye gane, ye might as well have tried to catch a sand-laverock—grip a tu-wheet by fair speed o' foot—or laid hands on a shooting star. I have dealt with Douglasses and Dalzells, and now I have had a touch wi' the devil. All the three D's. have been among my hands—I wonder wha's to come next."

"I'll tell you what, Cleland," said the Justice, you'll likely find yourself in the hangman's hands when his cat-o'-nine-tails is in them. Two of ye, stout steeve carles, with not a drop of mercy in your dispositions, if you were dissected to discover it; to let one man, and him a young one, a cockerel as it were, ding ye baith;—I suppose ye believe I have a throat can swallow a thing so incredible."

"Ae, man," said Cleland, "did your honour say ae man?—I wonder who told your honour that. My twa een wranged me if there were less than sax; sax beside himself, your honour, redwood devils, and stank of pitch like a tar-pot when it's seething; wi' pistols at their wames, and lang knives avish. Ane of them, a

wee gledging-ee'd emissary, wi' a head of hair wad pack a cart-saddle, and a mouth frae lug to lug. I wad ken him again, were I to meet him on the tap of Cosincon in the middle of a hill-preaching.—Up he came, hap, stap, and loup, and clapt a pistol under my left lug, and snapt it, your honour,—in mercy for my poor soul it flashed in the pan!—I think I hear the click o' the hammer yet.—Weel, your honour, to make a lang tale short, they prevailed, by strength of hand, and bore away our prisoner; and blessed are we that are living to tell ye."

Glibly as the tale ran off the tongue of Cleland, like rain from the wing of a wild goose, there is always something in the manner of telling a lie which betrays it; it either glides too readily away to pass for the sober current of truth, or else there is an unconscious air of roguery in the teller's face which sympathizes with the tongue. I know not how it is, but I have ever observed, that truth is easiest told, and tells best for the relater too; whereas the best-got-up lie in the world, be it reverend, or learned, or noble, or rustic, carries always with it the air and hue of its origin, and imposes upon no one; and so it fared with the tale of Cleland to the Justice.

"Ay, man," said the Magistrate, "this is a queer story: and what might be the dress now of these seven loons who came so readily to help ye out with the tale, and what like knaves were they?" "Knaves!" responded the other, "ye may weel call them that, and tawny tarry-nieved knaves too.—Seven, said I?—if there was ane less than aught, I'll give ye leave to boil me in salt-water and sup the broo.—But, seven or aught, here they come for nae good, and basely have they begun. —But I'm thinking, if they have carried away the lad to sea, it's just the thing your honour wanted;—sae there's trouble saved and shame prevented. God, an if your honour kenn'd what fowk say o' ye, ye would be glad that the chap has done as gude as banish himself without any help frae your hand."

"And what say the folk, Cleland, man—what say the folk? They know little of the ways of justice, and

cannot fathom the wisdom which works like a mole in the dark for their special good. Many a time have I thought of casting my authority aside, and shutting up my knowledge in my own head, and leaving the district in total darkness; but when I think on the poor benighted people, on the wrongs that would abound, and the villany that would prevail, I forgive them, and continue in the commission.—But what say the folk man,—tell me that?"

"Your honour shall hear," said Cleland.—"Ye see we were thirsty wi' the cursed kemping that the loon and his cronies gave us, and sae, as we came along, we saw a light in Kate Rodan's, and in we went to weet the lang dusty thrapples of human vexation. There was Kate hersel, a rosy quean, a merry hizzie when she was single, and no a jisp the waur of being married:—she's a free frank bodie amang her customers—sic things maun be if we sell ale, as the auld saying has it.—Your honour's up I see—Ah! your honour's gleg. Weel, ye see, Kate was busy birling the plack and clanking the empty stoup—hasting wi't empty, and fleeing back wi't fou. And wha sat there but Davie Dargavel, and Jamie Edmonstone, and lang Jock Christie of Loupinonstane—drinking Jock—a' fowk ken Jock. Sae we called for a bottle of two-penny—Pinkie's the name, your honour. and weak drink it is for a drouthy servant of either law or gospel; but gude enough for ploughmen, and suchlike creatures, wha gang whistling o'er the new-turned furrow as if they had a lease of life for a hundred years without the cumber of a soul to be saved."

"But what has all this to do with what folk say of my sentences and elaborate judgments? Are you sure, my friend, that Kate Rodan did not bring ye brandy when ye called for two-penny?" "That's just the very thing, your honour," said Cleland, that I have been suspecting mysel'.—Kate ye see's a kittle quean, and for some queer end o' her ain, that passes my comprehension, under the pretence of serving us with a drap of douce drink, she filled the stimpart wi' smuggled brandy.—Feigh!—Macourtie smells o' brandy like a smuggler's horse, and I dare swear I'm little better

mysel'. Sae, your honour sees, we sat down, and first and foremost spoke Jock Christie,—lang Jock—drink spake in him, therefore it's less to be regarded. 'Kate, my dow,' quo he, 'fill this measure again—this sorrowful denial of justice maks me mair drouthie than ordinar. Ay, that's the neat nice thing, Kate lass,—sae sit down on my knee till I drink.—Hout, woman, ye needna be sae scrupulous—meikle the gudeman hears or cares—a sheaf of corn frae a broken rick, Kate—that's my dow. Now here's a toast—'A capful of God's most fortunate wind to honest Jock Paul, and a night-cap and halter to the coof wha condemned him.'"

"But that's naught," continued Cleland, "to what Davie Dargravel said—a chap whom drink never sets a talking—a dour cross-grained chield, sae close o' the mouth, too, ye couldna slip a silver sax-pence atween his lips; yet he waps away at the thinking though, and's as gude a weaver, your honour, as ever sat atween hell and heaven emptying a shuttlefu' o' thread. 'Condemn him,' quo Davie, 'and wherefore did he condemn him?—for standing up for his sister's name and his mother's cot-house. The poor o' the earth winna have a spool-pin's worth of their ain will soon—the very thrumbs of the web are taken from them.—And this Pate Macmittimus too, it sets him weel; but it's a plot—a mere plot o' ministers and lords,—they commission a born fool, a kind of a gomrell, to rule the land, and whenever he has done his day's darg of evil, and the clatter of the country waxes too strong for him, they instantly cheat the law under pretence of lunacy, though the man's only weak and wicked.'"

"And was this all ye heard, Cleland, man?" said the Magistrate. "Na, nor the half o't—Jamie Edmonstone was as bad as them baith; for every wild word that the weaver spoke, he clanked aye the mutchkin stoup on the table, and cried 'Ditto, Davie, or damn me.' The lave that I heard will keep cauld. There was a word or twa on the capons, your honour, and that wanton quean Kate Rodan—na, na, I positively will not repeat her words—they were na maiden's words—mim-mou'd anes. Women, as your honour kens, say gay

kittle things—e'en the best of them—and ye may be sure that Kate said what the minister wad never bid me repeat.—Her words were biters, your honour, baith in back and front; but they shall never be carried farther for me,—I'm no the lad to gar the country laugh at one of its wisest magistrates,—sae I wish your honour sound rest."

He had proceeded to the door, when he turned round, and inquired, "When am I to pou Widow Wilson and her five weans out of your honour's cottage for a three-pund-Scots rent?—time expired at seven o'clock to-day, and when shall I bring up Tam Steelstone, for herrying the wild bees' byke in Mabie wood? Your honour thought it an infraction of the game-laws. The honey-making insects, called bees,—these were your honour's words,—are winged creatures, and winged creatures come clearly within the meaning of the act for enabling nobleman and gentlemen to feast exclusively upon the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field. A sound rest to your honour;" and so the scene closed between the Magistrate and his two officers.

When Paul made his escape, he wandered in silence and in deep thought along the shore of the Solway; the world was all before him; his country had cast him from her bosom, and that feverish anguish of heart came upon him, which those feel whose fortunes and hopes are blighted or crossed. He looked to ocean, to land, and sky, and threw himself down on the shelf of a rough and almost inaccessible rock, with the sea chafing at the base, and the cormorants clamouring above him. A thousand various thoughts rushed upon him, and he gradually fell into that slumbrous and twilight state in which imagination and reality share the man between them.

He thought on the West India isles, where he had so often spread his sail; on the coast of America, where he had so often cast anchor; and on the shores of his native frith, where he had roamed while a child, gazing on the waters, and envying the active mariners as they guided their ships along. He glided in thought from isle to isle, and from shore to shore; felt the smell

of the spicy isles and the odour of the sugar-groves, and half-smiled as he imagined he saw heather hanging its brown bells amid plantations of allspice and bushes of broom, and yellow barberry mingling with lines of aranatta. Slumber came more and more to the assistance of fancy—the hills of Scotland grew dim and dimmer—the faces that formerly gladdened to meet him grew pale and angry; his own voice, he thought, lost its Scottish tone—the decks which he trod seemed of foreign build—the sword in his hand had a motto in an alien's tongue—and the colours which waved over his head were not those of his native land. He beheld a ship, with her cannon ready, and her sailors prepared, come moving over the waters to meet him—the cannon flashed, and the decks of both ships streamed with blood. Among his enemies he saw the faces of those whom he knew, whom he esteemed, and whom he hated. The face of Lord Dalveen was dilated and demon-like, and that of Halliday calm, heroic, and resolved. He held out his hand to the latter—he was repulsed with a cold and estranged look, in which compassion mingled with anger.

He stretched out his hand in slumber, and started to find it seized by one warm and glowing. He looked up, and Halliday stood over him—not as he saw him in his dream, but with a face friendly and affectionate. "Paul," he said, "I have heard it all, what are you doing here? Rise and come with me. Do no desperate thing, I entreat you—cast not fame and name away for ever, because a magistrate is a knave, and has done you great wrong."

"Halliday," said Paul, returning the warm squeeze of the friendly hand, "Providence has sent you here, and warmly I bid you welcome. In this great wrong all men of our condition are aggrieved. Let the pure spirit of peasant-independence arise, and tell the tyrants over the humble fireside, that God made all men equal, and gave them the earth for their inheritance. Let them be told, not in meekness or in fear, but with a tongue like a trumpet, and courage equal to the task of redemption, that man is free-born, and will be a menial

no more. There is a people, a distant people, of our own language and blood, about to do this, and may the God of their ancestors give them strength and good fortune."

"Part of this, my friend," said Halliday, "is real and part imaginary; and it would require less agitated hearts than ours are at present to separate the chaff from the corn. But arise, and come with me—come with me to one who can and who will protect you. One, too, who will do you justice; and justice is always with honourable minds vengeance enough."

"I wish not to know," replied Paul, in a slow and determined tone, "who this preserver is who is willing to unloose what one of our rulers has so unjustly knotted. My resolution is as fixed as the rock on which I lie. Halliday, I leave this country; it has been only to me a place of sorrow and shame. I have been persecuted and oppressed from my childhood up; I have been pursued from boyhood till manhood, with taunts, with stripes, with insult, and with tyranny. Is this amended, or likely to be?—I feel as a man, and I am not allowed to act as a man. From this country I go before that moon is sunk, and when I return there shall be terror among those who oppressed me."

"All this," said his friend, "might induce you to leave the district—nay, to leave the country, since you like it so ill; but you must use better arguments than you have hitherto done, to persuade me that you ought not only to leave the land of your birth, but become its mortal enemy. Your passion is blinding your judgment, Paul."

"Not so, my friend, my only friend," said Paul warmly; "I am compelled daily to endure the scorn of the rich and the oppression of the strong. My lot has hitherto been one of slavery; the pride of place and the vanity of rank have grown too mighty for my spirit; and I will go and give my heart and my hand to a country which is now arising, like a chained lion, to shake off its fetters, and claim its right of field and forest. Halliday," he said, starting hastily to his feet, "the day is at hand, when we must confront each

other as enemies; with a free flag and free men I will revisit Solway, and write a lesson, by sword and flame, along the coast, how unworthily Scotland has used her son."

"Paul, Paul," replied the other, "I respect your misery of mind, else I should answer you less mildly. I love you; you are a brave man and an injured man; while your anger burns only against your oppressors, my heart is with you, and your cause is mine. But because Dalveen is a villain, and Macmittimus a knave, are you to league with our enemies, invade your native place, and burn, and slay, and sink? Your fury—your wrongs—your vanity, mislead you; you will be numbered among the Comyns of Scotland, and your name will be coupled with curses."

"These are warm words, Halliday; but you mean honestly, though your speech is like drink of wormwood. I am telling you of my resolution rather than asking your advice. My wrongs cannot be undone; my mother's house cannot be unburned; the words of injustice which made me a banished man, or rather chained me as a slave, cannot be unsaid; and as little can my purpose be changed or shaken. The tide of that sea shall not more surely come back than I shall return; and as sure as that moon is shining, and that sea flowing, so surely has my country flung me for ever from her ungrateful bosom, and divorced herself from my heart."

As he uttered this, his mother threw herself upon his bosom, clasped him in her arms, and sobbed, and said, "Oh, my son, where is my daughter?—where is my fair child?—where is thy sister;" "Mother," he said, kissing her brow, and supporting her in his arms, "be comforted; my beloved sister, alas! is far from this place, and in base hands. But the evil that was designed her cannot befall her. If she has enemies where she is, she has also friends whose hearts' blood will stain the deck sooner than she shall suffer wrong."

"Alas, alas! do you talk of the sea?" answered his mother; "is she carried into the fatal and faithless deep?—Farewell then, my fair child, for ever and for

ever."—"Weep not for my sister," said Paul; "I shall follow her into a far land, and soon place her beyond the oppressor's reach. He who plotted her shame shall tremble yet."—"Oh, my son, and do you talk of leaving me also?" said Prudence; "I am wretched, most truly wretched,—a sorrowful widow, and a hapless mother;" and she wept—her son's eyes were filled with tears, nor were Halliday's dry.

"Prudence," said Halliday, "tell your son what a kind and a tender mother you have been—how he hung at your bosom a wailing and weakly babe—how you toiled for him while he slept—watched over him with an eye that never closed—how you gladdened to see him excel others in mental powers—that you looked to him for support and comfort in your old age—and rejoiced to see him fast rising into eminence and renown."

"And wherefore, young man, should I tell him what you have so tenderly described. I have in truth been an affectionate mother to him, and he has ever been a tender and dutiful son to me. I hope before I die to see him eminent and renowned."—"But the mother," said Halliday, "who moaned for him, and yearned for him, and toiled for him; the mother who nursed him, and fed him, and saw not the light of day to him: this tender mother he is about to forsake when she needs his help—when she looks for aid from his heart and hand. Speak to him—let a mother's voice be heard—a friend's has been raised in vain."

"You hear what he says; is it so, my son?—Alas! you little know how much I have endured to bring you from the cradle unto manhood. You know not what a mother's heart undergoes, when her babe cries for food, and there is nothing in her house but what it pulls from her unhappy bosom." "My beloved mother," said Paul, clasping her again in his arms, "such affection as yours can never be forgotten. Who has equalled you in meek endurance of spirit, in matron fortitude, and in watchful tenderness?—From you my heart shall never be absent,—alas! my person must. But my friend Halliday deals in figurative language,

for which you will need an interpreter. It is not you, my beloved mother, whom he accuses me of forsaking, but a certain cold, and haughty, and heartless dame, who like the mothers in China, puts her children into a bottomless boat, and pushes them down the dark stream of existence."

"Indeed, Paul, my child, I understand ye not. No Scottish mother ever did such a deed, except daft Maggie Macubin, wha douket her bairn till she drowned it. But putting bairns into a bottomless boat, and dinging them down the dark water of existence,—was ever the like heard of before in a Christian land! It maun hae happened some where in the head of Galloway,—there's rude folk in the Roons."

"There now, my friend Thomas Halliday," said Paul, "the voice of nature pleads against you,—are you not answered now?—"No, I am not, and cannot be answered," said Halliday. "Is not your country your mother, and do you not owe her the duty of a son, though there should be a frown on her brow and chiding on her lips? Out of twelve millions of people two men have treated you unworthily, and you are about to show them how well you have deserved it. Behold that hill, that vale, that tree, that stream, this rock,—that sea, yon ruined castle, and that old church. To them, one and all, my heart is linked by old affections, by old deeds, by love, by story, and by song. To the very dust over which we tread are our affections united. This rough rock and that moving sea have been trode upon and gazed upon by freemen for a thousand years,—freemen bearing our own names, and from whom the blood that warms our veins has flowed. To me, Paul, the meanest spot hallowed in Scottish story or song is dearer than the most fertile land the sun shines on,—though at every step you tread on spice and sapphires."

"I pray thee, poet Halliday, who is the romancer now?" said Paul; "God has given the world for man to enjoy, and from time to time knowledge has been poured upon us, and the spirit has said open now your eyes, and pluck and eat. A new world has been pre-

sented to us,—its surface teeming with the sweetest fruits,—its veins filled with the richest metals,—with rivers fit for navies to ride in,—with lofty woods, the growth of many centuries, fit for building our maritime castles by which the world is awed, and possessing too a climate warm, and kindly, and balmy. And so you call on me to link my heart and chain my person to a little nameless nook of cold and barren earth. Friend Halliday! friend Halliday!"——

"I acknowledge," said Halliday, "the splendour of the new world; but what are its hills of spice, its groves of pines, and its valleys of sugar-cane to me? When I have seen it once, I have enjoyed all its treasures. It is connected with no noble deeds,—no historical recollections rise to my mind,—the fame of a thousand years is not upon it,—our ancestors' graves are not there,—nor the hearths at which we were rocked on our mothers' knees. Its history is a narrative of the stripes of the task-master and the groans of the slave."

"I am not one, you know, Halliday, who dotes on old genealogies,—I cannot live upon my ancestors' fame. What has all the humble valour of my ancestors done for me? The fruit which hangs on the dusty genealogical tree of old Scotland is too dry and dusty for my taste."

"I too may say with you, Paul, what has the valour of my ancestors, warring as they warred of old for the glory of their country, done for their descendant? A humble house and a small field—such is my inheritance —all that remains of possessions extending from the hills of Moffat to the mouth of Annan water. Now, I should despise this land, and go with you to woo Fortune where she might best be found, if the joys of life and gladness of heart were distilled from sugar-canes, and spices, and pine-apples. Were my delights of a sensual kind, I would leave old Scotia's hills and dales, and sit under a canopy of cabbage-trees, drinking the delicious nectar of the cane, with slaves to fan me and carry me from grove to grove."

"So this land," Paul answered, "which annually

pours out its hardy and intelligent swarms to all quarters of the world is not to be left—and there is a curse cursed, and a mark set on him by whom it is forsaken?"

"Forsaken!—forsake it!" said Halliday, "when you choose,—even I may leave it for a time,—but forsake it not in anger, with curses on your lips and wrath in your heart, vowing deadly and unalterable hatred. What have I done?—what has your mother done?—what has any one done except two,—the atrocious two, that you should return like a wild beast and rend us?"

"And I would rather be torn by the wild beasts of the desert, and eaten by the fowls of heaven on the remotest isle of the ocean, than live the slave of the rich and the titled. The people have a long account to settle with the proud and the noble,—centuries of reiterated insult and galling oppression."

"Why, what do the people want, Paul, my friend? In England, the monster called the people is well fed, well lodged, and softly littered down; its meals are dished out in a parochial trough, according to act of parliament. In Scotland——"

"Have done with this atrocious figure of speech," said Paul, "and listen to a plain and simple story. The peasantry of the land, the men who work and sweat, and fight and crown their country, to use a diplomatic phrase, with glory look at their condition. A peasant, in the days even of my father, was a man of substance; he had a house, a garden, and a little field,—cows to yield milk, swine for sustenance, eggs from his poultry, and hens from his hen-roosts. He had something to love, something to enjoy, something to fight for, and something like a birthright to leave to his children."

"Now, the blessings of a mother be upon thee, my son," said Prudence, "for thou hast spoken but the truth."—"Well, and yet it but comes to this," said Halliday; "the Englishman sold his birthright for a mess of pottage and ale, for a table which smoked at the expense of the rich,—for the indulgence of a foaming tankard and clean straw. The people of Scotland——"

"Halliday, my friend," interrupted Paul, "you mistake this entirely. The rich man desired the peasant's field, and took it,—the peasant's garden, and took it,—he saw he could make a sordid penny per year more, and for this paltry gain he sacrificed affection,—old habits of reverence and obedience, and love of ancient standing. The rich man next coveted the poor man's right of common,—he could not openly take that away, but he stole it by act of parliament. Thus the inheritance of the earth was taken from us, and we were caged up like wild beasts. Nor did the rich man's covetousness stop here,—he fell in love with the fowls of the air, the fish of the sea, and the wild beasts of the field. He said, the fish with which God has filled that river are mine,—the wild hares, which roam at will on mountain and vale are mine,—and so are the fowls of heaven which dwell in the air, and wing their way from moor to hill,—all are mine. And so he took them; and when the poor men sought a share, and presumed to take what was and is their own, they were imprisoned and banished from their country."

"My son," said Prudence, "desist from this profitless talk now, and come home with me,—I have got a fairer home than I lost, and a board as well replenished,—thanks to the bounty of a sweet young Lady, whose like is not in all this south country. With the morning's light I will go myself and kneel to the noble Douglas of Selkirk, and rise not from my knees till thy hard sentence is remitted. Nay, I will go to that hard-hearted man who condemned you—you know not what a mother's tongue and a mother's tears can do."

"Mother," said Paul, "give your knees to no one for me,—my course is determined,—neither the wise words of friendship, nor the warm words of maternal love shall shake me, though they may afflict me. Look on the Solway. See ye yon ship moving in the middle of the bay?—from you and from my country it shall carry me. The hands that guide it are not of this land, yet to me they are as obedient as younger brethren. Look again." He took a pistol from his pocket, and fired it seaward,—cavern and cliff re-

echoed with the sound,—and he said, "See you aught?"

"There is a bustle on deck, my son," said Prudence, "And a boat is lowered into the water."—"And I see ten men leap into it," said Halliday, "their pistols and cutlasses are glancing in the moon. They sit motionless,—see, the light shows that the ship is an armed one. What are they—and what want they here?"

"Look again, and tell me what you see," said Paul, and another pistol flashed in his hand and made the caverns ring,—"I hear a loud shout," answered Halliday,—"the oars are all dipt at once,—the water foams to their stroke,—they will be at our feet in a moment." He had scarcely done speaking, when the boat, urged on by ten men, struck against the bank—ten hands lifted the hats back from as many bronzed faces, and they all stood up and waited in silence.

Paul folded his mother in his arms,—kissed her lip and brow, and knelt for a moment like one awaiting a blessing. He rose hastily up, wrung the hand of Halliday, and stept to the side of the sea, and said,—"Farewell friend, farewell foe, farewell to my ancestors' dust, the bosom that nourished me, and the tender tongue that lulled me to sleep. Ye hills of England, and ye shores of Scotland, farewell for a time. When you next behold me, I shall not be a fugitive and a vagabond as I am now,—my face shall be painted with powder and blood,—you shall know me by the light of your blazing ships and your burning towns. Your bays shall be filled with slaughter, and in the eyes of the long mantled dames of Dumfries there shall be frequent tears. When your ships are sinking in the frith, and your towns blazing to heaven, then shall remorse come upon you, and you shall say, when it cannot avail you, had we been just to John Paul, we should never have trembled for Paul Jones."

Paul sprang into the boat; the oars were dipt suddenly in the water; the ship fired a salute; a hundred voices cheered and received him on board with the acclamation due to a favourite leader. The ship got in-

mediately under weigh, and her white sails were displayed against the moon. As she moved steadily along, one of her cannon was fired shoreward; an eighteen pound ball struck the summit of the Sea-eagle rock; the hoary pinnacle emitted fire and trembled for a moment. It dropt from its place a height of a hundred feet, and plunged into the ocean.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.